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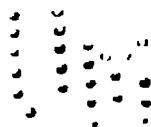
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F. J. Blaker

THE
MONTHLY PACKET

OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.



EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE.'

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THE
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JULY, 1878.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXLVIII.

THE FALL OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.

1555—1560.

WHEN we have to tell the lamentable story of the fall of the Scottish Church we have to bear in mind that a people, naturally the shrewdest, cleverest, and most metaphysical in Europe, had been for centuries under the most degraded of all the branches of the Roman Church.

The long succession of minorities had fostered the natural turbulence and ferocity of the nation, they were almost out of reach of general public opinion, and the great endowments which S. David had bestowed on the bishoprics and abbeys made them such prizes for younger sons that they were seized on by the great families, and bestowed on men without a single qualification for the charges involved in them, and who were quite as savage and violent as those whom they were supposed to teach and tame. Here, more entirely than anywhere else, the salt had lost its savour. Few and scattered were the good men, and little effect could they produce; but when Cardinal Beaton, the greatest and most prominent of the scandalous clergy, had come to his terrible end, there were some endeavours at improvement. A synod of the clergy was held in 1549, which took order for the reform of many gross scandals, and recommended pains to be taken for the instruction of the people; and two years later John Hamilton, Archbishop of S. Andrew's, put forth an excellent catechism on the most essential doctrines of religion.

But the attempt at doing in the time of danger what should have been done in the time of safety, came too late. Every student who had fallen in with the foreign reformers, every English fugitive from the Marian persecution, increased the discontent against the manifest evils around, and the nobles had not seen their English neighbours enriched

with the spoil of the abbeys, without wishing to follow their example, while Knox's *Blasts and Counterblasts* added rage to the fire.

One John Willock, a Franciscan, who had imbibed Protestant teaching in Friesland, produced a great effect upon people's minds. Just then one Walter Mylne, a priest who had been condemned for heresy in the time of Cardinal Beaton, but had escaped, was found preaching in Angus. He was captured, tried at the court of the Bishop of S. Andrew's, where, though feeble and more than eighty years old, he made a powerful defence. He was condemned and burnt, and from the midst of the fire he declared that a hundred better should rise out of his ashes, and he trusted he should be the last to suffer such a death in Scotland. And so he was.

That same winter the Earls of Argyle, Glencairn, and Morton, with some others, came together and signed a bond to support the Reformation, calling themselves the Congregation of Christ. They presented a petition to the Queen demanding that the English Common Prayer-book should be used, the Scriptures read in the vulgar tongue, and any person properly qualified (which meant who so fancied himself), should expound hard places, and the wicked and scandalous lives of the clergy be reformed.

Mary made answer that 'all they could lawfully desire should be granted them in a proper season, and for the present they might use their prayers in the vulgar tongue; but she desired that they should not assemble publicly except in Edinburgh or Leith for preventing tumults.'

The Queen Dowager was much respected, and the congregation was satisfied, and the preachings went on and inflamed the people. The images of the Saints were either knocked down or stolen in many places, and on the 1st of September, 1558, S. Giles' Day, the Patron Saint of Edinburgh, when the Queen Regent herself was about to take part in the procession in his honour, the image was missing. It proved that a party of revellers had stolen it, carried it in a mock procession, and thrown it into the North Loch. The Queen sent to borrow another effigy from the Grey Friars, and hoping to restrain mischief, held to her purpose, and walked in procession with the clergy and the devout of her own Church.

She was so much tired that after going down the High Street to the Cross in the Canongate, she left the procession to dine in a private house, and the instant she had retired there broke out a cry, 'Down with the idol!' and the figure, which, being smaller than the first, some called a marmoset idol, was hacked to pieces on the pavement, while a laugh was raised at the exclamation—'Fie upon thee, young S. Giles, thy father would have stood four such!' The friars fled, there was a terrible confusion, and the Queen durst not punish any one for the outrage, but was forced to overlook all as a mere tipsy frolic on a holiday which was always a day of licence.

She could not indeed afford to offend the Lords of the Congregation till the crown matrimonial had been given to the Dauphin. This was now secure. Moreover, the death of Queen Mary of England had, in the opinion of the partizans of the stability of the first marriage of Henry VIII., made her daughter Mary the right heiress of England.

The Sieur de Béthancourt came over on a secret mission to explain to her that the Reformation was to be put down by a great combination between the Kings of Spain and France and the Guises, and she, as a faithful daughter of the house of Lorraine, must do her part, and cease to tolerate that English party, who wanted to use English services and overthrow the ancient rites.

Mary, who knew the temper of Scotland, pleaded against the impossible task, but in vain, and her conscience was no doubt urged to repress the doctrines she had almost encouraged. A provincial council was held in March. It was a thorough-going synod, and enacted many excellent rules for the reformation of the lives and habits of the clergy and the many abuses in doctrine and practice; but it came too late, and was the last of the Church of Scotland. The Lords of the Congregation demanded the election of parish priests by their flocks, and of the Bishops by their clergy; but to this a decided refusal was returned, and at the same time the English Service-book was forbidden, Latin was to be always used, and religion was again to be uniform throughout the realm. It was curious that just after the Prayer-book was proscribed in England it was adopted in Scotland; and as soon as it was re-established in the south, it was prohibited in the north.

Some of the Lords remonstrated with the Queen, and she showed them the orders she had received from her brothers, but of course did not convince them. She also summoned the Reformed preachers to appear before a parliament at Stirling, and when reminded of her promises of toleration answered—‘Princes ought not to be urged with promises farther than suits their convenience.’

It was the petulant answer of a hard-driven woman, and the natural reply was that if she did not keep her promise neither could she expect them to be bound by their oaths, on which she quailed, and promised to consider their requests.

Meanwhile the people of Perth were seizing and profaning the churches and maltreating the clergy. Mary sent Lord Ruthven to bring them to order. He replied that he could deal with their goods and lives, but not with their consciences. She was much displeased with this ‘malapert reply,’ and again summoned the chief Reformers to appear at the Stirling parliament on the 10th of May.

On the 2nd, John Knox returned to Scotland, thoroughly imbued with Calvinism, and hating the English Prayer-book as much as the Latin Missal. No sooner did he learn the summons that was out against Willock and the rest than he repaired to them at Perth, declaring that he would cast in his lot with them, and appear before

the parliament. Such a number of fierce, turbulent men proposed to go with them, that John Erskine of Dun decided on going to have a private interview with the Queen, and warning her of the resistance she was provoking. The Regent as usual gave way to the pressure of the moment, and assured them that if the people would disperse, no measures should be taken against their preachers.

Not trusting her, they did not choose to disperse, and only the gentlemen went home, so that Mary did not hold herself bound by any promise; and on the appointed day the preachers were summoned, and not appearing, were put to the horn, i.e., declared outlaws after a blast on the bugle horn.

Erskine was very angry, though scarcely with justice; and at a supper at his house at Dun there was a consultation. Many of the Scottish gentlemen were still in the habit of attending Mass, but John Knox vehemently declared that such compliance was not lawful for a Christian. S. Paul's going to pay his vow at the Temple was cited, but it was replied that the example told the other way, since his peril and imprisonment resulted therefrom; and Knox, by his own account, thoroughly convinced everybody, especially young William Maitland of Lethington, the cleverest man and chief politician of the party. Probably what he was convinced of was that the men with whom he had to work would go all lengths—not rest in a purified Church like the English; for he was by no means a religious or upright man, and was connected with most of the worst crimes of blood and treachery of the time. Indeed there are very few of the Reformers of Scotland who did not need to begin their reform with themselves, or can be acquitted of horrid deeds of violence and rapacity, always tending to gratify their own revenge and avarice.

The morning after this council, Knox preached in S. Johnstone, at Perth, a furious sermon, full of blasphemies against the Blessed Sacrament, which was eagerly listened to. Immediately after, a priest entered, and prepared to celebrate High Mass, opening the tabernacle above the Altar. A boy standing by cried out, 'This is intolerable;' uttering further irreverences, which the priest chastised with a blow; whereupon the boy threw a stone, which hit the shrine and broke the image. This was the signal for the 'rascal multitude' to rise and deface and plunder all the ornaments of the building, and when that was a complete wreck, to hurry on to the two convents of Grey and Black Friars. They began by overthrowing and ruining the churches; but 'thereafter the common people began to seek some spoil,' and they took to themselves all the household linen and provisions—viewing it as a great enormity on the part of the monks to have sheets, blankets, and beds as good as any earl in Scotland—fine napery, and store of salt beef, ale, and wine. The monks seem to have been allowed to depart safely with what property they could carry, but of the churches nothing was left but the bare walls; and

at the Carthusian Church even the tombs of James I., his Queen Joan, and of Margaret Tudor had not been spared.

Mary of Guise was shocked and horrified, and sent for the Duke of Chatelherault, calling on him to do his duty for the defence of the Church, and a considerable force was raised. Letters were written on both sides, which made matters worse; but the Queen's stepson, James Stewart, Prior of S. Andrew's, who managed to be on fair terms with both parties, so mediated that both armies were dispersed, and the Queen was admitted into Perth, on granting a free pardon to all the sacrilegious wreckers of the churches, and on promising that no Frenchman should come within three miles of the city, and no French garrison be placed there. Accordingly she rode in in state; but unfortunately a shot was fired, and killed a boy of thirteen, who was leaning over the balcony of the house of his father, one Patrick Murray, 'a godly burgess.' His corpse was carried down and laid before the Queen. She asked whose son it was, and on hearing, said she could not be held accountable for such accidents; and it was further reported that she said that it was a pity it was the son and not the father. Who fired the shot was not known. Bullets always flew about on any public occasion in Scottish streets, and no one took any notice unless they did fatal mischief to some one of note; but now the Reformers declared that the Regent had brought in Frenchmen who fired maliciously.

She added to the general displeasure by deposing the Provost and other magistrates for not having hindered the riot; though, as she did not punish the actual rioters, and introduced, not Frenchmen, but Scots in French pay, she held herself to have kept her treaty. The Reformers did not think so. The congregation met again in a fury and burst into the grand old city of S. Andrews. The Archbishop vainly tried to resist them, Knox preached, and all the passion for destruction and plunder, under the name of zeal, was roused. 'Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away,' he said; and the devastation of all save the bare walls was complete. Other abbeys followed; and wherever a mob was ready to rise, every image, every painted window, every vestment, even carved wood and stone, were broken down and burnt. In no country had the Church been so utterly heedless of setting an example or giving instruction to the people, and thus no doubt the images they overthrew had been absolute idols to them, so that the reaction was the more extreme; but though there was honest fanaticism in some few, there was little religion in the leaders.

Mary of Guise, in horror and dismay, collected her troops, but she could rely on no one but 2,000 French under D'Oysell, and the Scottish congregation far out-numbered her force. They held out S. Andrews against her, turned her garrison out of Perth, and tried to get the aid of England; but though Mr. Secretary Cecil, who was very Calvinistic

himself, and moreover wanted to sever Scotland from France, would gladly have taken their part, Queen Elizabeth could not endure the name of the author of the *Monstrous Regiment of Women*, and was not propitiated by the nearest approach to an apology Mr. Knox could bring himself to make, namely, that she was evidently a chosen instrument, and would prosper if she would humbly acknowledge her own nothingness. From this time forth began Elizabeth's crooked Scottish policy, her sympathies being always with the Queen, but her interests with the rebels, whom she would not openly support, even while she hindered them from being too easily subdued.

Scone and Linlithgow Abbeys, both glorious and historical old buildings, one the coronation place, the other the favourite dwelling, of the kings, were sacked, and on the 29th of June the Lords of the Congregation were in Edinburgh, and the Queen Regent and her friends shut up in Dunbar, waiting in hopes of succour from France, while the destruction of monasteries went on all over the southern half of the country. Finally the death of Henri II., and the struggle in which her brothers became involved with the French Calvinist party, lessened their powers of assisting her.

James Stewart was suspected of intending to seize the throne, and examined on his plans, partly as a suggestion, for England regarded anything as better than French power in Scotland. Elizabeth was unwilling to take up arms, and tried to mediate, but in vain, and late in the autumn some French troops joined the Queen Regent at Leith. A few days later came a message from one of the burghers of Edinburgh that there was to be a great preaching which would last many hours and occupy everybody. The French took this opportunity of seizing the cannon which were being prepared to fire on them, and a few days later defeated Lord James in a skirmish. This led to a sudden retreat of the whole army of the Congregation, leaving Edinburgh open to the Queen. Lord Erskine, the governor of the castle, would not however yield it to her, as it had been committed to him by the Parliament, though he promised to protect her in case of need, and she took up her abode in a small house under the Castle Hill. Her health had broken down under her distresses and toils, and she longed to make peace; but the tidings that her youngest brother, the Marquis d'Elbœuf, was about to bring a fleet to her aid, had aroused the jealousy of England, and Queen Elizabeth consented to receive Maitland of Lethington, and make a treaty with the Lords of the Congregation, saying nothing about religion, but only undertaking to assist them in delivering themselves from French tyranny.

The Scottish Lords felt themselves doing something unnatural and unpatriotic in combining with their old enemy, England, against their old ally, France, and they were highly punctilious as to the manner of meeting between the Commissioners. The place was the middle of the Tweed, where high platforms of boards were erected, on which the

Duke of Norfolk on one side, and the Scottish Commissioners on the other, sat perched, and when this position, in the middle of January, proved too uncomfortable for diplomacy, the pride and precision of the Scots was such that the Duke had to finish the affair on the northern bank.

So soon as the treaty of Berwick was signed, Admiral Winter was sent off with 6,000 men in his ships to the Firth of Forth, while Lord Grey and 8,000 men joined the army of the Congregation. Poor Queen Mary watched anxiously for her brother, to whom she intended to yield her sore task of the regency, while she sought rest in her native country; but he came not, his fleet having been repeatedly driven back to Normandy by storms, and only 1,000 soldiers managed to reach Scotland.

Admiral Winter, sending her polite messages all the time, proceeded to blockade Leith, and the poor broken-hearted, perplexed, and sick lady had no choice but to remind Lord Erskine of his promise to receive her into the Castle of Edinburgh. She was admitted with the Archbishop of S. Andrews, the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane, the Earl Marischal, and a few more, all unarmed, and in another week there was fierce fighting all round the walls of Leith.

Mary still exerted herself for peace, and held two conferences with the English leaders, in one of which she broke down and wept and sobbed piteously, as the English despatches report, while Knox described her falsely as 'hopping' for joy (when she could hardly walk with a stick), and calling the corpses of the slain the fairest tapestry she had ever seen!

She was actually dying of dropsy. She begged Lord Erskine to let her see D'Oysell, her constant adviser, but he would not consent, and then she sent a letter to her apothecary at Leith, entreating that it might pass through the English camp. Lord Grey thought the sheet suspiciously large for the quantity of writing, held it to the fire, and discovered that it was covered with secret ink. He did not choose to read it, and burnt it at once.

Cut off from all her friends, the dying Queen wished to try to reconcile herself to her enemies, and begged the Lords of the Congregation to come and see her. Fancying that she intended some 'Guisian malice,' they would not all come together, only by twos and threes; but her nobleness and forgiveness touched most of them, and many shed tears as she gave them a kiss of pardon. Some of them begged her to see Willock, whom she had formerly known as a friar, and she admitted him. He exhorted her to put her whole trust in the merits of the Saviour, and she gently replied that she relied on nothing else; but when he began to utter the customary denunciations of the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, she held her peace.

She died the next day, the 11th of June, 1560, quite worn out, though only forty-five years of age. Foreseeing that there might be

hindrances to her due funeral rites, she had desired to be buried in the Convent at Rheims, where her sister Renée was Abbess, and her body was lapped in lead and placed in St. Margaret's Chapel till it could be sent home.

Already all were weary of the war. The party who wanted to maintain the French influence had felt their weakness, and there was too much to employ the Guise family at home in France to enable them to support their young niece, whose husband, though king of France, was a helpless boy. So by treaty with England, D'Oysell and the French troops were to depart, and thereupon England withdrew her fleet and ships. But there was no treaty made between the real queen of Scotland and her nobles. In fact they had never professed to rebel against her, only to make war against the French, and though placing her name at the head of their acts, the Lords of the Congregation acted as if her existence were a mere fiction.

The English Queen Mary and Bishop Gardiner had justly complained of the iniquity of making important changes in the minority of the sovereign, though there the innovators took the child's consent along with them, and brought him up to approve ; but in Scotland the rulers were acting in direct opposition to the well-known opinions of their Queen, and when she was of legal age to govern.

The Estates of Scotland met in August, 1560, without any commission from the Queen, though the crown, mace, and sword were laid on the throne ; and after a speech by Maitland of Lethington a petition was brought, denouncing the whole Roman Catholic Church, in the most outrageous terms Calvinism could prompt. It actually declared that ' in all the rabble of the clergy ' there was not one lawful minister, and it dealt with the sacred mysteries of the Church in terms of the grossest abuse.

The Parliament was divided. Some of the nobles were sincere holders of the old doctrine, but almost all who had joined the Congregation had shared in the plunder of the abbeys and seized their lands, and they did not like Knox's vehement preaching from the Prophet Haggai, that such property ought to support the ministry and endow schools.

The majority, however, were for change, and bade the ministers draw up a confession of faith. Knox, of course, was the chief influence, but a large portion of the formula resembled the forty-two Articles of Edward VI. The Catholic party were in the minority, and the Reformers were ready for any violence. The Duke of Chatelherault threatened his brother with death if he exerted himself against it, and though he, with the Bishops of Dunblane and Dunkeld and the Earls of Caithness and Cassilis, opposed it, it was but feebly, and no doubt they held back, knowing that the proceedings of such a parliament, being utterly illegal, could be set aside if ever the sovereign were strong enough.

Thereupon the confession was adopted, and three acts were passed, the first abolishing the jurisdiction of the Pope, the second repealing all former statutes on behalf of the Church, the third absolutely forbidding the celebration of Mass, or even hearing of it. For the first offence, the punishment was confiscation ; for the second, banishment ; for the third, death. This was perhaps the most monstrous enactment ever made, considering that it was the religion professed by their Queen that they thus proscribed. Indeed, that same Christopher Goodman, who had so truculently abused Queen Mary of England, addressed a letter to Cecil, blaming him severely for not putting to death the 'bloody Bishops' of the last reign, and abolishing all relics of superstition.

The ministers next proceeded to compile a Book of Discipline, by which the choice of ministers was committed to the people, and they were then to be approved by the congregation of the elders, but without imposition of hands, which, while owning that it was done by the Apostles, Mr. Knox and his fellows declared to be unnecessary. Readers were appointed to the care of parishes for which ministers could not be provided. They were not to administer the Sacraments, but to read the Book of Common Prayer. Whether this meant Edward's second book, as cut down to Frankfort use, or Calvin's Geneva service, is not quite clear. The country was divided into ten dioceses, where the 'superintendents' were to look well after the ministers under their charge, and in every parish was to be a school, where Latin and grammar should be taught, and the children instructed in the Geneva catechism.

This Book of Discipline was hateful to a great number of the Lords, who had gorged themselves with Church property, and would not give up a fragment to ministers or schools. They stripped the Bishops, and kept the plunder, while all over the country the remaining churches and abbeys were dismantled and ruined in the most ruthless manner, and the clergy, and monks, and nuns expelled, with no provision, as in the case of the English monks. What became of them does not appear, but probably some went abroad, and others would find shelter in the households of the Roman Catholic nobles, who were biding their time till the Queen should interfere. The devastation was probably the more complete and rapid from the desire to secure as much as possible. Glasgow prided itself on having only purged its cathedral from superstition, not injured its architectural beauty, but in most places the wreck was of the most savage kind, and little but the shell was left.

At the same time a council was appointed to carry on the government, and to confirm the treaty of Berwick with Queen Elizabeth, with an offer of marriage to Queen Elizabeth with the Earl of Arran, son of Chatelherault, and heir of Scotland after Mary.

Sir James Sandilands, Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John, who had apostatised and married after the fashion of the Teutonic knights,

was sent to carry the tidings to Mary, and Maitland, with the Earls of Morton and Glencairn, to Elizabeth.

Very justly offended were Mary and her uncles with such a message and such a messenger. The English ambassador, Throckmorton, vainly tried to talk them over; Cardinal de Lorraine declared that his niece's subjects had set up a Republic, and that she would have nothing to do with them unless they returned to their duty, mocking at the same time at the notion of Elizabeth condescending to marry Arran.

Mary herself refused to recognise a married man as Grand Prior, and though she received him civilly, flatly refused all consent to the acts of a parliament summoned without her authority, and she finally dismissed him, with the advice to do his duty uprightly between his sovereign and her subjects.

Had a child been born of Mary's marriage to be heir at once of France, Scotland, and England, Elizabeth must have been driven to marry, and the Scots have sooner broken into open rebellion. As it was, all parties still remained waiting and watching. Sandilands saw the English ambassador, Throckmorton, and begged him to recommend the cause of the congregation to his Queen, who gave them reason to hope for her support, and maintained a spy, named Clark, in Scotland, to report upon events.

Meanwhile, the Guise family seemed to have deemed themselves the appointed means of crushing the Reformation in France and Scotland, and to have been only hindered from beginning at once in the northern kingdom by the opposition they were meeting at home.

THE BASILICA.

BY THE REV. B. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

PART VI.

MOSAICS.

A SHORT list of the earliest mosaics still in existence, or on late record, seems advisable here, though it may not be very lively reading, and a few remarks may follow as to the advance of Iconodulism beyond the limits of the ancient picture-teaching. The distinction holds good all along between pictures meant to be instructive, and pictures meant to excite emotion. The former always continue the same; they are poor men's books of symbolic teaching, in history or doctrine; the latter, among untaught or unrestrained people, always become objects, as well as sources, of devout feeling; and are worshipped themselves, besides, or instead of, assisting the soul to reverence God or His Saints.

As all our chief examples are at Rome or Ravenna, it may be most convenient to arrange them in two parallel lists, century by century. This list and order are due to Mr. J. H. Parker.

ROME.

CENTURY IV.

- a. S. Constantia. Vine mosaics and ornaments of vaultings.
- b. Apse or tribune of the ancient Basilica of the Vatican: preserved in record by Ciampini.

CENTURY V.

Mosaics of S. Sabina. Church built 424, restored 795: pictures completed 824, probably by Eugenius II. Lost.

Sta. Maria Maggiore, 432—440. Incorrect restoration in one instance: the figure of the B.V. substituted for one of the Magi.

Oratory of S. John Evangelist, 461—467.

CENTURY VI.

Mosaics of SS. Cosmas and Damianus. S. Lorenzo F. le Mura, 577—590.

RAVENNA.

CENTURY IV.

There was and still may exist in Russia (whither it is supposed to have been carried) a mosaic of the Lord in Glory, with two Angels, from S. Agatha's Church, A.D. 378.

CENTURY V.

Chapel of Galla Placidia.

Baptistery of S. John.

Ancient mosaic in S. Maria in Cosmedin, representing (*inter alia*) the approach of Theodoric the Great to Constantinople in 487. Perhaps a pavement transposed, scarcely mosaic, a composition in incised lines extremely graphic and absurd.

CENTURY VI.

S. Apollinare in Classe, 567.

S. Apollinare Nuova (nella Città), 570. Baptistery, afterwards Sta. Maria in Cosmedin.

S. Michael, 545. Christ with jewelled Cross.

S. Vitale. Historical, symbolic, and naturalistic subjects in mosaic.

Of this century is the Transfiguration at Mount Sinai, and what remains of the mosaics of S. Sophia.

CENTURY VII.—ROME.

S. Agnese, rebuilt by Pope Symmachus (built by Constantine). Adorned with mosaics by Honorius, 626—638. (The Patron Saint for the first time takes the Lord's place in the apse; the Popes themselves in the mosaic.)

S. Stephen. Jewelled cross. S. Venantius, 642; many busts of our Lord and Angels. S. Peter ad Vincula. S. Sebastian.

CENTURY VIII.—ROME.

S. Mary in Cosmedin: S. Theodore: the Hand of God holding a crown over the Head of Christ, Who is seated on a throne, holding a jewelled cross. SS. Peter, Paul, and Theodore.

S. Pudentiana, 771—791. Christ enthroned, cross and Saints, much restored.

SS. Nereus and Achilles, 796. Transfiguration, and Madonna addressed by Angels.

S. Susanna, 797. Leo III. Christ and Apostles; monogram of Leo.

Triclinium of S. John Lateran. Saints and Charlemagne.

CENTURY IX.

S. Maria in Navicella, or Dominica. The Blessed Virgin enthroned, with the Infant as a diminutive Man. He is seated also over the arch of triumph.

S. Praxedes or S. Prassede. Seventh chapter of Apocalypse: the Holy City, Jordan, the Twenty-four Elders, &c., &c. (818, by Paschal I., who also set up the great mosaic of SS. Cosmas and Damianus, of our Lord standing on the clouds.)

Church of S. Cecilia, also by Pope Paschal.

Church of S. Mark (founded by Pope Mark I., 337). Mosaics added by Hadrian I.; then, on entire rebuilding of the church, renewed by Gregory IV., 828. Jordan, Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, &c., &c. S. Maria Novæ Urbis, 858. Rebuilt by Leo IV. Mosaics by Nicholas I., 858-68. The Virgin enthroned, as in S. Maria in Dominica.

A few notices of the most interesting of these mosaics seem advisable here. I mention those more particularly which are accessible in photograph or in facsimile, as those of S. Constantine and S. Vitale. Everybody who is within reach of South Kensington ought to go to the great hall there, and see what these ancient mosaics really were like; as the photograph, though excellent for facts and subjects, gives no notion of colour, and prejudices the mind, in spite of itself, against the beauty of the decoration.

The most important fourth and fifth century pictures are the Vintage subjects in S. Constantia's at Rome, the historical mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore, and the Ravennese decorations of the Chapel of Galla Placidia. The two first will be found in photograph in Mr. J. H. Parker's volume on Roman Mosaics, and in Ciampini's *Vetera Monumenta*; the third is figured by Ciampini, and in many modern histories of painting, as Kugler's, Crowe and Cavalcaselle's, &c., &c. It is in fact the latest and most important work in colour which classical art produced before its traditionary skill had departed. The works of Justinian's age, a century later, though grand in colour and devout in spirit, shew little regard for, or indeed sense of, form or composition.

The vine-mosaics may have ornamented the supposed fourth century temple of Bacchus, whose materials, at least, were used by Constantine's architects when he built S. Constantia's as the sepulchral chapel of his daughter, and for a baptistery to the Church of St. Agnes. Ciampini and others think that he purified and consecrated the heathen building as it stood; but it is of course impossible to determine how far it was altered, and how far destroyed and rebuilt. These pictures are to be seen in facsimile at South Kensington; and in their time and place, in the original Church, they illustrate a well-known habit of the early decorators, who gladly adopted gentile work and patterns wherever they could. In the days of persecution they had naturally wished to attract as little notice as possible; and it seems probable that as congregations so often met in large halls, like that in the house of Pudens, they had grown used to gentile ornamentation, which was often harmless as well as graceful. Scenes of country life, especially of shepherds and vintagers, seem to have been very popular in Rome, and to have appeared over and over again in various houses, as we are now subject to frequent visitations of the same favourite wall-paper patterns.

These subjects soon acquired a Christian meaning, and as they could be held symbolic of the Lord's own parables of Himself, Christians soon began formally to adopt them. It cannot be surprising, then, that

the Good Shepherd and the Vine were the earliest of the symbolic paintings of the Catacombs. For what reason it is difficult to explain, but probably from the general turn of men's thoughts to the Apocalypse, after the taking of Rome by Alaric in 410, both these subjects lost their pre-eminence before the great age of Christian mosaic. However, the Good Shepherd of Galla Placidia's burial-place is a striking example in mosaic, and there are many others in sculpture of the fifth century. The last of all is probably that in the Campo Santo of Pisa, of the twelfth century.

It is probable that the disappearance of the Good Shepherd, the substitution, either of the imagined portrait of the Lord, or of His form seen mystically, and the prevailing cultus and representation of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, were all symptoms traceable to the same cause ; to deep and wide distress of nations and perplexity, and to mingled desire and dread of His Coming to Judgment. Men saw such wickedness and misery around them that they could only think of punishment, and yet more misery for the greater part of the world ; and the days were indeed come, when, because iniquity abounded, the love of many had waxed cold. They desired to see a sign of the Son of Man ; and, not seeing one, they made to themselves signa, or ikons, or visible images of Him, and then of His Saints. For as the thought of His Presence among them to rule and save receded, as in fact He seemed more distant from them, they began to seek for intercession with the Intercessor, and for aid and love more near than His. The steps made in the cultus of the Blessed Virgin, as Chief of Saints, and of all the host of heaven with her, are pretty well indicated by the mosaics. She had all along appeared in Adorations of Magi, and as Mother of the Lord. In the seventh century, in S. Agnese at Rome, the Patron Saint appears in the Lord's place of honour ; in the eighth, in S. Nereus and Achilles, the Madonna is addressed by angels ; in the ninth, in S. Maria in Navicella, she is enthroned ; in the Maria Novæ Urbis she is enthroned by the Lord in Judgment. But long before that, and almost throughout the great assimilation of Pagan races into Christianity in the fifth and sixth centuries, there had grown up a polytheistic worship of saints or martyrs gone before, which greatly resembled the adoration of Greek heroes or Etruscan ancestors. The distinctions of *latria* as due to God only, *dulia* and *hyperdulia* to created objects of worship, was never understood by the people ; perhaps it was an after-thought of S. John Damascenus's, a formulated distinction made in self-defence against iconoclastic argument, and never intended for the people at all. It may avail in private, and most of us practically acknowledge it. All who maintain proper reverence for the Lord's Mother, and the whole communion of His saints. To desire earnestly to be one with the Church of Christ, and to share the benefit of all its body of prayer made on earth, and perhaps by those gone before, is right for all. But the result of the worship of

Saints from the sixth century was absolute polytheism, and the use of images ended in fetishism.

On mosaic, as art-work, I remember the rather cruel observation of a professor of political economy, or some other equally jovial mystery at Oxford, that he considered illumination as a sort of monk's crochet-work. He horrified a numerous High-Church party, including myself. I rather think, on cross-examination, it was ascertained that he knew a great deal about illumination, and had a decided taste for it, but that he had felt himself moved, as he confessed, to take a rise out of the whole lot, seeing that we were all on one side. But what he said leads me now to some considerations about different kinds of art, as pursued by people of different natures and races, characters and employments, which seem to apply to mosaic much more than illumination.

All picture art is a means of expressing some idea by coloured, or carven, or outlined form ; and, primarily, the value of the production depends on the value of the idea. If a man has thought about a great and noble thing, and conveyed his thought, he has so far forth done more than if he told his mind about an ordinary thing, and *à fortiori* than if he told it of a base or evil thing. Now early periods of the great races have generally been artistic. The Lombards, Carlovingians, Franks, and Normans are the chief modern examples ; the Egyptians and Assyrians are the ancients of pictorial record ; and the Greeks the central race of unequalled power and glory therein. Well, early periods are artistic because they put their hearts into art or representative expression, and paint or carve the things they love, or hope, or rejoice in, or are proud of with national pride, or humanly-recognised right to be proud. For it is not pride of wilful arrogance, in non-Christian races, to exult in that in which others exult with you. 'Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.' In the childhood of Art, she is like other well-bred and highly-nurtured children, and she muses of great deeds—for them she thinks she was born ; to live and die in grand effort and toil and danger it may be, and to tell of the works of the mighty, and their hopes, and their thoughts of the world of spirits most of all—that is her work. Thus it is that the works of early painters are often, as Ruskin has said, the burning message of prophecy delivered by the stammering lips of infants ; and this involves all the greatness and dignity of early illuminations, which our friend the professor so much disparaged. And just in the same way did the wife of the Conqueror give her years to the Bayeux tapestry.* She had a great subject ; and her record of it

* The Bayeux tapestry, and early miniature in general, when compared with the more correct work of modern times, opens a curious question about the comparative truth (*i.e.* value) of works of art. The archaic pictures are wrong in anatomy and form, but they are often so graphic and racy as to convey more and truer ideas about the subject than the modern. Their defect of hand is excusable in an age which is art-schoolless rather than artless. Queen Matilda, like the miniaturists, may prob-

is a historical document beyond all price. She probably knew as well as we do that her men were not anatomically correct, and her horses not very like the horses she herself saw and rode on. But she conveys an unprecedented and unexcelled amount of knowledge in detail, and her work is almost an extreme example of rude forms conveying important ideas.

Forms lose their rudeness and acquire beauty; and so begins the central artistic period of every nation. But there comes a time in later days when beautiful forms and their colours supplant the expressed ideas; when the workmanship is everything and the idea nothing. While great beauty remains, this is the condition of high renaissance art. It is art for art's sake: it is not inventive, but educated; it has lost enthusiasm, but may flourish long in right and learned eclecticism. After a time it becomes commonplace and pedantic; and then its beauty dies away, because people cannot feel it any more. At all events, renaissance work depends on technical excellence and pomp of knowledge, on learning, in fact, rather than on beauty; and on beauty rather than on meaning. Now mosaic seems to me to have flourished in ages and places where art, and learning about art, were alike decayed and sinking. The professor's hard saying applies to it much more than it does to miniature or illumination.* Christian mosaic seems to have been done in great measure by conventual artists who had a great deal of time at their disposal. Its subjects, however, make it, to Christian people, of endless value and greatness. And in considering the great mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries, which are the principal part of this subject, we shall be led to see, I think, that they are not so much the last efforts of a decaying art, as the first of a religious revival. Take it how you will, the spirit of pictorial symbolism, on which all art depends, was, as a matter of fact, kept alive by these, and by Christian sculpture; and if it had not been so preserved, it is impossible to say how it would have survived at all. I do not think there is any rival instance of regular barbarians of any race, Northern or Southern, who have seen Greek models of Sculpture, felt their beauty and naturalness, and so proceeded, as Nicola Pisano did, to copy nature *as Greeks had worked from nature*. The Pisani and the other fathers of the great Renaissance were pupils of Byzantium, or else of the early conventual schools of Italy. Vasari says the former, but it does not matter which to our purpose. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's

ably have considered her pictures as purely conventional hieroglyphics, not literal attempts at representation. Her knowledge of a horse probably equalled that of most modern art-writers.

* Miniature means ornamenting with minium, or red lead, in which so much of the early work was done. Illumination is a twelfth-century word, properly speaking, and means the naturalistic ornamentation in leaves, flowers, and insects which then came into use, and, in fact, led straight into naturalistic painting.—See Dom Guéranger, *Institutions Liturgiques*, and *Modern Painters*, vol. iii.

History tells us much on this point. It must be remembered that (as terms applied to art from Constantine to Charlemagne) Greek means Roman, and Roman means Greek; and that the Benedictine convents preserved the same rules and methods, and knowledge of materials and tools as the Byzantine. The national Italian or Anti-Greek school of critics, as they may be called, may probably go too far, considering the importance of S. Vitale and the Schola Græca, in expressing their general feeling that Greeks could never have had the impudence to teach Italians anything. There must have been a great deal of Byzantine work done in Eastern Italy during the Exarchate, and by exiled Iconodulists. Nevertheless the Benedictine rule was one of steadfast labour as well as of prayer and discipline, and as all the other arts of life were preserved or revived in its convents, in Italy and beyond the Alps, they may have handed down to the Etrurian Revival a fair modicum of Italo-Roman art, without applying for Greek instruction at Byzantium. Of course that Italo-Roman art was derived from Athens at its root, and Nicolas Pisano's greatest work was to go back to Attic models for himself and his pupils.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle say (chap. ii., vol. i.) that the Greek school in Rome (founded from Ravenna) came to an end with the seventh century, or early in the eighth, and that Roman art trod the path of decline independent in its weakness. However they agree that the Greek school prevailed at Milan in the ninth century, and it must have done so at Venice from the beginning. Their conclusive admission is (p. 63, chap. ii., vol. i.) that Desiderius, abbot of Monte Casino sent in 870 for Greek mosaicists to adorn his apse and altar, and ordered his novices to learn the art of inlaying from them. So says Leo of Ostia in Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* (vol. iv., p. 442); and he adds the assertion, a good deal controverted, that mosaic had been lost to Italy (scarcely to Rome) since the Lombard invasion in 568. Again, the Greek works in Sicily are most important, and they were certainly imitated at Salerno and elsewhere on the main Peninsula, in the twelfth century.

As for their value as monuments, the illustration of events by surviving monuments of the arts is daily more and more felt to be a department in the study of history. These works are landmarks of time, and by them we judge of the men who did them; they are originals, and have the value of original MSS., whatever amount of technical skill or beauty they may possess over and above. Nothing remains to us of races or conquerors except these fragments of their handiwork in colour or in sculpture, and sometimes, indeed, "all their triumphs shrink into a coin." This is not the case with the Rome of Augustus, and of the Early Church: yet after the age of Constantine other historic records grow less trustworthy and more barren, and sculpture, MSS. and mosaics become more valuable as authentic documents. They may be rude, or shattered: their beauty may have fled,

or may only irritate minds untaught to care for it; or they may never have possessed any; but original documents they are, whatever they may look like; and after the fourth century, the Christian monuments have the cogent claim on the student of history, which Seroux D'Agincourt sets forth so pithily, viz., that there are no others worth mentioning. It is clearly an advantage to every student of history to be able to associate a certain style, or want of style, with the men and women of a certain period. The relics are still with us. Roman bricks are even like the bricks of Jack Cade's chimney, surviving and authentic witness of facts; they bring home the personal reality of veritable event, and contend against that frame of mind in the student of contradictory narratives, which Professor Arnold expresses by calling history a Mississippi of falsehood. It is not only the record of Holy Scripture men disbelieve—their minds are not equal to realising the truth of any history at all. It is, in fact, a natural reaction from determinedly-impertinent inquiry into things too hard for us, when the intellect is wearied out with vain effort, and can accept no reality at all, except in the daily papers. But the best restorative and antidote is some knowledge of the actual and original works which are left us from master-workmen dead and gone. The hand of Phidias is phosphate of lime somewhere; but that hand was busy on the Theseus 2,300 years ago, and Theseus may be seen in the British Museum; where I never heard of a student of history visiting him.

The period of the Decline and Fall is certainly not a good one for educational study of history; it is comparatively painful and uninteresting, being about decline and fall, but the continuity of history must be preserved, and we, who are Goths, or Teutons, or Northmen, must learn how much civilisation we owe to the Roman Empire and the schools of Athens, unless we mean to resign that culture. The Dark Ages must be bridged over somehow; they cannot be considered as a Deluge beyond which nothing is known, and after which the human tale has to be taken up afresh, without practical connection with the past. That is not the case between the Roman and Gothic systems. It is complained, and not unreasonably, by all the numerous modern writers who form, or partly belong to, the Hellenic School, that we have no notion of the virtues or the value of Greece, and do not know how much we are indebted to her. This is in great measure true; though it is not true of those who have been brought up in the old fashion, on Greek or Roman scholarship, philosophy, and poetry. The fact is, a great many of us of the older style knew our Greek texts very well; that is to say, those of the authors best worth knowing; and in this sense I could name you a great many country gentlemen, who are quite as good Hellenists as the modern supporters of Greek morals against Christian. But scholarship is not all, nor even philosophy, nor yet the dry bones and chronicle of history. People will not give enough attention to history to believe it, unless they see that it has something to do with

them. And the real object of these papers is to show English readers how far their own architecture, painting, and sculpture are derived from old Greece through old Rome, being there preserved for us in the hands of the Early Church. We do not think the moral systems of Greece and Rome so good as the system we have ; but it is worth anything to us to know the law of right and wrong, which was confessed by the heathen according to his lights. And the fruit of his imagination and invention, the very stones he laid, the actual marble and colours he carved and blazoned, are our models to this day, and have everything to do with our life. The Roman law directed all our own middle ages ; and the Roman law of the Ten Tables, 'fons omnis publici privatique juris' (Lio. iii. 34) certainly deferred to, and were based on Greek institutions.

The fact is that, in the Arts more particularly, our popular information is in that stage which has mastered the leading distinctions, and not yet understood the great connections of the classical and Gothic systems—so called under protest, and with reference to the distinctions in our second chapter. People are so afraid of being caught in some confusion between Greek and Gothic, that they can't realize the truths, that Goths learnt much from Greeks, and that both Greek and Goth were taught everything of God, through His Book of Visible Nature. A pediment is classical, and a gable is Gothic, and we are so proud of knowing it, that we quite forget that a pediment is a low gable after all. The same principles adapted to different needs and ends govern all good Art to all time : a good leaf-curve is good, and a circular one not so good, in Athens, Rome, and Rouen. And as Montfaucon somewhere observes, comparing the arrangement of the Greek Temple with the nave and choir of the Gothic Church, the distinction of Sanctuary, Sacred-Building, and Temenos, or precinct, is everywhere the same, and in all ages ; and is naturally, and of course, adopted, under Christian terminology, in Christian architecture. The terminology is the difficulty ; it really is the pest of too many cooks, or books, or students of a subject, to have them all inventing terms for their different views. Do not let us confuse by distinction.

There was a new spirit in Christian mosaic from the end of the fourth century. It was essentially religious ; and the Church was becoming in those days every year more 'religious' in the ascetic or conventual sense. The right direction and impulses were newly given to art ; but the races and the times were old and in decay. Consequently we meet in the work of those times with such characteristics we might have expected. It is very different from old Greek or Celtic art ; still more so from that of the late or irreligious Renaissance ; very different again from miniature work or illumination, which took its place afterwards in the monastic studios ; but having certain points in common with the first and last of these. Like both old Greek art and Christian miniature it represented that which the artist worshipped, venerated, and loved,

what he hoped for, or thought of, in a spiritual world : like both of these, it was done not without spiritual motive, and for the motive's sake, not primarily for the art's sake. Yet unlike both of these, the great complication and cost of the work, and the immense amount of rather mechanical labour it required, prevented much improvement in beauty, and forbade mosaics ever becoming either a very high or widely popular form of art, like sculpture or drawing, which both rise with the might of the workman, and willingly take lower and easier forms to suit the tastes or powers of all true students. Probably there was no mosaic in the high days of Phidias and Pericles ; certainly none in Greece, excepting, perhaps, ordinary chequers and variations of colour in pavements (we know, of course, from the book of Esther, that work of this kind existed in Persia) ; but it seems to have been kept almost entirely in Asia till the days of the Ptolemies, and Attalus of Pergamos ; and it may therefore be considered as a fashionable style of ornament adopted from Syria and the East, and well suited to the well-taught and nimble-fingered workmen of Asiatic Greece, Ionian or Dorian. They seem to have felt it as unfit for lofty or ideal subjects, and to have treated it (as it has at all times and to the present day been treated, except in religious work) as a means of rudely ingenious imitation ; half deceptive, half conventional, as in the ' Unswept Hall ' of Attalus's palace (mentioned in No. V.), where the tessellated pavement represented the relics and mess of an unremoved banquet. The most pleasing example of this kind which is now in existence is also one of the best-known works of art in the world. It is the ' Capitoline ' or Pliny's ' Doves,' so called because it was a standard work in his days, and is duly mentioned by him. (*Nat. Hist.* xxxvi. 60.) It is the earliest of Mr. Parker's examples of classical mosaic in photograph ; and any one who will examine it in his book with a good magnifier, will see with what breadth and skill the irregularly shaped pieces of marble are composed. Correctly speaking, we suppose it would be called *opus sectile*, the fragments being cut to form a designed shape, and not merely square tessellæ. But it is a really beautiful work, superior even to the Tigress of S. Antonio Abbate. Dr. Northcote tells a capital story about it, to the effect that some zealous Anglican thought it was a Christian work, symbolical of Lay participation in the Eucharistic Cup. This certainly was as great a mistake as is generally made by the most enthusiastic student ; and is rather a caution against the habit, so prevalent just now in religious, artistic, and semi-religious subjects, of writing earnestly, perhaps polemically, on a matter before you have read enough about it. But there can be no doubt that the doves and chalice on Ravennese, and afterwards on early Venetian sarcophagi, do occur times out of number : that the doves symbolize the faithful generally, or that the chalice is the chalice of Holy Communion.

Most of us will see then that (1) mosaic is incapable of being made an exponent of very high art, though it may express the loftiest ideas.

It is always symbolic, having little power of imitating nature ; and it gives no notion, either, of the *hand* of a great master ; though it may follow his design in a rough way, and his genius may adapt his design to the method of execution, as a certain conventionality is given to some of the correctly-drawn and most beautiful figures in Burne Jones's windows.* (2.) Great part of the archaism and stiffness of Byzantine art was impressed on it, as a characteristic, by the practice of mosaic ; and the same influence was continued into Gothic. (3.) Mosaic has certain relations in its decorative function, with the use of painted windows—which we must hereafter consider. (4.) Both stained glass and mosaic have special relations also with miniature or illumination. (5.) As to subject, the doctrinal expression of a succession of dated mosaics in churches built or restored in successive centuries is an important adjunct to history. This is obviously so in the first instance, because early in the eighth century the Iconoclastic movement begins, and the icons or forms, painted, carved, or inlaid, are seen to have had lamentable effect on popular belief and practice. Then, as we go back from that time to earlier days, better or not so bad, we shall see that the mosaic paintings represent the popular teaching of clergy or of monks, more particularly in its developement and corollary of doctrine ; showing not only the forms of words in which they expounded and expanded their creed, but how they expected the people to take them. It indicates that curious and distressing want of safeguard or protest against idolatry in popular teaching which left its way open, and made it a natural thing, to a people already accustomed, by inveterate association, to a whole pantheon of inferior deities. And it seems to point out, that a clergy and ministry taken from the people, and appealing to the people, will find themselves grievously tempted to fall in with popular tendency, and even to adopt popular error. Finally it will show us, that popular error or even propensity, once endorsed with the authority and proclaimed with the voice of a Church, is almost irrevocable, and without remedy ; save by one of those great interpositions which mark periods of human history with the Divine brand of grievous affliction. I have nothing to say against popular preaching ; but every preacher who does his duty will sometimes find it necessary to oppose himself to popular religious feeling ; and that, in these days, nobody dares do.

* The skilful use of successive laminae of coloured glass in some of these works, as in the Judgment Window at Easthampstead (Bracknell, Berks), is an important addition to the technique of stained-glass, giving it much of the value of transparent painting. Sir Joshua Reynolds said, in reference to the windows of the Virtues in New College, Oxford, which he designed, that he had had great hopes of the effect of light through his colour, and not reflected only from canvas. These, he says, were utterly and completely disappointed. But the use of fine transparent glass in successive laminae, answering to the touches or coatings of a water-colour painting, might have enabled him, and has enabled Mr. Burne Jones, to produce some new and very striking results, as it were, in transparent mosaic.

A Scriptorium of ancient days may often have been—must generally have been, I think—rather a happy kind of place, where shaven and silent copyists worked away, in well-founded hope that they were labouring to the glory of God, and enjoyed the purest of earthly pleasures, as well as the daintiest; which I take to be the manipulation of rich, bright colours with clear, temperate eyes. No such place exists now in the Western Church, strictly speaking; though at Russia and at Mount Athos, and elsewhere in the East, the old system is in full force. It is worth referring to *Institutions Liturgiques* to read the learned and excellent Dom Guéranger's racy lamentations over the degeneracy or disappearance of caligraphy and illumination from the Gallican Church; and I do not see that he looks to Germany or Italy to supply the deficiency.

In Curzon's *Monasteries* there is a delightful account of the Abyssinian scribe, as black as a crow, clad in raiment of antelope wash-leather, and anointed with oil of castor, not of gladness. There is also a most right and sensible reminder as to the primitive zeal and labour, and in some degree the learning, of these wild ascetics, some of whom, I remember, were in Jerusalem in 1859. I think that the Rev. H. F. Tozer has published *A Visit to Mount Athos*, or that an account of the monasteries there (and I know of no other except in Curzon) will be found in his *Travels*.* However, the mosaic studio of a convent must have required a certain amount of conversation, and involved a certain amount of workmanlike disorder. There must have been a number of men employed on one work, and they must have had leave to talk about it—(in fact I think the obligation of silence is Benedictine); there must have been a lively clatter of marble slabs and glass tessellæ: the master of the work would have his directions to give, and have to expound about it to abbot and convent. In short, the work would have the advantage of patrons deeply interested in it, who chose its subject, and probably directed or fully canvassed its execution with the actual craftsmen, in many cases their own brethren. And if they retained little remembrance of classical rule, and thought classical inspiration unholy, they at least brought the colour-inspiration of the East to bear on their work as no architect or painter had yet dared to do. The Attic workman had coloured his temples, tinted his statues, and gilded their helmets and bridle-bits; but in his clear day-lights he had artfully kept down his hues to half-tints, consonant with the warm or pure glow of gold and Parian marble. The children of the desert, whether born or by adoption, made their fanes dark for refuge from the sun they loved and feared. But being screened in grateful gloom, they made themselves therein another cool sunshine, of many colours, as clear and deep as the Eastern sky at sunset, pure and intense hue, like the afterglow. Greek colour had been pure and bright in gold and grey, and decorative half-tints. It was colour of

* Murray, 1870.

present strength and joy, fit for the background of grand sculpture, and the imagined presence of gods and heroes, with their great Agalmata.* But this Neo-Greek colouring, the work of distressed Christians, whose joy was in hope only, and whose strength was in weakness, is intense and pure, and gorgeous and profound. They were forbidden, or they knew not or cared not how, to show forth beauty of form; but their colour was symbolic of Heaven to them, the one permitted delight of the ascetic, the sign of his hope of the Eternal city, and her gates of gems and battlements of pure gold. The splendour of the Neo-Greek apses is barbaric to those whose notions of beauty are limited by artistic crétannes. But to those for whom they were built, they seemed indeed to verify the words which have comforted the suffering Church through all time: 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and thy gates with carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. . . . No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord; and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord.'

* * * * *

These words were written several weeks ago, and I have since seen an illustration of them, so delightful in its character, and so entirely unexpected and strange, that I have asked leave to mention it here. Several years have passed since I ventured to ask, in Art-teaching of the Primitive Church, if any ladies could be found who would employ themselves in Church mosaic-work, instead of, or as an alternative, to embroidery; chiefly because men can understand the one, and cannot understand the other. The suggestion was repeated elsewhere, and, I need hardly say, produced no result whatever. Moreover, all the unemployed ladies of high artistic feeling whom I talked to personally about it, produced the most excellent reasons for making no attempt of the kind. Happily the same idea has occurred to others, and been executed by other hands, under the influence of the Dean of S. Paul's and Colonel Du Cane. Those who visit S. Paul's Cathedral may not all be aware of the rapidly-advancing restoration of the crypts or subterranean churches below its pavements. The effect of their massive piers and low-browed arches, and the endless perspectives of their dim aisles, is not only in itself most powerful, but full of association, carrying one's mind back not only to ancient northern vaultings of Scandinavian origin, but to the catacombs themselves. But it is more to the immediate purpose that the whole choir of the long crypt is now floored with mosaic, made by women imprisoned for various terms and offences, under Colonel Du Cane's inspection. The work is not 'sectile,' but all in small cubes on white

* Images—literally 'things of glory.'

ground, and would answer to the Roman first century 'lithostrotum,' called 'vermiculatum' or 'albarium.' It is in good ancient-looking black, red, and white patterns, involving no special symbolism: the thing itself has its own train of imagery. The execution of it is said to give much interest and relief to the women engaged in it, and their chief directress and superintendent, the soul of the whole work, is the well-remembered Constance Kent. The work of many troubled spirits, and hands once deeply stained, is the flooring of God's sanctuary. These are not pillars or polished corner-stones; that which they have, they have given, and their work will follow them for centuries; and age after age of secret prayer below the foundations of London, and, deeper than its unrest and turmoil, will re-echo their penitence in the Ear that hears. '*Adhæsit pavimento,*' says the Vulgate. 'My soul cleaveth to the dust: O quicken Thou me according to Thy word.' If there be any symbolism more profound than that of a house of prayer thus paven with penitence, I know not what or where it is.

MAGNUM BONUM ; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SNOWY WINDING-SHEET.

VERY merry was the party which arrived at the roughly-built hotel of Schwarenbach which serves as a half-way house to the Altels.

Never had expedition been more enjoyed than that of Mrs. Brownlow and her three boys. They had taken a week by the sea to recruit their forces, and then begun their journey in earnest, since it was too late for a return to Eton, although so early in the season that to the Swiss, they were like the first swallows of the spring, and they came in for some of the wondrous glory of the spring flowers, so often missed by tourists.

In her mountain dress, all state and ceremony cast aside, Caroline rode, walked, and climbed like the jolly Mother Carey she was, to use her son's favourite expression, and the boys, full of health and recovery, gambolled about her, feeling her companionship the very crown of their enjoyment.

Johnny, to whom all was more absolutely new than to the others, was the quietest of the three. He was a year older than Lucas, as Jock was now called to formal outsiders, while Friar John, a reversal of his cousin's two Christian names, was a school title that sometimes passed into home use. Friar John then had reached an age open to the influences of beautiful and sublime scenery, and when the younger ones only felt the exhilaration of mountain air, and longings to get

as high as possible, his soul began to expand, and fresh revelations of glory and majesty to take possession of him. He was a very different person from the rough, awkward lad of eight years back. He still had the somewhat loutish figure which, in his mother's family, was the shell of fine-looking men, and he was shy and bashful, but Eton polish had taken away the rude gruffness, and made his manners and bearing gentlemanly. His face was honest and intelligent, and he had a thoroughly good, conscientious disposition; his character stood high, and he was the only Brownlow of them all who knew the sweets of being 'sent up for good.' His aunt could almost watch expression deepening on his open face, and he was enjoying with soul and mind even more than with body. Having had the illness later and more severely than the other two, his strength had not so fully returned, and he was often glad to rest, admire, and study the subject with his aunt, to whose service he was specially devoted, while the other two climbed and explored. For even Armine had been invigorated with a sudden overflow of animal health and energy, which made him far more enterprising and less contemplative than he had ever been before.

They four had walked up the mountain after breakfast from Kandersteg, bringing their bags for a couple of nights, the boys being anxious to go up the Altels the next day, as their time was nearly over and they were to be in school in ten days' time again. After luncheon and a good rest on the wooden bench outside the door, they began to stroll towards the Daubensee, along a path between desolate boulders, without vegetation, except a small kind of monkshood.

'I call this dreary,' said the mother. 'We don't seem to get a bit nearer the lake. I shall go home and write to Babie.'

'I'll come back with you,' said Johnny. 'My mother will be looking for a letter.'

'Not giving in already, Johnny,' said Armine. 'I can tell you I mean to get to the lake.'

'The Friar is the slave of his note-book,' said Jock. 'When are we to have it—"Craggs and Cousins," or "From Measles to Mountains?"'

'I don't want to forget everything,' said Johnny, with true Kencroft doggedness.

'Do you expect ever to look at that precious diurnal again?'

'He will leave it as an heirloom to his grandchildren!'

'And they will say how slow people were in the nineteenth century.'

'There will have been a reaction by that time, and they will only wonder how anybody cared to go up into such dreary places.'

'Or perhaps they will have stripped them all, and eaten the glaciers up as ices and ice-creams!'

'I think I'll set up that as my pet anxiety,' said their mother, laughing; 'just as some people suffer from perplexity as to what is to become of the world when all the coal is used up! You are not turning

on my account, are you, Johnny? I am quite happy to go back alone.'

'No, indeed. I want to write my letter, and I have had enough,' said John.

'Tired!' said Armine. 'Poor old monk! Swiss air always makes me feel like a balloon full of gas. I could go on, up and up, for ever!'

'Well, keep to the path, and don't do anything imprudent,' she said, turning back, the boys saying, 'We'll only have a look down the pass! Here, Chico! Chico! Chick! Chick!'

Chico, the little dog so disdainfully rejected by Elvira, had attached himself from the first to Jock. He had been in the London house when they spent a day there, and in rapture at the meeting had smuggled himself, not without his master's connivance, among the rugs and wrappers, and had already been the cause of numerous scrapes with officials and travellers, whence sometimes money, sometimes politeness, sometimes audacity, brought off his friends as best they could.

There was a sort of grave fascination in the exceeding sternness of the scene—the grey heaps of stone, the mountains raising their shining white summits against the blue, the dark, fathomless, lifeless lake, and the utter absence of all forms of life. Armine's spirit fell under the spell, and he moved dreamily on, hardly attending to Jock, who was running on with Chico, and alarming him by feints of catching him and throwing him into the water.

They came to the gap where they expected to look over the pass, but it was blotted out by a mist, not in itself visible though hiding everything, and they were turning to go home when, in the ravine near at hand, the white ruggedness of the Wildstrube glacier gleamed on their eyes.

'I didn't know it was so near,' said Jock. 'Come and have a look at it.'

'Not on it,' said Armine, who had somewhat more Swiss experience than his brother. 'There's no doing that without a guide.'

'There's no reason we should not get on the moraine,' said Jock; and they presently began to scramble about among the rocks and boulders, trying to mount some larger one whence they might get a more general view of the form of the glacier. Chico ran on before them, stimulated by some reminiscence of the rabbit-holes of Belforest, and they were looking after him and whistling him back; Armine heard a sudden cry and fall—Jock had disappeared. 'Never mind!' he called up the next instant. 'I'm all right. Only, come down here! I've twisted my foot somehow.'

Armine scrambled round the rock over which he had fallen, a loose stone having turned with him. He had pulled himself up, but even with an arm round Armine's neck, he could not have walked a step on even ground, far less on these rough *débris*, which were painful walking even for the lightest, most springy tread.

'You must get to the inn and bring help,' he said, sinking down with a sigh.

'I suppose there's nothing else to be done,' said Armine, unwillingly. 'You'll have a terrible time to wait, unless I meet some one first. I'll be as quick as I can.'

'Not too quick till you get off this place,' said Jock, 'or you'll be down too, and here, help me off with this boot first.'

This was not done quickly or easily. Jock was almost sick with the pain of the effort, and the bruise looked serious. Armine tried to make him comfortable, and set out, as he thought, in the right direction, but he had hardly gone twenty steps before he came to a sudden standstill with an emphatic 'I say!' then came back repeating 'I say, Jock, we are close upon the glacier; I was as near as possible going down into an awful blue crack!'

'That's why it's getting so cold,' said Jock. 'Here, Chick, come and warm me. Well, Armie, why ain't you off?'

'Yes,' said Armine, with a quiver in his voice, 'if I keep down by the side of the glacier, I suppose I must come to the Daubensee in time.'

'What! Have we lost the way?' said Jock, beginning to look alarmed.

'There's no doubt of that,' said Armine, 'and what's worse, that fog is coming up; but I've got my little compass here, and if I keep to the south-west, and down, I must strike the lake somewhere. Good-bye, Jock.'

He looked white and braced up for the effort. Jock caught hold of him. 'Don't leave me, Armie,' he said; 'you can't—you'll fall into one of those crevasses.'

'You'd better let me go before the fog gets worse,' said Armine.

'I say you can't; it's not fit for a little chap like you. If you fell it would be ever so much worse for us both.'

'I know! But it is the less risk,' said Armine, gravely.

'I tell you, Armie, I can't have you go. Mother will send out for us, and we can make no end of a row together. There's a much better chance that way than alone. Don't go, I say——'

'I was only looking out beyond the rock. I don't think it would be possible to get on now. I can't see even the ridge of stones we climbed over.'

'I wish it was I,' said Jock, 'I'll be bound I could manage it!' Then impatiently—'Something must be done, you know, Armie. We can't stay here all night.'

Yet when Armine went a step or two to see whether there was any practicability of moving, he instantly called out against his attempting to go away. He was in a good deal of pain, and high-spirited boy as he was, was thoroughly unnerved and appalled, and much less able to consider than the usually quieter and more timid Armine. Suddenly

there was a frightful thunderous roar and crash, and with a cry of 'An avalanche,' the brothers clasped one another fast and shut their eyes, but ere the words 'Have mercy' were uttered all was still again, and they found themselves alive !

'I don't think it was an avalanche,' said Armine, recovering first. 'It was most likely to be a great mass of ice tumbling off the arch at the bottom of the glacier. They do make a most awful row. I've heard one before, only not so near. Any way we can't be far from the bottom of the glacier, if I only could crawl there.'

'No, no ;' cried Jock, holding him tight ; 'I tell you, you can't do it.'

Jock could not have defined whether he was most actuated by fears for his brother's safety or by actual terror at being left alone and helpless. At any rate Armine much preferred remaining, in all the certain misery and danger, to losing sight of his brother, with the great probability of only being further lost himself.

'I wonder whether Chico would find mother,' he said.

Jock brightened ; Armine found an envelope in his pocket, and scribbled—

'On the Moraine. Jock's ankle sprained—Come.'

Then Jock produced a bit of string, wherewith it was fastened to the dog's collar, and then authoritatively bade Chico go to mother.

Alas ! cleverness had never been Chico's strong point, and the present extremity did not inspire him with sagacity. He knew the way as little as his masters did, and would only dance about in an unmeaning way, and when ordered home crouch in abject entreaty. Jock grew impatient and threatened him, but this only made him creep behind Armine, put his tail between his legs, hold up his little paw, and look piteously imploring.

'There's no use in the little brute,' sighed Jock at last, but the attempt had done him good and recalled his nerve and good sense.

'We are in for a night of it,' he said, 'unless they find us ; and how are they ever to do that in this beastly fog ?'

'We must halloo,' said Armine, attempting it.

'Yes, and we don't know when to begin ! We can't go on all night, you know,' said Jock ; 'and if we begin too soon, we may have no voice left just at the right time.'

'It is half-past seven now,' said Armine, looking at his watch. 'The food was to be at seven, so they must have missed us by this time.'

'They won't think anything of it till it gets dark.'

'No. Give them till half-past eight. Somewhere about nine or half-past it may be worth while to jodel.'

'And how awfully cold it will be by that time. And my foot is aching like fun !'

Armine offered to rub it, and there was some occupation in this and in watching the darkening of the evening, which was very gradual in

the dense white fog that shut them in with a damp, cold, moist curtain of undeveloped snow.

The poor lads were thinly clad for a summer walk, and Jock had left his plaid behind him, and they were beginning to feel only too vividly that it was past supper-time when they could dimly see that it was past nine, and began to shout, but they soon found this severe and exhausting.

Armine suggested counting ten between each cry, which would husband their powers and give them time to listen for an answer. Yet even thus there was an empty, feeble sound about their cries, so that Jock observed—

‘It’s very odd that when there’s no good in making a row one can make it fast enough, and now when it would be of some use, one seems to have no more voice than a little sick mouse.’

‘Not so much, I think,’ said Armine; ‘it is hunger partly.’

‘Hark! That sounded like something.’

Invigorated by hope they shouted again, but though several times they did hear a distant jodel, the hope that it was in answer to themselves soon faded, as the sound became more distant, and their own exertions ended soon in an utter breakdown—into a hoarse squeak on Jock’s part and a weak, hungry cry on Armine’s. Jock’s face was covered with tears, as much from the strain as from despair.

‘There!’ he sighed, ‘there’s our last chance gone! We are in for a night of it.’

‘It can’t be a very long night,’ Armine, through chattering teeth. ‘It’s only a week to the longest day.’

‘Much that will matter to us,’ said Jock, impatiently. ‘We shall be frozen long before morning.’

‘We must keep ourselves awake.’

‘You little ass,’ said poor Jock, in the petulant inconsistency of his distress; ‘it is not come to that yet.’

Armine did not answer at once. He was kneeling against the rock, and a strange thrill came over Jock, forbidding him again to say—‘It was not come to *that*!’ but a shoot of aching pain in his ankle presently drew forth an exclamation.

Armine again offered to rub it for him, and the two arranged themselves for this purpose, the curtain of damp woolliness seeming to thicken on them. There was a moon somewhere, and the darkness was not total, but the dreariness and isolation were the more felt from the absence of all outlines being more manifest. They even lost their own hands if they stretched out their arms, and their light summer garments were already saturated with damp and would soon freeze. No part of their bodies was free from that deadly chill save where they could press against one another.

They were brave boys. Jock had collected himself again, and for some time they kept up a show of mirth in the shakings and buffetings

they bestowed on one another, but they began to grow too stiff and spent to pursue this discipline. Armine thought that the night must be nearly over, and Jock tried to see his watch, but decided that he could not, because he could not bear to believe how far it was from day.

Armine was drowsily rubbing the ankle, mechanically murmuring something to himself. Jock shook him, saying—

'Take care, don't doze off. What are you mumbling about leisure?'

'O tarry thou the Lord's leisure. Be strong and——. Was I saying it aloud?' he broke off with a start.

'Yes; go on.'

Armine finished the verse, and Jock commented—

'Comfort thine heart. Does the little chap mean it in a fix like this?'

'Jock,' said Armine, now fully awake, 'I *do* want to say something.'

'Cut on.'

'If you get out of this and I don't——'

'Stop that! We've got heat enough to last till morning.'

'Will they find us then? These fogs last for days and turn to snow.'

'Don't croak, I say. I can't face mother without you.'

'She'll be glad enough to get you. Please listen, Jock, while I'm awake. I want you to give her and all of them my love, and say I'm sorry for all the times I've vexed them.'

'As if you had ever——'

'And please, Jock—if I was nasty and conceited about the champagne——'

'Shut up, I can't stand this,' cried Jock, chiefly from force of habit, for it was a tacit agreement among the elder brothers that Armine must not be suffered to 'be cocky and humbug,' by which they meant no implication on his sincerity, but that they did not choose to hear remonstrances or appeals to higher motives, and this had made him very reticent with all except his sister Barbara and Miss Ogilvie, but he now persisted.

'Indeed I want you to forgive me, Jock. You don't know how often I've thought all sorts of horridness about you.'

Jock laughed, 'Not more than I deserved, I'll be bound. How can you be so absurd! If any one wants forgiveness, it is I. I say, Armie, this is all nonsense. You don't really think you are done for, or you would not take it so coolly.'

'Of course I know Who can bring us through if He will,' said Armine. 'There's the Rock. I've been asking Him all this time—every moment—only I get so sleepy.'

'If He will; but if He won't?'

'Then there's Paradise. And Himself and father,' said Armine, still in a dreamy tone.

'Oh, yes; that's for you! But how about a mad fellow like me? It's so sneaking just to take to one's prayers because one's in a bad case.'

'Oh, Jock! He is always ready to hear! More ready than we to pray!'

'Now don't begin to improve the occasion,' broke out Jock. 'By all the stories that ever were written, I'm the one to come to a bad end, not you.'

'Don't,' said Armine, with an accent of pain that made Jock cry, hugging him tighter. 'There, never mind, Armie; I'll let you say all you like. I don't know what made me stop you, except that I'm a beast, and always have been one. I'd give anything not to have gone on playing the fool all my life, so as to be able to mind this as little as you do.'

'I don't seem awake enough to mind anything much,' said the little boy, 'or I should trouble more about Mother and Babie; but somehow I can't.'

'Oh!' wailed Jock, 'you must! You must get out of it, Armie. Come closer. Shove in between me and the rock. Here, Chico, lie down on the top of us! Mother must have you back any way, Armie.'

The little fellow was half-dozing, but words of prayer and faith kept dropping from his tongue. Pain, and a stronger vitality alike, kept Jock free from the torpor, and he used his utmost efforts to rouse his brother; but every now and then a horrible conviction of the hopelessness of their condition came over him.

'Oh!' he groaned out, 'how is it to be if this is the end of it? What is to become of a fellow that has been like me?'

Armine only spoke one word; the Name that is above every name.

'Yes, you always cared! But I never cared for anything but fun! Never went to Communion at Easter. It is too late.'

'Oh, no, no!' cried Armine, rousing up, 'not too late! Never! You are His! You belong to Him! He cares for you!'

'If He does, it makes it all the worse. I never heeded; I thought it all a bore. I never let myself think what it all meant. I've thrown it all away.'

'Oh, I wish I wasn't so stupid,' cried Armine, with a violent effort against his exhaustion. 'Mother loves us, however horrid we are! He is like that; only let us tell Him all the bad we've done, and ask Him to blot it out. I've been trying—trying—only I'm so dull; and let us give ourselves more and more out and out to Him, whether it is here or there.'

'That I must,' said Jock; 'it would be shabby and sneaking not.'

'Oh, Jock,' cried Armine, joyfully, 'then it will all be right

any way ;' and he raised his face and kissed his brother. 'You promise, Jock. Please promise.'

'Promise what? That if He will save us out of this, I'll take a new line, and be as good as I know how, and——'

Armine took the word, whether consciously or not : 'And manfully to fight under His banner, and continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end. Amen !'

'Amen,' Jock said, after him.

After that, Jock found that the child was repeating the Creed, and said it after him, the meanings thrilling through him as they had never done before. Next followed lines of 'Rock of Ages,' and for some time longer there was a drowsy murmur of sacred words, but there was no eliciting a direct reply any more ; and with dull consternation Jock knew that the fatal torpor could no longer be broken, and was almost irritated that all the words he caught were such happy, peaceful ones. The very last were, 'Inside angels' wings, all white down.'

The child seemed almost comfortable—certainly not suffering like himself, bruised and strained, with sharp twinges rending his damaged foot ; his limbs cramped, and sensible of the acute misery of the cold, and the full horror of their position ; but as long as he could shake even an unconscious murmur from his brother, it seemed like happiness compared with the utter desolation after the last whisper had died away, and he was left intolerably alone under the solid impenetrable shroud that enveloped him, and the senseless form he held on his breast. And if he tried to follow on by that clue which Armine had left him, whirlwinds of dismay seemed to sweep away all hope and trust, as he thought of wilfulness, recklessness, defiance, irreverence, and all the yet darker shades of a self-indulgent and audacious school-boy life !

It was a little lighter, as if dawn might be coming, but the cold was bitterer, and benumbing more than paining him. His clothes were stiff, his eyelashes white with frost, he did not feel equal to looking at his watch, he *would* not see Armine's face, he found the fog depositing itself in snow, but he heeded it no longer. Fear and hope had alike faded out of his mind, his ankle seemed to belong to some one else far away, he had left off wishing to see his mother, he wanted nothing but to be let alone !

He did not hear when Chico, finding no comfort, no sign of life in his masters, stood upon them as they lay clasped together in the drift of fine small snow, and in the climax of misery he lifted up the long and wretched wailing howlings of utter dog-wretchedness.

(To be continued.)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOD AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WELL-MEANING MISCHIEF-MAKER.

'And in that shadow I have passed along,
 Feeling myself grow weak as it grew strong;
 Walking in doubt and searching for the way,
 And often at a stand—as now to-day.

* * * *

Perplexities do throng upon my sight
 Like scudding fogbanks, to obscure the light;
 Some new dilemma rises every day,
 And I can only shut my eyes and pray.'

Anon.

MILDRED had been secretly reproaching herself for allowing Dr. Heriot's pleasing conversation so completely to monopolise her, and even her healthy conscience felt a pang something like remorse when, half an hour later, they came upon Olive sitting alone on a tree-trunk, having evidently stolen apart from her companions to indulge unobserved in one of her usual reveries.

She was too much absorbed to notice them till addressed by name, and then, to Mildred's surprise, she started, coloured from chin to brow, and, muttering some excuse, seemed only anxious to effect her escape.

'I hope you are not composing an Ode to Melancholy,' observed Dr. Heriot with one of his quizzical looks. 'You look like a forsaken wood-nymph, or a disconsolate Chloe, or Jacques' sobbing deer, or any other uncomfortable image of loneliness. What an unsociable creature you are, Olive.'

'Why are you not with Chrissy and the Chestertons? I hope we have not all neglected you,' interposed Mildred in her soft voice, for she saw that Olive shrank from Dr. Heriot's good-humoured raillery. 'Are you tired, dear? Roy has not ordered the carriage for another hour, I am afraid.'

'No, I am not tired; I was only thinking. I will find Chriss,' returned Olive, stammering and blushing still more under her aunt's affectionate scrutiny. 'Don't come with me, please, Aunt Milly. I like being alone.' And before Mildred could answer, she had disappeared down a little side-walk, and was now lost to sight.

Dr. Heriot laughed at Mildred's discomposed look.

'You remind me of the hen when she hatched the duckling and found it taking kindly to the unknown element. You must get used to Olive's odd ways; she is decidedly original. I should not wonder if we disturbed her in the first volume of some wonderful scheme-book, where all the heroines are martyrs and the hero is a full-length portrait

of Richard. I warn you all her *dénoûments* will be disastrous. Olive does not believe in happiness for herself or other people.'

'How hard you are on her!' returned Mildred, finding it impossible to restrain a smile; but in reality she felt a little anxious. Olive had seemed more than usually absorbed during the last few days; there was a concentrated gravity in her manner that had struck Mildred more than once, but all questioning had been in vain. 'I am not unhappy—at least, not more than usual. I am only thinking out some troublesome thoughts,' she had said when Mildred had pressed her the previous night. 'No, you cannot do anything for me, Aunt Milly. I only want to help myself and other people to do right.' And Mildred, who was secretly weary of this endless scrupulosity, and imagined it was only a fresh attack of Olive's troublesome conscience, was fain to rest content with the answer, though she reproached herself not a little afterwards for a selfish evasion of a manifest duty.

The remainder of the day passed over pleasantly enough. Dr. Heriot had contrived to make his peace with Miss Trelawney, for she had regained her old serenity of manner when Mildred saw her again. She came just as they were starting, to beg that Mildred would spend a long day at Kirkleatham House.

'Papa is going over to Appleby, to the Sessions Court, and I shall be alone all day to-morrow. Do come, Mildred,' she pleaded. 'You do not know what a treat it will be to me' And though Mildred hesitated, her objections were all overruled by Richard, who insisted that nobody wanted her, and that a holiday would do her good.

Richard's arguments prevailed, and Mildred thoroughly enjoyed her holiday. Some hours of unrestrained intercourse only convinced her that Ethel Trelawney's faults lay on the surface, and were the result of a defective education and disadvantageous circumstances, while the real nobility of her character revealed itself in every thought and word. She had laid aside the slight hauteur and extravagance that ~~marked~~ ^{marked} simplicity and provoked the just censure of men like Dr. Heriot; lesser natures she delighted to baffle by an eccentricity that ~~was~~ ^{was} often ill-timed and out of place, but to-day the stilts, as Dr. Heriot termed them, were out of sight. Mildred's sincerity touched the right key-note, her brief captiousness vanished, unconsciously she showed the true side of her character. Gentle, though unsatisfied; wholly eager, and with a child's purity of purpose; full of lofty but impractical, waiting breathless for mere visionary happiness for which he knew no name; sweet, though subtle egotist, and yet unarted and womanly;—no wonder Ethel Trelawney was a study to Mildred that long summer's day.

He listened with unwearied sympathy while Ethel dwelt on her lonely and purposeless life, with its jarring absence of congenial fellowship.

He was dreadfully methodical and businesslike. He always finds me because I am so impractical, and will never let me help

him, or talk about what interests him ; and then he cares for politics. He was so disappointed because he failed in the last election. His great ambition is to be a member of parliament. I know they got him to contest the Kendal borough ; but he had no chance, though he spent I am afraid to say how much money. The present member was too popular, and was returned by a majority. He was very angry because I did not sympathise with him in his disappointment ; but how could I, knowing it was more for the honour of the position that he wanted it, and not for the highest motives ? And then the bribery and corruption were so sickening.'

'I do not think we ought to impute any but the highest motives until we know to the contrary,' returned Mildred, mildly.

Ethel coloured. 'You think me disloyal ; but papa knows my sentiments well ; we shall never agree on these questions—never. I fancy men in general take a far less high standard than women.'

'You are wrong there,' returned practical Mildred, firing up at this sweeping assertion, which had a taint of heresy in her ears. 'Because men live instead of talk their opinions, you misjudge them. Do you think the single eye and the steady aim is not a necessary adjunct of all real manhood ? Look at my brother, look at Dr. Heriot, for example ; they are no mere worldlings, leading purposeless existences, they are both hard workers and deep thinkers.'

'We will leave Dr. Heriot out of the question ; I see he has begun to be perfection in your eyes, Mildred. Nay,'—and Mildred drew herself up with a little dignity and looked annoyed—'I meant nothing but the most platonic admiration, which I assure you he reciprocates in an equal degree. He thinks you a very superior person—so well-principled, so entirely unselfish ; he is always quoting you as an example, and—'

'I agree with you that we should leave personalities in the background,' returned Mildred, hastily, and taking herself to task for feeling aggrieved at Dr. Heriot calling her a superior person. The argument waxed languid at this point ; Ethel became a little lugubrious under Mildred's reproof, and relapsed into pathetic egotism again, pouring out her longings for vocation, work, sympathy, and all the disconnected iota of female oratory worked up into enthusiasm.

'I want work, Mildred.'

'And yet you dream dreams and see visions.'

'Hush ! please let me finish. I do not mean make-believes, shifts to get through the day, fanciful labours befitting rank and station, but real work, that will fill one's heart and life.'

'Yours is a hungry nature. I fear the demand would double the supply. You would go starved from the very place where we poor ordinary mortals would have a full meal.'

Ethel pouted. 'I wish you would not borrow metaphors from our tiresome Mentor. I declare, Mildred, your words have always more or less a flavour of Dr. Heriot's.'

Mildred quietly took up her work. 'You know how to reduce me to silence.'

But Ethel playfully impeded the sewing by laying her crossed hands over it.

'Dr. Heriot's name seems an apple of discord between us, Mildred.'

'You are so absurd about him.'

'I am always provoked at hearing his opinions second-hand. I have less comfort in talking to him than to any one else: I always seem to be airing my own foolishness.'

'At least, I am not accountable for that,' returned Mildred, pointedly.

'No,' returned Ethel, with her charming smile, which at once disarmed Mildred's prudery. 'You wise people think and talk much alike; you are both so hard on mere visionaries. But I can bear it more patiently from you than from him.'

'I cannot solve riddles,' replied Mildred, in her old sensible manner. 'It strikes me that you have fashioned Dr. Heriot into a sort of bug-bear—a *bête noir* to frighten naughty prejudiced children; and yet he is truly gentle.'

'It is the sort of gentleness that rebukes one more than sternness,' returned Ethel, in a low voice. 'How odd it is, Mildred, when one feels compelled to show the worst side of oneself, to the very people, too, whom one most wishes to propitiate, or, at least—but my speech threatens to be as incoherent as Olive's.'

'I know what you mean; it comes of thinking too much of a mere expression of opinion.'

'Oh no,' she returned, with a quick blush; 'it only comes from a rash impulse to dethrone Mentor altogether—the idea of moral leading-reins are so derogatory after childhood has passed.'

'You must give me a hint if I begin to lecture in my turn. I shall forget sometimes you are not Olive or Chriss.'

The soft, brilliant eyes filled suddenly with tears.

'I could find it in my heart to wish I were even Olive, whom you have a right to lecture. How nice it would be to belong to you really, Mildred; to have a real claim on your time and sympathy.'

'All my friends have that,' was the soft answer. 'But how dark it is growing—the longest day must have an end, you see.'

'That means—you are going,' she returned, regretfully. 'Motherly Mildred is thinking of her children. I shall come down and see you and them soon, and you must promise to find me some work.'

Mildred shook her head. 'It must not be my finding if it is to satisfy your exorbitant demands.'

'We shall see; anyhow you have left me plenty to think about—you will leave a little bit of sunshine behind you in this dull, rambling house. Shall you go alone? Richard or Royal ought to have walked up to meet you.'

'Richard half promised he would, but I do not mind a lonely walk.'

And Mildred nodded brightly as she turned out of the lodge-gates. She looked back once; the moon was rising, a star shone on the edge of a dark cloud, the air was sweet with the breath of honeysuckles and roses, a slight breeze stirred Ethel's white dress as she leaned against the heavy swing-gate, the sound of a horse's hoofs rang out from the distance, the next moment she had disappeared into the shrubbery, and Dr. Heriot walked his horse all the way to the town by the side of Mildred.

Mildred's day had refreshed and exhilarated her; congenial society was as new as it was delightful. 'Somehow I think I feel younger instead of older,' thought the quiet woman, as she turned up the vicarage lane and entered the courtyard; 'after all, it is sweet to be appreciated.'

'Is that you, Aunt Milly? You look ghost-like in the gloaming.'

'Naughty boy, how you startled me! Why did not you or Richard walk up to Kirkleatham House?'

'We could not,' replied Roy, gravely. 'My father wanted Richard, and I—I did not feel up to it. Go in, Aunt Milly; it is very damp and chilly out here to-night.' And Roy resumed his former position of lounging against the trellis-work of the porch. There was a touch of despondency in the lad's voice and manner that struck Mildred, and she lingered for a moment in the porch.

'Are you not coming in too?'

'No, thank you, not at present,' turning away his face.

'Is there anything the matter, Roy?'

'Yes—no. One must have a fit of the dumps sometimes; life is not all syrup of roses'—rather crossly for Roy.

'Poor old Royal—what's amiss, I wonder? There, I will not tease you,' touching his shoulder caressingly, but with a half sigh at the reticence of Betha's boys. 'Where is Richard?'

'With my father—I thought I told you;' then, mastering his irritability with an effort, 'please don't go to them, Aunt Milly, they are discussing something. Things are rather at sixes and sevens this evening, thanks to Livy's interference; she will tell you all about it. Good night, Aunt Milly;' and as though afraid of being further questioned, Roy strode down the court, where Mildred long afterwards heard him kicking up the beck gravel, as a safe outlet and vent for pent-up irritability.

Mildred drew a long breath as she went up stairs. 'I shall pay dearly for my pleasant holiday,' she thought. She could hear low voices in earnest talk as she passed the study, but as she stole noiselessly down the lobby no sound reached her from the girls' room, and she half hoped Olive was asleep.

As she opened her own door, however, there was a slight sound as of a caught breath, and then a quick sob, and to her dismay she could just see in the faint light the line of crouching shoulders and a bent figure huddled up near the window that could belong to no other than

Olive. It must be confessed that Mildred's heart shrank for a moment from the weary task that lay before her; but the next instant genuine pity and compassion banished the unworthy thought.

'My poor child, what is this?'

'Oh, Aunt Milly,' with a sort of gasp, 'I thought you would never come.'

'Never mind; I am here now. Wait a moment till I strike a light,' commenced Mildred, cheerfully; but Olive interrupted her with unusual fretfulness.

'Please don't; I can talk so much better in the dark. I came in here because Chrissie was awake, and I could not bear her talk.'

'Very well, my dear, it shall be as you wish,' returned Mildred gently; and the soft warm hands closed over the girl's chill, nervous fingers with comforting pressure. A strong restful nature like Mildred's was the natural refuge of a timid despondent one such as Olive's. The poor girl felt a sensation something like comfort as she groped her way a little nearer to her aunt, and felt the kind arm drawing her closer.

'Now tell me all about it, my dear.'

Olive began, but it was difficult for Mildred to follow the long rambling confession; with all her love for truth, Olive's morbid sensitiveness tinged most things with exaggeration. Mildred hardly knew if her timidity and incoherence were not jumbling facts and suppositions together with a great deal of intuitive wisdom and perception. There was a sad amount of guess-work and unreality, but after a few leading questions, and by dint of allowing Olive to tell her story in her own way, she contrived to get tolerably near the true state of the case.

It appeared that Olive had for a long time been seriously unhappy about her brothers. Truthful and uncompromising herself, there had seemed to her a want of integrity and a blamable lack of openness in their dealings with their father. With the best intentions, they were absolutely deceiving him by leaving him in such complete ignorance of their wishes and intentions. Royal especially was making shipwreck of his father's hopes concerning him, devoting most of his time and energies to a secret pursuit; while his careless preparation for his tutor was practical, if not actual, dishonesty.

'At least Cardie works hard enough,' interrupted Mildred at this point.

'Yes, because it will serve either purpose; but, Aunt Milly, he ought to tell papa how he dreads the idea of being ordained; it is not right; he is unfit for it; it is worse than wrong—absolute sacrilege;' and Olive poured out tremblingly into her aunt's shocked ear that she knew Cardie had doubts, that he was unhappy about himself. No—no—one had told her, but she knew it; she had watched him, and heard him talk, and she burst into tears as she told Mildred that once he absolutely sneered at something in his father's sermon which he declared obsolete, and not a matter of faith at all.

‘But, my dear,’ interrupted the elder woman, anxiously, ‘my brother ought to know. I—some one—must speak to Richard.’

‘Oh, Aunt Milly, you will hear—it is I—who have done the mischief; but you told me there were no such things as conflicting duties; and what is the use of a conscience if it be not to guide and make us do unpleasant things?’

‘You mean you spoke to Richard?’

‘I have often tried to speak to him, but he was always angry, and muttered something about my interference; he could not bear me to read him so truly. I know it was all Mr. Macdonald. Papa had him to stay here for a month, and he did Cardie so much harm.’

‘Who is he—I never heard of him?’ And Olive explained, in her rambling way, that he was an old college friend of her father’s, and a very clever barrister, and he had come to them to recruit after a long illness. According to her accounts, his was just the sort of character to attract a nature like Richard’s. His brilliant and subtle reasoning, his long and interesting disquisitions on all manner of subjects, his sceptical hints, conveying the notion of danger, and yet never exactly touching on forbidden ground, though they involved a perilous breadth of views, all made him a very unsafe companion for Richard’s clever, inquisitive mind. Olive guessed, rather than knew, that things were freely canvassed in those long country walks that would have shocked her father; though to his credit be it said, Henry Macdonald had no idea of the mischievous sparks he had scattered in the ardent soil of a young and undeveloped nature.

Mildred was very greatly dismayed too when she heard that Richard had read books against which she had been warned, and which must have further unsettled his views. ‘I think mamma guessed he had something on his mind, for she was always trying to make him talk to papa, and telling him papa could help him; but I heard him say to her once that he could not bear to disappoint him so, that he must have time, and battle through it alone. I know mamma could not endure Mr. Macdonald; and when papa wanted to have him again, she said, quite decidedly, “No, she did not like him, and he was not good for Richard,” I noticed papa seemed quite surprised and taken aback.’

‘Well, go on, my dear;’ for Olive sighed afresh at this point as though it were difficult to proceed.

‘Of course you will think me wrong, Aunt Milly. I do myself now; but if you knew how I thought about it, till my head ached and I was half-stupid!—but I worked myself up to believe that I ought to speak to papa.’

‘Ah!’ Mildred checked the exclamation that rose to her lips, fearing lest a weary argument should break the thread of Olive’s narrative, which now showed signs of flowing smoothly.

‘I half made up my mind to ask your advice, Aunt Milly, on

the rush-bearing day, but you were tired, and Polly was with you, and——'

'Have I ever been too tired to help you, Olive?' asked Mildred, reproachfully; all the more that an uncomfortable sensation crossed her at the remembrance that she had noticed a wistful anxiety in Olive's eyes the previous night, but had nevertheless dismissed her on the plea of weariness, feeling herself unequal to one of the girl's endless discussions. 'I am sorry—nay, heartily grieved—if I have ever repelled your confidence.'

'Please don't talk so, Aunt Milly; of course it was my fault, but' (timidly) 'I am afraid sometimes I shall tire even you;' and Mildred's pangs of conscience were so intense that she dare not answer; she knew too well that Olive had of late tired her, though she had no idea the girl's sensitiveness had been wounded. A kind of impatience seized her as Olive talked on; she felt the sort of revolt and want of realisation that bordered the pity of one in perfect health walking for the first time through the wards of a hospital, and met on all sides by the spectacle of mutilated and suffering humanity.

'How shall I ever deal with all these moods of mind?' she thought, hopelessly, as she composed herself to listen.

'So you spoke to your father, Olive? Go on; I will tell you afterwards what I think.'

There was a little sternness in the low tones, from which the girl shrank. Of course Aunt Milly thought her wrong and interfering. Well, she had been wrong, and she went on still more humbly:

'I thought it was my duty; it made me miserable to do it, because I knew Cardie would be angry, though I never knew how angry; but I got it into my head that I ought to help him, in spite of himself, and because Rex was so weak. You have no idea how weak and vacillating Rex is when it comes to disappointing people, Aunt Milly.'

'Yes, I know; go on,' was all the answer Mildred vouchsafed to this.

'I brooded over it all St. Peter's day, and at night I could not sleep. I thought of that verse about cutting off the right hand and plucking out the right eye; it seemed to me it lay between Cardie and speaking the truth, and that no pain ought to hinder me; and I determined to speak to papa the first opportunity; and it came to-day. Cardie and Rex were both out, and papa asked me to walk with him to Winton, and then he got tired, and we sat down half way on a fallen tree, and then I told him.'

'About Richard's views?'

'About everything. I began with Rex; I told papa how his very sweetness and amiability made him weak in things; he so hated disappointing people, that he could not bring himself to say what he wished; and just now, after his illness and trouble, it seemed doubly hard to do it.'

'And what did he say to that?'

‘He looked grieved; yes, I am sure he was grieved. He does not believe that Roy knows his own mind, or will ever do much good as an artist; but all he said was, “I understand—my own boy—afraid of disappointing his father. Well, well, the lad knows best what will make him happy.”’

‘And then you told him about Richard?’

‘Yes,’ catching her breath as though with a painful thought; ‘when I got to Cardie, somehow the words seemed to come of themselves, and it was such a relief telling papa all I thought. It has been such a burden all this time, for I am sure no one but mamma ever guessed how unhappy Cardie really was.’

‘You, who know him so well, could inflict this mortification on him—no, I did not mean to say that, you have suffered enough, my child; but did it not occur to you, that you were betraying a sacred confidence?’

‘Confidence, Aunt Milly!’

‘Yes, Olive; your deep insight into your brother’s character, and your very real affection for him, ought to have guarded you from this mistake, if you had read him so truly as to discover all this for yourself. You should not have imparted this knowledge without warning, knowing how much it would wound that jealous reticence of his.’ If you had waited, doubtless Richard’s good sense would have induced him at last to confide in his father.’

‘Not until it was too late—until he had worn himself out. He gets more jaded and weary every day, Aunt Milly.’

Mildred shook her head.

‘The golden rule holds good even here, “To do unto others as we would they should do unto us.” How would you like Richard to retail your opinions and feelings, under the impression he owed you a duty?’

‘Aunt Milly, indeed I thought I was acting for the best.’

‘I do not doubt it, my child; the love that guided you is clearer than the wisdom; but what did Arnold—what did your father say?’

‘Oh, Aunt Milly, he looked almost heart-broken; he covered his face with his hands, and I think he was praying; and yet he seemed almost as though he were talking to mamma. I am sure he had forgotten I was there. I heard him say something about having been selfish in his great grief; that he must have neglected his boy, or been hard and cruel to him, or he would never have so repelled his confidence. “Betha’s boy, her darling,” he kept saying to himself; “my poor Cardie, my poor lad,” over and over again, till I spoke to him to rouse him; and then he said,—here Olive faltered,—“that I had been a good girl—a faithful little sister,—and that I must try and take her place, and remind them how good and loving she was.” And then he broke down. Oh, Aunt Milly, it was so dreadful; and then I made him come back.’

‘My poor brother! I knew he would take it to heart.’

'He said it was like a stab to him, for he had always been so proud of Cardie; and it was his special wish to devote his first-born to the service of the Church; and when I asked if he wished it now, he said, vehemently, "A half-hearted service, reluctantly made—God forbid a son of mine should do such wrong!" and then he was silent for a long time; and just at the beginning of the town we met Rex, and papa whispered to me to leave them together.'

'My poor Olive, I can guess what a hard day you have had,' said Mildred, caressingly, as the girl paused in her recital.

'The hardest part was to come;' and Olive shivered, as though suddenly chilled. 'I was not prepared for Rex being so angry; he is so seldom cross, but he said harder things to me than he has said in his life.'

Mildred thought of the harmless kicks on the beck gravel, and the irritability in the porch, and could not forbear a smile. She could not imagine Roy's wrath could be very alarming, especially as Olive owned her father had been very lenient to him, and had promised to give the subject his full consideration. In this case, Olive's interference had really worked good; but Roy's manhood had taken fire at the notion of being watched and talked over; his father's mild hints of moral weakness and dilatoriness had affronted him; and though secretly relieved the difficulty of revelation had been spared him; he had held his head higher, and had crushed his sister by a tirade against feminine impertinence and interference; and, what hurt her most, had declared his intention of never confiding in such a 'meddlesome Matty again.'

Mildred was thankful the darkness hid her look of amusement at this portion of Olive's lugubrious story, though the girl herself was too weak and cowed to see the ludicrous side of anything; and her voice changed into the old hopeless key as she spoke of Richard's look of withering scorn.

'He was almost too angry to speak to me, Aunt Milly. He said he never would trust me again. I had better not know what he thought of me. I had injured him beyond reparation. I don't know what he meant by that, but Roy told me that he would not have had his father troubled for the world; he could manage his own concerns, spiritual as well as temporal, for himself. And then he sneered; but oh, Aunt Milly, he looked so white and ill. I am sure now that for some reason he did not want papa to know; perhaps things were not so bad as I thought, or he is trying to feel better about it all. Do you think I have done wrong, Aunt Milly?'

And Olive wrung her hands in genuine distress and burst into fresh tears; and sobbed out that she had done for herself now; no one would believe she had said it for the best; even Rex was angry with her—and Cardie, she was sure Cardie would never forgive her.

'Yes, when this has blown over, and he and his father have come to a full understanding. I have better faith in Cardie's good heart than that.'

But Mildred felt more uneasy than her cheerful words implied. She had seen from the first that Richard had persistently misunderstood his sister ; this fresh interference on her part, as he would term it, touching on a very sore place, would gall and irritate him beyond endurance. He had no conception of the amount of unselfish affection that was already lavished upon him ; in fact he thought Olive provokingly cold and undemonstrative, and chafed at her want of finer feelings. It needed some sort of shock or revelation to enable him to read his sister's character in a truer light, and any kind of one-sided reconciliation would be a very warped and patched affair.

Mildred's clear-sightedness was fully alive to these difficulties ; but it was expedient to comfort Olive, who had relapsed into her former state of agitation. There was clearly no wrong in the case ; want of tact and mistaken kindness were the heaviest sins to be laid to poor Olive's charge ; yet Mildred now found her incoherently accusing herself of wholesale want of principle, of duty, and declaring that she was unworthy of any one's affections.

'I shall call you naughty for the first time, Olive, if I hear any more of this,' interrupted her aunt ; and by infusing a little judicious firmness into her voice, and by dint of management, though not without difficulty, and representing that she herself was in need of rest, she succeeded in persuading the worn-out girl to seek some repose.

Unwilling to trust her out of her sight, she made her share her own bed ; nor did she relax her vigil until the swollen eyelids had closed in refreshing sleep, and the sobbing breaths were drawn more evenly. Once, at an uneasy movement, she started from the doze into which she had fallen, and put aside the long dark hair with a fondling hand ; the moon was then shining from behind the hill, and the beams shone full through the uncurtained windows ; the girl's hands were crossed upon her breast, folded over the tiny silver cross she always wore, a half smile playing on her lips—

'Cardie is always a good boy, mamma,' she muttered, drowsily, at Mildred's disturbing touch. Olive was dreaming of her mother.

(To be continued.)

MARIE AND JEANIE ; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORPHANS.

'In May and in June
Blooms the rose,
Love sings to a tune
The heart knows—
Winter comes up too soon,
O ! the tune and the rose.'

DEAR MARIE ! I thought hers was going to be such a happy life, and it turned out quite otherwise ; yet I think I never saw a face more

sweetly joyful than hers was that sunny April morning, ten years ago, when I found her raking some freshly-cut grass together before her cottage door.

‘What ! all alone, Marie ?’ I said, in some surprise, as I came upon her in my ramble through the valley, for it did not often happen that Marie was quite alone in that quaint pretty home of hers.

Marie’s home was in a picturesque narrow valley, amongst the hills of sunny Provence, where they slope down to the shores of the Mediterranean. I always called Marie’s Valley the ‘Orange Tree Valley,’ because a group of orange and lemon-trees grew amongst the small cluster of houses which formed the chief feature of the place. There was nothing very distinctive about this little garden of the south, nothing at least making it any different from the hundred other lovely vales amongst those lovely hills. It was just a narrow, sloping dale, with its tiny stream, its clumps of olives, its pine-covered slopes with undergrowth of broom, juniper, and myrtle, its terraces of vines, its carpet of flowers, innumerable and unnamed, like so many other lovely little glades ; and Marie’s house and friends, and Marie herself, were all like many other houses and people and friends ; but then it was just these I knew, and so it was just these that interested me.

The houses of that group half way down the valley around which the orange and lemon trees grew were all inhabited by Marie’s relations, and to them the whole little valley belonged. First, there was Madame David’s house ; this was the largest and most important of the group, and Madame David was the head of the family in riches and importance. It was close to her door that the largest and most beautiful orange-tree grew ; choice gourds were trained over the porch of her house, which also boasted two sitting-rooms—that is to say, one upstairs besides the house-place.

Madame David was aunt to Marie, and had taken her and her young dwarfed sister Amélie to live with her, although she had a daughter of her own, Jeanie by name. Next to Madame David’s house stood Uncle Barbe Bertrand’s ; Barbe Bertrand was brother to madame. ‘My little brother,’ she used to call him, patronisingly, for he was not much to look at—a small, timid man—but reckoned to be knowing in his own particular line, that of carpentering, of which trade he had almost a monopoly in the neighbourhood. Barbe Bertrand’s shop was a few steps removed from his house, and there he spent most of his time, for the house itself was dreary enough, and empty too, because the little brother had lost his wife many years ago, and his only child, a son, was at Digne, studying for the priesthood.

Then there was the house of Barbe Jean Jaques, another brother, the tile-maker. Jean Jaques had a sickly wife, who might almost always be found crooning over the large hearth-place of the kitchen, watching a huge pot steam over a lazy fire. “La Malade,” she was always called, and sick at heart she was as well as ailing since the time when her young daughter had died of fever, and the son, more

precious still, had drawn the bad lot which condemned him to seven years' service in the army.

There was also Clair Battiste the basket-maker's house, and the little wood shed in which he worked all day, whilst his wife and daughter Catherine laboured in the fields, or at the tile-making, under Jean Jaques. Clair Battiste was Marie's uncle on the father's side, poor, and looked down upon therefore, even in this little offshoot of Paradise.

Marie might have been Eve herself that morning, I think, before the serpent found her, with such soft content upon her brow, such trusting joyfulness in her sincere dark eyes.

'But where are all the others, Marie?' I said, as she opened the door of the empty, roomy house-place, where she invited me to enter and rest a while. 'Is Amélie so much better as to have been able to go to school to-day?'

'No, but Catherine has taken her down to the château garden, to help her gather flowers and make up bouquets for the market; that is such a treat for Amélie. Madame Jean Jaques is gone there too, to see Antoine, who has come from his regiment, and may give her news of poor Jules. And all the others,' said Marie, 'are gone into the country, madame, to work upon Aunt David's land to-day.'

One felt inclined to wonder at Marie's words, what 'country' could be if this sequestered little valley were anything else; but I understood her way of speaking, being used to it, and knew that by country she meant that part of her aunt's property which was away from her house and home—olive orchards, corn, or flower-fields, in some part of the plain between the valley and the sea.

'And you?' I said.

'I was just getting the mules' dinner ready, madame,' she answered; 'but now,' and she drew her chair close to mine, looked up, looked down, and at last said, shyly, 'I—I have something to confide to you, madame. Ah! I have so wished for this moment.'

Marie and I were great friends, and I was not surprised that she should tell me her secret, whatever it was. However, it did not come out all at once. Marie fluttered over it like a bird at a river's brink before drinking; suddenly she sprang to the door, and peeped behind it outside, to see if by chance a listener might be there, although she well knew that no one was in the house, or about the premises, excepting herself and me. Then she drew near once more, threw off her heavy straw hat, and again darted into an inner room, bringing back with her bread and wine to offer me. At last she was still, and more shyly than ever, dropping her eyes,

'I am so very happy this morning, madame,' said Marie; and then, with little gushes of talk she went on, twisting her apron into a hundred twists and knots the while—'something which I have never told you, which I have never told any one. Sébastien and I—you know Sébastien, madame, he who works at the Maréchal's, down at

La Croix, so wise, so good, so religious even—and I never told you that we had been betrothed to one another for four years. Ah ! we made our first communion together ; it was from that day, I think, that we loved. Surely the Blessed Mother herself gave us to one another—so we believe—for we are both orphans, as you know, madame ; and alas ! both poor, and this is our one trouble. Sébastien is wise, so wise ; he has such thoughts, such intentions ; he will not have me speak to my aunt, for then we should not be permitted to meet again, and without doubt he is judicious in saying this. My aunt is kind, as you know, and has been so good to me and to my poor little Amélie ; but concerning my marriage she has thoughts of her own ; about that she commands me, and her intention is already formed to give me some day to the only one who has asked me of her yet, old M. Marcellin, who lives all by himself upon the hill going up to Éze ; he is a widower, they say, but his wife died so long ago that nobody remembers her ; he feels lonely in his old age ; he wishes to re-marry and would take Amélie to live with him, if he took me, and provide for her. My aunt assures me that he would be contented for me to come to him with no portion, only with my poverty and my little sister. Ah ! and Sébastien would do the same ; his love is not interested ; but until this morning we saw no way and have spoken of our love to no one ; have we been very wrong ? But the Holy Mother herself knew all. Ah ! how often we have knelt together at her altar ; what vows we have made to her there, and when we are united we shall keep them faithfully.'

'But you have not told me, Marie,' I said, 'why you are so happy to-day. What is the hope that you have found ?'

'Yes, that is what I come to, madame, now. Only yesterday Sébastien's sister, Louise, the Maréchal's wife, had a letter from their Uncle Gabriel at Bordeaux—he has not written for years and years—asking a kind question or two. And this little incident has filled Sébastien with hope ; he has determined upon something. The uncle remembers Sébastien, who, when a little boy, was taken to see him by his mother. Look ! he is godfather to Sébastien. All this he remembers and speaks of in his letter. My friend will go—will take the long journey, to see this uncle who is rich, not in land, but in money even, so much more valuable to us now than land could be, for if Sébastien can obtain money from his uncle—if only lent to him—he will buy a house and the business of Maréchal at Aubyn ; and in a few years from now—ah ! if this can be, we shall not be afraid to speak ; but see, I have told *you* already, madame ; I could not conceal it ; the good God has made me so happy since this morning, when Sébastien met me going to the village and told me all.'

'And have you told your Aunt David, Marie ?' I asked.

'By no means—no, madame,' answered Marie. 'We must wait until Sébastien's return. Who can say ; M. Gabriel may die ; he may not be kind—no—no, we must wait.'

And so saying, she fell a musing, her hands lying idly on her knees; her eyes fixed upon, without seeing it, the one ornament of the room, a white plaster Madonna, fixed against the wall beside a row of spindles.

‘But Aunt David has already promised you to M. Marcellin, Marie,’ I suggested. ‘She will wish to marry you to him soon perhaps.’

‘Ah! no, they only speak about it yet,’ answered Marie. ‘My aunt has *promised* nothing, and besides, does not wish to part with me until Jeanie comes home. You see I am useful here; I am needed until Jeanie comes back.’

‘And when does she return?’ I inquired.

‘This time next year,’ said Marie. ‘That is what mademoiselle advises, and what the Sisters advise. Jeanie will have learned so much—oh! so many things by that time. I wonder sometimes whether it will seem hard and strange to her, living in the poor way we do here, after having passed these years in the convent school.’

‘They don’t live luxuriously in convents, Marie,’ I said. ‘Depend upon it, the sisters will have made Jeanie good and dutiful and hard-working, as well as gentle, refined, and a scholar.’

‘Ah! well, I should not be allowed to stay long with Jeanie here,’ said Marie, sighing; ‘but—but all will be well about Sébastien, and we shall be happy—so happy—yes, our Lady will not let us be disappointed of our joy,’ she continued, all radiant with sunshiny tears as she spoke.

‘God and our Lady bless you, Marie,’ I said, as I got up to go away, and with a parting kiss I left her standing on the threshold, and looking after me into the sunlight. I had not descended many steps down the sloping path from her house, however, before she ran after me with her apron full of orange blossoms, which she asked me to take; round, full buds, just gathered for the perfumeries, bursting with their rich odour. I filled my hands with them and walked slowly away beside the little stream under the olives, amongst which nightingales were pouring forth their clear, full notes, overburdened with sweetness as the hour was with sunlight, as youth is with hope and love.

‘Happy Marie!’ I thought to myself; yes—yes, she must be—she will be happy. Until this morning I had seen in her only a cheerful, dutiful peasant girl, whose life would probably flow calmly on, much as the lives of other girls flowed on there, untouched by deep emotion, gently, gravely happy in some wisely provided lot, a quiet round of labour, of economies, of household cares, with motherhood, religious duties, cherished old age, and a gentle falling asleep in the arms of mercy; but behold! my little Marie had been found in the unutterable calm of that secluded life of hers by Love himself. ‘Oh! awful, beautiful one!’ I murmured, ‘thou art her friend, thou wilt bring her joy; certainly thou wilt bring her joy, yet would I rather thou hadst visited her not.’

(To be continued.)

ULRIC.

A TALE OF THE NOVATIAN HERESY.

CHAPTER I.

THE EDICT.

‘Where fur-clad hunters wander
 Amidst the northern ice ;
 Where through the sand of morning land . .
 The camel bears the spice ;
 Where Atlas flings his shadow,
 Far o’er the western foam,
 Shall be great fear on all who hear
 The mighty name of Rome.’

Lays of Ancient Rome.

A most lovely spring day in the year of grace 250 was drawing to a close. The sunbeams began to slant westward over a rich landscape of North Africa, though it was not time for the bright orb to dip into the tideless sea, giving place to the sweet grey duskiness and starry splendours of a southern latitude. The state of the atmosphere was a very peculiar one, not merely brilliant but translucent. The sirocco of the desert was abroad, not in its usual shroud of opaque leaden heat, but in the dazzling glow of colouring which it occasionally though not often wears. Its breath steeped every object in a soft illumination, as though all warm hues had suddenly dissolved into a flood of gorgeousness. The scenery was in itself strikingly beautiful. A long fair slip of Barbary coast, then forming a part of ancient Numidia, was skirted inland by a range of swelling hills, their slopes already waving with ripe grain, amid which were sprinkled clumps of fig-trees, rising like dark green islands from a sea of gold. Here and there might be seen a fort, perchance originally either Carthaginian or native, but now, equally with the more solid new constructions, under the sway of Imperial Rome.

There was no lack of human forms to animate this lovely picture. Many seemed to have stepped forth bodily from the pages of the Old Testament, as the veiled women with their gliding gait, the patriarchal Eastern chiefs, the rugged Bedouins, and men from the border-towns of the Sahara, known by their strange garb of gaudy patchwork, such as is even now worn in use among them, and supposed to be identical with Joseph’s ‘coat of many colours.’ Then there were swarthy Ethiopians and Berbers from the Atlas heights, and representatives of nearly all the Mediterranean climes, and votaries of the wealth and luxury of Rome, then still the mistress of the world. Nearly all sauntered past with dreamy oriental grace, inhaling the delicious coolness of the evening, and appearing to have little care beyond the fleeting hour. Among the throng however was one figure of which every motion bespoke energy and haste. It was that of a young man, slight and

erect, whose form and features proclaimed him a Goth, while the broad stripes of purple on his toga no less clearly denoted him a citizen of the Roman empire.

He advanced along the coast with headlong speed, occasionally pausing to take breath, then, as though grudging even such a slight delay, pushing on more rapidly than before. A distance of about six miles was thus traversed, when turning inland the young Goth mounted a hilly path emerging on an open glade, which he crossed, and began descending on the other side. The way was narrow, and seemed less an actual road than a passage hewn from the living rock, occasionally so steep as to be merely a staircase overhung by masses of wild fig-trees, bending beneath their load of unripe fruit. A very sheer descent led to a sheltered basin, in which stood one of those huge stone tanks common in Eastern countries, and a native house of some pretension inclosed within high walls which left little of the building visible, excepting the flat oriental roof, protected by a delicate balustrade of stone carved into arabesques.

The master of the dwelling paused a moment before entering, as though to collect his thoughts, and dispel any trace of agitation. Then softly touching a small lattice in the wall, he opened it sufficiently to glance within. 'Safe, thank God, and unconscious; I can see it in her face,' he murmured, still delaying to reveal himself, but letting the sweet picture sink into his heart to dwell there as a fond treasured possession which should solace him in after years.

Within these blank walls was a pillared court, such as may be seen in old Moorish cities of the present day. Small chambers opened upon it on every side, and in the centre was a springing fountain girdled by a zone of banana and palmetto; beyond which flamed masses of pomegranate, while over all rose one tall tree hung with large waxen flowers shaped like a lily. On the margin of the water, bending slightly over it to catch the spray drops in the snowy bell she had just gathered, knelt a girlish figure of sixteen, clad in a tunic of pure white, and wearing no adornment but the purple fillet which confined her hair, and bespoke her patrician birth. She scarcely seemed a woman, but rather a sweet lovable child; so fragile was the form, so delicate the small clearly-cut features, so like her own companion-flower the lily-like droop of the head, so innocent and guileless the expression of the clear eyes and unsullied brow. The young Goth softly entered, and closed the lattice behind him: one look, one joyous bound, and the child-wife was in her husband's arms.

'Have you been watching long for me, my sweet one?' he inquired; but the child, frightened by the tremor in his voice, and the very convulsiveness of his embrace, could only piteously demand, 'Oh Ulric, what has happened?'

'What should have happened, dear?' asked Ulric, seeking to evade the question, and then adding to divert her thoughts, 'Have you seen any one to-day, Columba?'

‘No,’ she said, drawing a long breath; ‘how stifling it has been! This desert wind scorches me like a furnace.’

‘A Roman should not complain of the Sirocco,’ observed Ulric, trying to force a smile.

‘The Roman Sirocco does not burn like this; and besides, in our old home on the Coelian we always had a cooling breeze. Ulric, do you remember that shady garden? Dear Rome! when will she take me back again?’

Ulric shuddered, but contrived to ask in a calm tone, ‘Are you not happy and contented here?’

‘Yes,’ she exclaimed, laying her head upon his shoulder, ‘anywhere with you; but you look tired, come, the meal is ready.’

Ulric followed her through an arched recess into an inner court where also played a fountain, and where their native attendants had served a repast to which Columba’s fairy fingers had added a few embellishing touches in the shape of flowers. The food although simple was excellent, consisting of the native *cous-cous*, a compound of bruised millet grain stewed in goat’s milk, with fragments of fresh meat, vegetables, and sundry varieties of spice. This was the standing dish, but there were also piles of apricots, and other luscious fruits, some curious species of sweetmeats, and a very classically-shaped jar of the creamy goat’s milk which Columba usually preferred to any other beverage. Contrary to Eastern, or indeed Roman custom, the attendants were excused from waiting on their masters at the sunset meal. The young husband and wife, unavoidably separated during several hours of each day, could not brook the restraint of any witnesses of the free happy intercourse to which both longingly looked forward when the sun began declining towards the west.

‘Ulric, you eat nothing,’ remarked Columba, presently. ‘There are a few late oranges still hanging on your favourite tree. I will go out into the orangery and gather them.’

She arose while speaking, but Ulric sprang up impetuously to detain her. ‘No, no, my darling, I cannot have you out of my sight,’ he cried; ‘stay here with me, or at least let us go together.’

Alarmed by this burst of vehemence, so different from his usual gentleness, and noting the deep agitation he could no longer suppress. Columba timidly inquired, ‘Ulric, what is it? I was right, some dreadful thing has happened since this morning.’

Ulric kept silence for a brief space, then began abruptly, ‘Columba, do you love our Holy Sign?’

‘Yes,’ she said in a whisper; ‘do you recollect the day you first taught me to make it?’

‘I do,’ said Ulric; ‘and do you remember how I told you what the Holy Church bids us ask our dear Lord when we sign ourselves with His cross?’

‘That He will make us ready to bear pain and death for Him, as He has borne them first for us,’ answered Columba, promptly.

'True, dearest; and suppose we should be called upon to suffer for Him now?'

'Do you think we shall?' asked Columba, fancying she saw a deep meaning in the question. 'We have lived in peace so long, no one has injured Christians since those old old times before either of us were born.'

'The new Emperor hates us,' began Ulric, when Columba interrupted him by saying hopefully—

'Perhaps Decius may not hurt us if we take care never to offend him.'

'Unhappily he thinks we have offended him already, dearest, for he has published an edict against us.'

'What does it say?' the child demanded, turning very pale.

'That every man, woman, and child in the Empire, must sacrifice to the gods, or die,' Ulric explained reluctantly.

'Has this trouble begun, or is it only expected, Ulric?' was the next troubling inquiry.

'It has begun in Rome,' said Ulric, when Columba clasped her hands and cried—

'Oh! how the holy Bishop Fabian must grieve to see the Christians suffer.'

'He was the first to die,' said Ulric, reverentially.

'Oh!' exclaimed poor little Columba, as if the facts were now first brought home to her, 'do you think there is any danger for the Christians here?'

'Yes, dear one; I will hide nothing further from you. The emissaries have already landed, with full power to compel submission.'

'Oh! dear, dear Ulric, I cannot bear pain; what shall I do? take care of me!'

She was convulsed with terror, like a child. Ulric took her in his arms, drew her head on his shoulder, and tried to soothe her by every endearing word and gesture, but in vain. She trembled violently, and could only piteously inquire again and again, 'If the soldiers should take us, and tell us to sacrifice to the gods, is there no alternative?'

'Yes; there is one,' Ulric at length gravely replied.

'What?' she asked eagerly.

'We can deny the dear Lord who died for us.'

'Deny the Holy One?' she slowly said, as though not taking in the meaning of the words.

'Yes,' he replied, 'should you do that, Columba?'

She raised her head without speaking, till the clear eyes fully met his own, and such was their mingled expression of humility and wonder, that Ulric keenly reproached himself for having wounded her by the inquiry.

Columba had at first received the faith with infantine unquestioning simplicity, and seemed unable to advance beyond the absolute essentials of the Creed. She never rose to a clear apprehension of dogmatic

truths. The Communion of Saints, to her husband a real living companionship, with her, was simply something Christians must believe. So was it with the loftier sacramental graces. She indeed accepted them implicitly, but they were not entwined with her whole inner life, as in the case of Ulric. Her religion appeared to begin and end with personal devotion to 'the Holy One,' which was her favourite, indeed almost her only title, for our blessed Lord. It was His purity which seemed to have awakened her enthusiastic loyalty and love. Instinctive shrinking from even the very lightest venial sin, was the one strong point in a nature otherwise soft and yielding to excess.

'You love the Holy One, Columba?' Ulric presently inquired.

'Yes, yes,' she answered, with a thrill of eager warm assurance.

'And why so, my darling?'

'He died for us,' said Columba simply, and then dropping her voice, 'He gave you to me.' There was something very beautiful in noting how the precious human love melted away so tenderly and naturally into the Divine, that the two seemed inseparable to Columba's guileless heart.

Ulric whose plans had been matured during that harrowing walk along the coast, now told his young wife he thought they should be forced to seek refuge in some native village further south. His first idea had been to hide in the recesses of the mountains, but he remembered the luxurious Romans would most probably resort thither themselves during the stifling summer heat. Ulric's attendants were heathen, and could therefore not be trusted, but neither were they in any danger, so he had no scruple in deserting them. Unaided he should make the needful preparations for a flight which must of course take place immediately.

'This very night?' Columba asked in some dismay, unused to a precipitancy so at variance with the luxurious leisurely arrangements which had marked her past experience of travel.

'Yes, dearest,' was his reply; 'we must not linger after the moon shall have sunk behind the Atlas.'

They were both silent for a while, but Ulric felt his wife's trembling subside, till finally she asked in her natural voice, 'Might we not sing our evening hymn as usual?' Ulric answered by beginning the familiar strain in his rich manly tones, to which Columba presently joined her sweet liquid treble. Then on the starlit brilliancy of the African night swelled forth that rapturous *Gloria in Excelsis*, traces of which are found in all the earliest liturgies, and which some writers have even identified as that to which Pliny refers in his letter to Trajan, when he says, 'The Christians sang a hymn to Christ as to a God.'

A respite of some fifty years from persecution, had enabled the Christians to display more openly the symbols of their faith, and thus on first taking possession of his house, Ulric had found painted on the wall a rude cross and monogram, the legacy of some former occupant.

ALL NO HOW.

CHAPTER I.

'While you are joined in friendship's throng
 My dearest children, you'll be strong,
 But if by quarrel and dispute
 You undermine affection's root,
 And thus the strengthening cord divide,
 Then will my children ill betide.'

H. MORE, *The Bundle of Sticks.*

SOMEHOW it was always the correct thing on birthdays to wake at some impossible hour, and lie awake till it was time to get up, speculating on possible presents; and Florence, who was very sleepy, and whose birthday it was *not*, was not a little provoked by Julia's flow of conversation, which began at five o'clock that bright August morning. To be sure she did not require much answer, but perpetually, just as Florence was dropping off to sleep again, came a thump on her back, or a pull at her hair, and she would roll round with a weary yawn, murmuring—

'Do get up, Ju, if you can't be quiet. Who would believe you were eleven years old?'

Who indeed? Julia had been asked such questions so often, that as she said, if there had been any answer she would have learnt it by heart; but it was supposed there was none, as no one had ever discovered it, and she went on moralising as was her wont.

'You see I am eleven, at least I suppose so, for I was ten last year, so we must make the best of it. I say, Floss, did you go on tearing your frocks till you were eleven? No! Now I remember, nurse said when I was seven, example was better than prescription, and I must learn to be like Miss Florence, because she never made her set a needless stitch, and then you were nine. I never could tell why she said "prescriptions." I thought they were what papa gave his patients, aren't they? Floss! Why don't you answer Precepts was it?'—as Florence groaned something half asleep—'Oh, I know! That was the copy Lizzie set Tony, "Example is better than precept." So I suppose "precept" is something naughty that "example" teaches us not to do. So as I am eleven I suppose I must make a new beginning and leave off precepts, only one is always beginning, and I think one had better go on. Don't you think so, Floss? Why, you are asleep again!' Florence was too sound asleep this time for an answer to be extracted, and Julia went on soliloquising. 'Well, I will try; I can't always mind Lizzie, she is so bothersome, but I will try and not do anything mamma will mind very much, and not get Tony into scrapes. Floss never gets Arthur into scrapes; but then she is not so old as he is, so that's different. But I will try—and try—and—' here she began to grow rather sleepy but roused herself with a start; 'Oh, I know! I

will try to be kind to that horrid little Grace Page! Oh dear! I wish she wasn't coming! Little detrimental thing! She spoils all our fun! But there she is—so we must—and she's such a dwiny little thing, it's mean to tease her!' Here Julia's meditations were interrupted by the maid coming to call them.

Birthday greetings awaited her at breakfast, and she thoroughly enjoyed being the heroine of the morning. There were nice presents from her father and mother; a letter, of which the stamp was the most valued part, from her sister Fanny who was travelling on the Continent with her aunt; and trifles, more or less interesting, from Lizzie, Arthur, Florence, Tony, Herbert, Mary, little Ormond, and Arthur's friend, Fred Mortimer, who was spending part of the holidays with them.

'But no letter from Charlie!' said Julia in a dissatisfied tone. 'He remembered Herbert's birthday and Polly's, and it's very disconnected of him to forget mine.'

'Very what?' said her mother.

'Very—what is it?—dis—something or other. I shall have to talk very seriously to him about ingratitude.'

'Come, eat your breakfast, and don't talk nonsense! It really is some days since we heard from Charlie though,' added Mrs. Restryfe, anxiously. 'I hope there is nothing the matter.'

'Miss Finch would be sure to write if he was ill,' said Lizzie.

Julia carried her presents to the schoolroom after breakfast, and began examining them more particularly.

'Sugar-plums!' she said. 'I know why Tony gave me those. He wants half himself; but he'll find his mistake. Tony, I say!—Don't! Stop him, Arthur!'

'Serves you right!' was all the notice Arthur took of Tony's attack; but the tussle as usual was soon over, and Julia returned to her presents.

'Lizzie thinks she will make me take to fancy-work, by giving me all that silk and perforated card; but she won't, I can tell her!'

'What a nice way of having presents, to be always hunting for people's underhand motives in giving them!' said Fred.

'Oh, I don't always. I wonder why you gave me this book. What is it for? To write a story in?'

'Who'll read it when it's done?' said Arthur.

'It is to keep your diary,' said Lizzie.

'What is a diary?'

'Something for every day in the year.'

'But I don't know what will happen every day! Oh, I know! I dare say you gave it me to make good resolutions in! I made ever such a lot in bed this morning, and if I write them down I shan't forget.'

'Look sharp then! Resolution 1.—Not to use words I don't know how to spell.'

‘Don’t, Arthur! You are very consequentially impertinent!’

‘What may that mean?’ said Fred.

‘Haven’t you found out yet that she makes words mean anything she likes?’

‘Well, but don’t you see? The thing is to have something fresh every day, so as to go on. Now to-day you know—let me see—there’s Grace Page coming.’

‘Bother Grace Page!’

‘Yes, I know; but still you know she’s coming, and mamma says we mustn’t tease her, so I shall write, “Resolved to act kindly by Grace Page.”’

‘Horrid little thing!’

‘Can’t think why mamma asked her here!’

Lizzie cut short the exclamations by saying, decidedly, ‘Grace Page is a very well-mannered little girl, extremely nicely-behaved, and you would do well to take example from her.’

‘And never speak so as to be heard; and always say “Yes, if you please,” and “No, I thank you,” and always keep my eyes cast down so,’ said Julia, folding her hands demurely, and making the others shout with laughter; but Lizzie held her ground.

‘It is a most foolish and unreasonable dislike you have taken,’ she said. ‘I cannot imagine the reason of it.’

‘You’d know fast enough if ever you tried to see-saw her. There she sits all in a lump and makes you do all the work.’

‘And she says Ju-island and Tony-land are nonsense, because there are no such places, and she doesn’t like pretence games!’

‘Games! As if Ju-island was a game!’

‘What is it then?’

‘Very important politicians! Oh, Tony! I’ll tell you what I thought. Where’s the map? Gory-land ought to be much nearer Ju-island, because, don’t you know, Ju-island always bears the brunt of the attacks.’

Julia and Tony were never happier than when they had their heads together over the map of their ‘lands,’ about which there was always a great deal to settle, and they were soon eagerly discussing the latest laws passed by the Tony-land Parliament, and the probability of war with Gory-land, which belonged to no one in particular, but was a general enemy. Fred proposed to get himself elected Commander-in-chief of the Gory-land forces; to which Tony objected, saying he was too big, for the Gory-landers were a set of skinny little wretches, of whom one good Tony-lander could beat six; but Julia declared Tony knew nothing about it; Fred was not near big and strong enough, for unless the Gory-landers were of gigantic ‘dominions,’ where would be the glory of ‘counteracting’ them? The dispute was closed by Fred and Arthur going off to their own amusements; Julia and Tony were left to settle their affairs as they could, and Lizzie and Florence looked after the little ones.

Lizzie was at this time between eighteen and nineteen, and Fanny about a year younger. The baby-brother, who came next to Fanny, had died, so that there was a considerable gap between her and Arthur; and Lizzie and Fanny, who were close companions, looked on the others as children compared with themselves. Fanny was now abroad with an uncle and aunt, and was likely to be away some time, and Lizzie felt very forlorn without her. She was a good useful girl in the main, but she was apt to be rather domineering with the younger ones, and did not quite like to own that any of them could lay claim to grown up privileges. Arthur, who was fourteen, was at a public school, and these holidays he had persuaded his parents to invite his particular friend, Fred Mortimer, a boy about a year older than himself, to spend a week or two with him. Mr. Mortimer was a merchant in Russia, and Fred had been sent to England for education at ten years old, and had not seen his family above three or four times since. His home in England was with an uncle and aunt, who meant to be as kind as possible, but they had no children of their own, and were stiff fidgety people, who did not know how to make their house homelike to a bright lively schoolboy. Fred looked forward with all his heart to the prospect of his father's return to England in a year or two, and meanwhile enjoyed his occasional glimpses of the happy homes of his school-fellows, far more than the boys themselves had any idea of. He had never visited the Restryfes before, but he had quickly become at home with them all, and the children had learnt to look on him as a first-rate playfellow.

Tony, who came next to Julia, was at a preparatory school, but his holidays were at the same time as Arthur's, in which respect he was better off than Charlie, who had gone back to school just as his brothers came home. He was a delicate little fellow of eight, and had been sent to a lady's school at Hastings, in the hope that the sea air would benefit him, but he did not seem much the better for it yet. His mother could not help feeling anxious at his not having noticed Julia's birthday, as he was generally very particular in such matters, and her fears proved but too well founded; for a letter came by second post from the lady at the head of the school, saying that he had been ailing for some days, and the evening before had become so ill that the medical man wished his father to see him. She wrote as if it would be a great relief if his mother came too; and though Mrs. Restryfe hardly knew how to leave home in the holidays, she could not bear to think of her fragile little Charlie ill among comparative strangers, and felt she must at least go and see how matters stood, and perhaps if he proved too ill to be brought home, stay a day or two till he was better.

'And you need not be the least uneasy about us, mother,' said Lizzie. 'I am quite sure I can manage the children, and keep them all in order.'

'I hope so, my dear; but take care not to be too domineering, and

remember, Arthur and Floss are too old to be treated like babies. I am sure Floss will help you, and Arthur's example will keep them out of mischief.'

Lizzie did not like it to be supposed she needed help from Arthur and Florence, but she said nothing, and her mother added—

'I am sorry little Grace is coming, but I can't put her off poor child.'

'Oh, I am not a bit afraid of her,' said Lizzie; 'I only wish Julia would take pattern from her.'

'I think she is a quiet well-behaved child,' said Mrs. Restryfe, 'and I am almost sure Fred Mortimer will be rather a help than otherwise. I am very sorry to leave so much on you, Lizzie. I only wish Fanny were at home.'

'I am not the least afraid,' repeated Lizzie; but her mother would not have felt quite easy had she heard her announcement of the arrangement to the younger ones, winding up with, 'So you will please remember I am in mother's place and shall allow no misdemeanours.'

'I suppose mother will tell us herself!' said Julia, rather pertly. 'Is Grace coming all the same?'

'Yes, certainly. There is no fear of her giving trouble if you behave properly; and, if you don't, I shall soon put a stop to it.'

'How?'

'I hope you will give me no occasion to try. It would be most particularly badly-behaved to break out now just while we are all so anxious about poor little Charlie.'

'She doesn't know what she would do!' said Julia, as Lizzie walked away; 'but, there, I suppose we shall have to be good, or mamma will be in a way; so I'll put that in my book, shall I, Tony?'

Mrs. Restryfe was too much hurried to say all she would have liked to her children before starting. She could only lay strict injunctions on all to behave well and mind Lizzie, and especially charge Arthur and Florence to help her all they could, and she started by the two o'clock train, leaving them rather dismal at her going on Julia's birthday. Grace Page soon arrived, a most properly-behaved little damsel to all appearance, with hair that looked as if nothing would rumple it, and a frock that looked as if it could never be soiled. Her father was an officer, and he and her mother had been obliged to go out to India, leaving their only child at school in England. Mrs. Restryfe and Mrs. Page had been playmates in their young days, and would have liked to see their friendship renewed in their children, but somehow the young Restryfes had never taken to Grace when she had now and then come to Clackworthy on a holiday. Whether they really did not suit, or whether their natural perversity hindered their making friends when they were wanted to do so, was hard to say; but whatever might be the reason they grumbled whenever Grace was asked to spend the day, though there was no obvious cause for their dislike, except that Grace could not see-saw, and did not care for the

imaginative games in which they delighted.* Mrs. Restryfe was sorry for the poor forlorn little girl who had to spend her holidays at school, and did not think these reasons sufficient to prevent her asking Grace to Clackworthy for two or three weeks, as she felt sure Julia was too generous not to treat her kindly, however much she might grumble at her coming beforehand.

Julia was on her good behaviour, and really tried to find out what games Grace would like, but she seemed to have no tastes, and to be quite indifferent whether it was rounders or Tom Tiddler's ground. She only remarked, in a quiet proper little voice, that 'Miss Fanshawe did not like her to play cricket;' and Julia, though she thought it very 'tinty-minty,' actually persuaded the others to change the game without making a row. Some little friends came to tea, and everybody joined with a will in a grand game of hide-and-seek, so that Grace had not much opportunity of making herself unpleasant; but Julia was convinced that her one aim and object was to be caught, and therefore took special care not to catch her. Perhaps some of the others thought the same, for no one captured her till she caught her foot and fell flat just in front of Herbert, who was the pursuer, and who so seldom took a prisoner that he seized her triumphantly.

'She did that on purpose!' was the indignant murmur in the 'home' under the medlar-tree.

Lizzie and Florence thought she was hurt, and ran out to see; but she had got up and was looking ruefully at the green stains on her frock.

'No, I am not hurt, thank you, Miss Restryfe, only my frock. It ought to have lasted till Saturday.'

'It can't be helped now,' said Lizzie, 'only mind you don't fall again. Make haste and hide now or they will be tired of waiting.'

Grace demurred; she did not know the hiding-places in the garden, and Tony, who had not had a turn for a long time and wanted to try a capital place he had thought of, proposed to go with her; so the two ran off together. It was so long before 'Whoop' was heard that every one grew impatient, and wondered what the two could possibly be doing, and they were just beginning to declare they would wait no longer, when the cry was resounded from the bottom of the garden, and the search began, ending in an 'I spy' from Julia, who had climbed on the rockery to peep among the rhododendrons.

'A stupid place after all!' she said contemptuously.

Both children looked grimy, which was no wonder, considering that they had been crouching on the ground under the bushes, and Tony seemed in a boisterous mood, and nearly tore the frock of a little girl he caught, making her inclined to cry. In fact, every one appeared to be tired of the game, and Florence proposed a change. Some of the elder ones got out the croquet, which the little ones considered horridly 'slow'; but Julia, who was never at a loss, soon started a game of her own invention, which gave great satisfaction, judging by the laughter it excited.

'Julia,' said Lizzie, when the guests were gone, 'what have you been doing at the fernery?'

'Nothing.'

'It must have been you, for I saw you on the rock, and my maiden-hair is crushed and trampled in the most shameful way, and the pots, with my choicest ferns, upset and broken, and a great flint knocked down on them. You really ought to be ashamed of being so careless.'

'I did not meddle with the ferns,' said Julia, in a stately manner. 'I should not dream of such a thing. I only got up quite the other side of the rock to look for Grace.'

'Take care! You own you were on the rock?'

'Yes, right round the other side.'

'You had no business there at all. It is a great pity you can't be trusted. I dare say you jumped down that way. You never think of the consequences.'

'I did *not*! Can't you trust my word?'

'I *hope* I can, but——'

'Oh, come, Lizzie, that's too bad!' exclaimed Arthur.

'Arthur, will you please not interfere. I know it was done just then, for I went by a few minutes before Grace was caught and it was all right.'

'That's no proof Julia did it.'

'She was on the rock. Here, Grace! Did you see that the ferns were all crushed and upset?'

'I ran back the other way.'

'Oh, so you did. Tony, do you know anything about it?'

'I was with Grace all the time.'

'Now, Julia.'

'I'll tell you what, Lizzie, it's a most awful shame to suspect Julia of telling stories!' exclaimed Arthur. 'With a dozen children running about, any one of them may have done it!'

'And I tell you I never went near them.'

'I hope you did not. I don't suspect you of intentionally telling stories, but your carelessness is disgraceful. I am very much vexed, and if I see any more, I shall be seriously displeased.'

'Is that worse than being very much vexed?' said Julia, whereupon she was ordered indoors, and walked off, saying to Florence, 'If Lizzie thinks I am so mean as that, it only shows what a mean thing she is herself.'

'Hush, Ju! You know how she treasures those ferns.'

'Of course I do, and of course I shouldn't touch them. It's very nasty of her!'

Florence went to collect the croquet, and Arthur came to help, saying, 'Give a dog a bad name! See if Lizzie and Ju don't come to grief before mamma comes home!'

'They always do aggravate each other,' said Florence, dolefully. 'We must try and keep things straight or mamma will be so vexed.'

‘Try! Yes, we may try; but Lizzie is so awfully tenacious of her rights one can’t say a word.’

‘No, it’s not a bit of good to say anything. The only way we can do is to mind her ourselves and then the others won’t be so bad.’

‘Mind her, indeed! She isn’t my master!’

‘Oh, Arthur! Now mother is away!’

‘I can tell you, I won’t be ordered by Lizzie. I’d help her fast enough, but you see she won’t let me, so she may manage as she can.’

‘But mamma said we must pull together; and only think if there was a row we could have helped! How worried papa and mamma would be! Don’t you think we must try very hard not to let there be any scrapes?’

‘I don’t mean to get into any scrapes. Don’t be a goose! You are getting quite silly. We can’t help it, if Lizzie makes a mess. Don’t you see Fred is waiting to put the mallets in the box?’

Florence wondered what Fred thought, but she did not like to ask. She thought herself it was better to submit to anything from Lizzie than to have an outbreak now her mother was away and anxious, and she hoped Arthur would be magnanimous, and see it in the same light, but his manner was unpromising. She loved him better than any one in the world, except her father and mother, and generally followed his lead in everything, but she felt that if she did so now all chance of peace would be lost. Arthur was a very strong-willed boy, and, to do him justice, generally exerted his will in the right direction, but he was just too old to submit to Lizzie because he was obliged, and did not see any occasion to do so for the sake of the others. So Florence went indoors unhappy and anxious, hoping mamma would come back with papa; which hope proved a failure, for Dr. Restryfe returned alone.

Charlie had taken a chill while bathing, and as he was far too ill with pleurisy to be brought home or left, his mother had been obliged to move him to a lodging where his father feared she would be detained, under the most favourable circumstances, for a week or ten days at least.

‘A week or ten days! How shall we get on?’ thought Florence, and Lizzie improved the occasion by saying, ‘Then I hope the children will be specially good and obedient, for they know quite well that nothing will comfort dear mother so much now she is anxious as my being able to send a good report of them.’

Arthur glanced at Fred, but he did not respond, and the remark was received in solemn silence, for Julia and Tony never ventured on impertinence before their father.

It was bed-time, and Lizzie was calling the children, and scolding them for the mess they had left on the lawn.

‘Now, Julia, see how all your balls are scattered about, and the arbour-door wide open! Now you’ll just collect them and put them by. I cannot have such littery games if you don’t put your things away.’

‘Not a bit more littery than croquet, and the croquet things were about all the morning.’

‘That is not the way to speak. You know how papa hates to see a mess. Now, pick the things up; and, Arthur, go and find Tony. You are putting out your eyes with reading by this light.’

If Arthur had been civilly asked to go, he would probably have gone directly; but the command set his back up, and he grunted something about the ‘garden’ and went on reading. Florence, who was helping Grace in her bedroom, heard the voices through the window, and longed to run down, but by the time Grace had finished her precise arrangements, quarrelsome sounds had changed to laughter, and Julia was saucily commenting on Fred’s tidy way of setting the arbour to rights.

‘What a good thing you aren’t our brother! You and Lizzie together *would* be unbearable!’

‘You would come badly off if I were,’ said Fred.

‘It couldn’t be much badlier than it is! Thank you. Good night. Where’s Tony? Gone up stairs?’

‘I didn’t mean you to have to go after him,’ said Arthur, looking up from his lazy position on the schoolroom window-seat, as Fred leant over the sill.

‘I didn’t suppose you did,’ said Fred, laughing.

‘It was only a fidget of Lizzie’s. If one minds all her fads, one will never have any peace; and there’s Floss taken to preaching too!’ added Arthur, pinching Florence’s hand as she looked over his book, in a way that she knew was meant to make up their little tiff.

Fred did not answer, and stood silent, till Arthur said, ‘A penny for your thoughts!’ which bargain he did not seem much inclined to accept; but at last it came out, ‘Only if it was *my* mother, I would sooner——’ and there Lizzie came in, and he stopped short; but Florence knew she had an ally.

(*To be continued.*)

A SUMMER IN THE APENNINES.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

CHAPTER I.

WAYS AND CUSTOMS OF SAN MARCELLO.

SOME twelve miles from the well-known Bagni di Lucca, and as many from the Pracchia station at the summit of the Apennine pass, on the Florence and Bologna line, stands the mountain town of San Marcello, once a walled place of considerable importance, now a small township of little more than a thousand inhabitants. Situated on a natural terrace, high up the mountain side, in the wooded valley of the Limestone, it is swept by cool breezes even in the hottest

months of the year ; and therefore, after we had decided to spend the summer in Tuscany, it came to pass that the last days of May found us established for the season in a clean, pretty villa at the western end of San Marcello. But the easily written words, 'it came to pass,' can give the reader no idea of the grave and anxious deliberations that preceded our settlement among the Pistoian chestnut woods. Let no one imagine that it is a light matter to fix on a summer retreat in Italy. No country house can be hired for less than three months ; you have to provide not only your own servants, plate, and linen, but numerous other goods and chattels, wherewith to supplement the scanty belongings furnished by your landlord ; then, probably when the contract is signed, and you are beginning to settle down in your ramshackle but picturesque villa, it is gradually made apparent to you that unless you can live on bread alone, you will be fairly starved out long before the summer is over.

There are scores of beautiful places within easy reach of Florence where you could have the purest mountain air, grand mountain scenery, and perfect peace, places where it would be a delight to pass a few months, could you only dispense with those vulgar necessities of existence—meat, fruit, and vegetables—and be content with sour, unleavened bread, little milk, and cheesy butter. So, unromantic as it may sound, the first question to be asked when in quest of a refuge from Florence heat, is inevitably, 'What food can one get ?'

As no satisfactory answer to this query was to be had in any of the places we had visited, at last, with the courage of despair, we decided for San Marcello, which we had never seen. For years, however, we had wished to go there. Those Pistoian mountains were endeared to us by historical associations, and as the scene of Francesco Ferruccio's last campaign. His last battle in defence of Florentine liberty had been fought at Gavinana, in the neighbourhood of San Marcello ; and his defeat and death had sealed the fate of the Florentine Republic, and given it back to the tender mercies of Medicean rulers.

Great, then, was our relief, when enterprising English friends—also in quest of summer quarters—returned from an exploring expedition, with the glorious intelligence that San Marcello possessed *two butchers*, and that there was a delightfully convenient, clean, new house, with a pretty garden, to be let there, right at the end of the town, and close to the chestnut woods.

Our pleasure was damped when it was added that the said house was unfurnished, but further inquiries elicited the welcome news that the owner would willingly furnish it if we two families would engage it for the whole season. The bargain was soon concluded, our anxieties at an end ; and our regret at being driven by the heat, from our cosy Florence home and pleasant circle of friends, was sensibly diminished by the assurance of clean spacious quarters, in which to pass the long daylight hours, which, as Italian experience taught us, must be spent indoors during the warmest months.

Of course, before the time came for leaving home, there were moments when we regretted our decision, when not even the pleasurable excitement of visiting the unknown world of the Pistoian mountains could quite reconcile us to parting from dear Florence friends, and so early turning our backs on the rich luxuriance of the beautiful valley of the Arno. Where we were going we should be above the region of wreathing, bowery vines, sheeny olives, and massive stone pines, but we were tied by our bond, and, above all, had to think of certain dear little cheeks that needed the brisk air of the Italian Switzerland, in order to regain their roses.

So, one breezy afternoon, at the end of May, after a three hours' railway journey up the skilful zigzags of the Apennine line, and nearly as long a drive over hill and dale from Pracchia, behold us rattling over the stones of weather-beaten San Marcello, and after skirting the convent wall, shaded by lofty trees, at the extremity of the wee town, actually knocking at the door of our own house. Out rush our servants to meet us; good old Ersilia, our landlord's factotum, greets us in voluble Tuscan, smiles playing like lightning over her pretty withered face; now she darts round the corner in search of her master, who presently arrives in the shape of a kindly ogre, who welcomes us like a father, grasping our hands in the horniest palm it had ever been our lot to touch. A gem of a landlord was this worthy Signor Luigi. He had stocked his house with everything that we had suggested as desirable. The windows were hung with pretty green and white chintzes; there were plenty of easy chairs and good beds, a bountiful provision of glass and china, and oh! luxury of luxuries, real carpets covered the brick floors of three of the sitting-rooms. These same brick floors, by the way, were a sore trial to one of our party, an English maid, not yet inured to this Italian peculiarity, and at first she watered them so unremittingly that we were compelled to moderate her ardour by hinting that after all rheumatic fever would be worse to bear than the dust of new bricks.

But to return to Signor Luigi, as he did the honours of his mansion, and expatiated on the health-giving properties of his native air.—It was pleasant to see his big round eyes sparkle, his broad crinkly face expand with delight, as we expressed our approbation of all his arrangements, and went into ecstasies about the view from his windows.

Nowhere in Italy had we expected to find so comfortable a furnished house as this Villa Begliuomini, and no one unaccustomed to live on a flat can justly appreciate our delight at possessing a whole house, and being able to run up and down stairs *ad libitum*.

Six pretty rooms, raised a few steps above the garden, formed our friend's domain, as many on the floor above, our own. Below were spacious offices, basement rooms only on the side next the road, for on the other the ground fell rapidly. In this lower region was a fascinating vaulted chamber, containing a huge, deep well, and provided

with a washing tank, through which ran a perpetual stream of fresh water. The kitchen windows looked on a patch of kitchen garden, belonging to our neighbours, the Carabinieri or police of San Marcello, and it was soon noticed that these worthy defenders of public safety devoted much of their leisure to gardening, and were often to be seen carrying on brisk horticultural (?) discussions with our handsome slatternly Italian cook-maid. We even fancied sometimes that cold beef must be Italian for cold mutton. These discoveries, however, were made later; now, before we have half explored the house, little Z—— insists on going into the garden, and tearing down the steps like a small whirlwind, is rolling in the newly cut hay of what is supposed to be the lawn, frantic with joy at having a garden to run wild in.

And though so ill kept that an English gardener would have almost torn his hair at the first view of the flower-beds, this was certainly an enjoyable garden. A massive old wall—possibly a fragment of San Marcello's mediæval defences—on the side next the high road, not only secured our privacy in that direction, but was a beautiful object in itself, being fringed with pink and white snapdragon, and bushes of pinks. Ferns and other wall-loving plants sprouted from its crevices, and rose trees and trumpet-flowers were trained at its base. It was a fancy of the *giovine* (young man) who attended to the garden, said our landlord, to try how many things he could make grow on this wall. We conceived an instant respect for this *giovine*, who proved to be the town tailor, but in course of time our respect diminished, for this horticultural amateur could hardly ever be persuaded to bend his mind to weeding, and on the rare occasions when he did root out a little chick-weed, invariably left it all scattered about the paths. Still, much may be condoned to an Italian who understands the beauty of a flower-tufted wall, since an eye for the picturesque is no common quality among the prosaic inhabitants of this picturesque land.

But the charms of our garden were not confined to this wall. A low parapet was its only boundary on the other side, so that we had a splendid outlook over the whole valley. Beyond the strip of kitchen garden beneath, pleasant grass and cornfields sloped down to the cliffs overhanging the invisible Limestone. Eastwards, the cottages and gardens of the town straggled down the hill; westwards we could see down the winding gorge, past the bold spur on which clustered the houses of the next village of Mammiano, the intervening mass of chestnut woods and the twin watch-towers of Poppilio, right away to the storm-scarred crests of the Lucchio mountains with their ever-changing lights and shadows. On the opposite side of the stream rose the steep Monti di Lari, chestnut-clothed from base to summit, and streaked here and there by a silvery zigzag of water hurrying down amid white boulders to join the hidden torrent below. Then, at the end of the garden, abutting on the town, a clump of trees masked the neighbouring houses, and one tall, ivy-draped chestnut, reared its leafy head beyond an enormous magnolia tree, soon to be covered with fragrant blossoms.

A ramshackle door under a penthouse near the trees led out into the road, and through this door good Signor Luigi presently disappeared after wishing us a good appetite, and bestowing on us another affectionate and horny hand-squeeze. This same little door proved a source of some annoyance, and required a good deal of watching at the beginning of our stay. Our friends and ourselves had certain insular notions respecting the privacy of our garden, which were totally at variance with the public opinion of San Marcello. The villa never having been let before, its garden had hitherto been regarded as a public promenade, a sort of happy hunting-ground for any man, woman, or child who wanted a few flowers or a bunch of sweet herbs. Everybody in the place seemed to have a key of our gate, and it took half the summer to persuade our otherwise complaisant landlord to make his friends understand that we wished to reserve our premises for our own selfish enjoyment. At all hours, especially on *festa* days, we would see people strolling about our garden. Now and then even some bolder spirits would calmly walk up the steps into the dining-room to inspect the domestic arrangements of those strange animals the *forestieri* (foreigners). Once even I detected an old peasant woman in the act of looking at a photograph album in an upstairs sanctuary. It was no use being angry with these simple inquisitive souls; it only hurt their feelings and did not keep them away.

One individual, at first a constant visitor, deserves particular mention. Sometimes when idly watching the bright-eyed, darting lizards, or quietly reading or sketching on our parapet, we would be surprised by a sudden whiff of strong tobacco, and looking round, would discover a red-haired man, attired in a baggy suit of greenish yellow clothes, comfortably seated in our arbour, smoking a short black pipe. On finding himself observed this intruder would saunter towards us, and open an easy conversation on the attractions of San Marcello, with his pipe clinging to a corner of his mouth; and then perhaps would proceed to pluck a handful of roses, at the same time expressing a cordial hope that *we* picked as many flowers as we liked. This gentleman turned out to be our landlord's brother, and was the Syndic or Mayor of San Marcello. He inhabited a big old family mansion on the Piazza, and never during the whole summer did we see him separated from his black pipe, or otherwise attired than as just described, save for an hour or so on Sundays and holidays, when, arrayed in a smart uniform, he played on the big drum in the town band. Then it was edifying to behold the amount of official dignity he threw into his performance. We must do this functionary the justice to remark that he soon gave up his friendly visits to our garden.

Signor Luigi, too, was musical. His instrument was the trombone, and what with the tightness of his uniform and the energy with which he brought out his notes, he always looked alarmingly apoplectic on Sunday evenings. He practised so diligently, that we had good reason to congratulate ourselves on having declined to let him reserve one of

our rooms for his own use as a 'studio.' He would soon have blown us out of San Marcello. As it was, we suffered considerably from the musical propensities of the place, for, unluckily, the principal practising room of the untiring town-band was only divided from our dwelling by the police-station. Here once or twice a day the performers would assemble, each man lustily practising his own part quite independently of his companions. At all hours too we would be startled by unearthly, sudden blasts of trumpet and trombone. This we found to be the result of the prevalent arrangement of forwarding these instruments of torture to the place of meeting in the care of small boys, who infected by the general melomania, would vent their aspirations in untutored efforts as they went past our windows.

It was San Marcello's highest ambition to outdo the larger and better drilled band of the Lima Paper Works, and as the summer went on, musical ardour increased, for was there not to be a grand contest between the rival bands at the great September *fêtes*, the chief events of the year to the whole countryside? But this will have to be spoken of later on.

How delicious was our first meal in the pretty corner room overlooking the tranquil valley! As we sat at table enjoying the good country bread and butter, rich milk, and fresh eggs, we could see the labourers returning from their day's work in the fields. There were women carrying on their heads great round creels overflowing with flower-spangled grass; little rosy children toddling at their heels; and some men were chaunting a slow, sad air in a minor key, ending in a sort of wail. Dark shadows were creeping up the valley; the chestnuts were turning black in the twilight. A cluster of daring pigeons were stealing a plenteous supper in a newly-sown field. There was a pleasant trickling of water beneath our windows, where the streamlet that supplied the washing tank in our well-chamber ran into a huge earthen jar (big enough to have hidden at least six of Ali Baba's thieves) before losing itself in the grass-grown ditch. The topmost boughs of a young mulberry tree tapped gently against the panes, as though bidding us come out to enjoy the evening breeze. Tired as we were, we could not disregard the summons and, fresh from town habits, revelled in the unaccustomed luxury of a late evening walk. It is charmingly mysterious to glean your first impressions of new scenes by twilight, and read, as it were in verse that which sunlight will perhaps translate into prose on the morrow. So we walked quickly past the station and practising room, and beyond the green slope in front of the hospital where the doctor's pony was grazing, and loungers sat chatting on the stone benches; and on by the bit of open road between the town and the woods. Here was perfect stillness excepting when a puff of wind came rustling through the trees; the mountains sloped back grandly to our right; high above them a few pale stars were already twinkling. We missed our Florence fire-flies; at this altitude their season begins later. How picturesque were the water-bleached ravines we passed now and again on our way! How delightful to be

wandering along this unknown road under the lofty chestnuts, amid which here and there a faint light betrayed a human dwelling. And now emerging from the trees and skirting steep crags, the road began to descend rapidly past the houses of Mammiano, and prudence suggested that if we went further we should have a stiff hill to breast in returning. So we rested on a wall and peered down the precipice, trying to discern the night-veiled beauties below. Soon the stillness was broken by creaking wheels and trampling hoofs, and a train of paper-laden waggons from the great mill further down the road, came toiling past us, drawn by teams of straggling, straining mules. We waited till they had a good start of us, and only when the driver's whip-cracking and vociferous cries had died away in the distance, did we turn homewards to our well-earned rest.

(*To be continued.*)

SHAKESPEARE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE

III.—A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

(*Supposed date 1590-91, published 1600.*)

A GREATER contrast can hardly be conceived than between our last play and this one of a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*—the characters, the scenery, the circumstances, are all as different as possible. To appreciate the force of the change, one has but to realise to oneself the rough, bustling life of the *Comedy of Errors*, the broad daylight of the hot Ephesian market-place, thronged with merchants intent on business, or eating and drinking, an active, prosaic existence, and then contrast it with this soft visionary world, the moonlit forest glades, the gentle lovers wandering under the trees, the whole fairy region and the intruding clowns, all blent together as in a dream, with no sense of incongruity marring its perfection. It is such a dream as might visit one on a midsummer night, when the warm air was heavy with scent, and the nightingales were singing, if the fancy was active enough, and the heart tender enough and one was a poet, in short, if one was either Shakespeare or a child! It is true that the name of the play is sometimes attributed to the time of its first performance, which may possibly have been on a midsummer night; but that does not really signify; for a dream it is and remains, and a summer dream too, though the time of its incidents is fixed to May-day by Theseus' speech (Act iv. scene 1) on seeing the sleeping lovers. 'No doubt they rose up early to observe the rite of May.' Somehow this play has a different fascination to any other; not that it is so impressive, or great, or even so perfect in detail as some, but it is so charming, so deliciously pretty, so essentially poetical, that one never grows tired of it, and one gives oneself up to the dreamy spell each time of going over it, as completely as ever before. There is nothing harrowing, nothing deeply affecting in the ideas represented in it,—even the lovers' griefs are half-comic and are

soon over,—it does not excite our deep emotions ; it simply delights the fancy and charms the mind. How it could have been acted in Shakespeare's day without destroying this peculiar and delicate beauty is a standing puzzle. Doubtless the audience imagined much ; but conceive Titania acted by a boy ! Fancy a substantial boy supposed to be wrapped in the ' snake-enamelled skin ! ' . What vigorous imaginations must have been requisite to realise the fairy world under such circumstances ; under any, it must always be most difficult to represent it adequately. Now-a-days we might see the play presented with all the resources of the modern stage, and it would still be paint, canvass, and human beings, not our ideal *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

As we come to this play in the order which we are now following, we cannot fail to be struck by the bound upwards which Shakespeare's genius has here made, for he has passed from the clever playwright, apt at contriving dramatic situations and plots, good at lively conversations and sharp sayings, to the Poet, the real Poet he himself describes as glancing from heaven to earth, and earth to heaven—

' And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name ; '

exactly what he does, for the first time, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Wonderfully marked as is his advance in this play, we could not say that, on the whole, he ever falls below this level of power again. Here we get the first burst of that nature love, that revelling in natural beauty which distinguishes him so highly, he draws freely on his recollections of country scenery, the woods, the fields, the thymy banks, above all, the flowers. The flower allusions in this one play would make a charming little study apart from everything else. Yet we must not linger too long over the surroundings of the main subject, though their beauty deserves fuller attention, but must pass on to consider the persons of the play, when two points come directly into notice. One is, that the dream-like character of the whole play does not prevent our feeling a decided increase in the power of characterisation exhibited ; for instance. Hermia is a more real girl than the Princess of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and we might almost meet Bottom in the street to-morrow. The second point is the art which interweaves the three sets of characters, the gentlefolks, the clowns, and the fairies, into one harmonious whole. The climax of the play proper comes in the first scene of the fourth act, when the lovers, fairy and human, are all reconciled, for the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe comes like a modern afterpiece, though it is connected with the preceding events. It is not necessary to go through the plot, for every one knows the story of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, turning all on lover's quarrels, and the effects of the magic herb.

The human figures are first introduced, the gentlefolks leading the way ; and the first scene shows us all their party. A very stately

person stands in the foreground, dignified without stiffness or formality, Shakespeare's first real gentleman, Duke Theseus,* though why duke is not clear, except that Shakespeare chose to call him so, which indeed is quite reason enough. But he is a real gentleman, in all the relations in which we see him, as Hippolyta's ardent lover, and as the arbitrator in Hermia's delicate love affair, perhaps more than all, as the kindly and courteous listener to the mechanic's play. Theseus has both the polish which comes from real good feeling, as well as that of culture and he has each to the highest degree; he is besides, a soldier, statesman, hunter, and a close observer of men and things. Possibly the noble Theseus is a little defective on the poetical side; he sweeps 'lovers, poets, and madmen' together in slightly contemptuous fashion, and is entirely incredulous as to the wonderful stories related by the two couples after their night in the wood. His very first speech has a curious figure in it, where he likens the old moon to a 'dowager, lingering out a young man's revenues' a forcible comparison,—especially to young gentlemen paying large jointures, but hardly in keeping with general style of Theseus's character.

The fair Amazon, Hippolyta, is not much brought forward, and she does not seem at her ease in Theseus's court; which is only natural, seeing she has been 'wooed with the sword.' [She is in no such great hurry to be married, and is far more in her element out in the woods, discussing hunting and hounds, than in the palace where she is quite at a loss to understand her bridegroom's interest in the poor actors. They bore her exceedingly, though she puts up with their play, because Theseus, who is indisputably master in his own house, chooses to have it. Before this stately couple comes old Egeus, with the story of his wrongs, and his appeal to the law to enforce his daughter's obedience. Egeus has not much individuality about him, but we may pause on him to note that the idea of a father's absolute right to dispose both of his son and daughter in marriage, was freely discussed in Shakespeare's time. A curious old tract exists published some two years after the supposed date of this play (1590 or 91) in which a personage called 'Robin Goodfellow' discourses with rough eloquence on the evil results of the tyranny or covetousness of fathers in 'marrying their children in infancy,' or, 'joining their daughters of twenty years old to rich cormorants of threescore and upwards!' With sententious quaintness, he pleads for the right of choice for the young folks, and especially dwells on the unhappiness of the woman in such an enforced union; for that a girl could really resist parental authority, does not seem to occur to him as a possibility. Old Egeus is not as bad as some fathers, for Demetrius is certainly not 'a rich cormorant of threescore,' but still Egeus represents the stock unreasonable father in a love story, who loses his temper, and is determined to have his own way at any cost. He has the law on his side in this case, and all Theseus can do is to try, with

* Probably from some confusion with the Frank crusading titles, Walter de Brienne was Duke of Athens.—[ED.]

that quiet, kindly reasoning, which contrasts so well with Egeus's violence, to change Hermia's resolution, for he evidently thinks she ought to yield, though he sees she will not be bullied into doing so. This brings us to our first heroine, the determined, hot-tempered little Hermia, another of Shakespeare's dark beauties, as we gather from the names Lysander calls her during his transformation, 'Ethiope, Tawny Tartar,' and she is small too, as both she and Helena speak of her low stature. A little pot being soon hot, this little lady has a decided temper of her own, as well as a strong will. Egeus's own daughter, she is every bit as obstinate as her father; and neither his storming nor the gentle reasoning of Theseus moves her resolution, though she responds to the duke's courtesy with perfect modesty and propriety. She will not give in; she would rather be a nun than marry Demetrius; for there are no half measures with Hermia, she loves and trusts entirely, if at all. It is pretty to see the girl's merriment bubbling up as soon as she sees a chance of escaping both Demetrius and the vestal's cloister; and she slyly pokes fun at her lover—

'By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke.'

She is a hearty, out-spoken girl throughout, really very sorry for Helena, confiding in her secrecy, loving Lysander with all her warm heart, and equally confident of his love to her. The unpleasant part of her character shows in her quarrel with Helena, where the two young ladies scold and rave at each other, and exchange personalities in a way which indicates that, though Shakespeare could draw a gentleman at this period, he had not yet attained to that most difficult achievement, the picture of a lady in anger! Hermia comforts herself like an excited school girl, threatening to scratch Helena's face, and making her use her 'long legs' and run away. Very funny, but quite in keeping with a woman's way, is the fact that when Hermia is once convinced of Lysander's defection, she is not half so furious with him, as with the supposed cause of his faithlessness; and yet one cannot help liking the hot, loving little soul.

She is a more distinct character than Lysander, partly because he is, during so much of the time, under the magic influence, which not only enamours him of Helena, but evidently also throws him into a state of wild excitement; making him rave, storm, challenge Demetrius, and be cruel to Hermia. In his natural state he is very pleasant company as far as we see, loving and cheery, honestly determined to get Hermia somehow; and indeed the lady shows her sense in preferring him to Demetrius, who is really a disagreeable young man, and would be quite repulsive in a more serious play; but here everything is slightly wild and fantastic. Demetrius is essentially selfish, first making violent love to Helena, then coldly throwing her off, then being quite willing to have Hermia forced into an unwilling marriage with him. Then he treats Helena abominably in the wood scenes. Of course she had no business to be there, running after him, but he is too bad in every way

He reminds one of some sleek wild animal, a leopard or jaguar, which fawns one instant and bites the next, with graceful limbs and glossy skin (and evidently Demetrius has good looks), but entirely driven by wild animal passion. Look at the quarrel for the possession of Helena—

‘For the wild white Swan bride, fighting keen,
The lake’s two lords for the lake’s one queen.’

However, the magic herb brings Demetrius back to his allegiance, and he subsides into commonplace good behaviour. It is curious in the first scene that he and Egeus go calmly off with Theseus, leaving the rebellious lovers together; and it is not quite clear what our second heroine is about when she comes wandering into Theseus’s palace, this fair, tall Helena, with the clear eyes and beautiful white hands. She has some points in common with Demetrius; her love has the same wilful selfish character about it, though she is faithful where he is fickle; but it is her own pleasure she seeks throughout. People differ about her extremely; but one does find it hard to forgive her for dragging her self-respect down, as she does by her pursuit of Demetrius, and trailing her maidenly reserve in the very dust. She is disgracefully used; but to go lamenting about the place over it, really repels one’s sympathies for her. The exigencies of the plot require Helena to betray her friend, which otherwise always appears an unlikely proceeding, being so entirely opposed to her own interests, even if she gets a walk with Demetrius by it. Then she fawns on the man till it is no wonder that he is disgusted with her, and bluntly tells her that she ought to know better. She has many good points, however, one being the girlish friendship which she describes so prettily; she has a better temper than Hermia, and no touch of vanity in her, which last point leads her to be sure that the two men are mocking her with their sudden admiration, in which a vainer girl might have believed. Curiously, this mock wooing, as she deems it, is the one insult which awakens her small remains of self-respect. Demetrius might desert her, scorn her, leave her in the wild wood, but laugh at her? no, there she takes fire, and plainly tells him that he has neither heart nor manners ‘to use a gentle lady so.’ This makes her willing to leave him, and return to Athens, though her ‘foolish heart’ remains behind. Her fit of anger is very different from Hermia’s. Helena is certainly indignant, but at the same time plaintive and pleading, trying to shame Hermia out of her supposed unkindness, all the while with an uneasy consciousness that it is partly her own fault, that she has laid herself open to contempt. It seems as if Shakespeare here contrasts two distinct kinds of love in these two pairs of loves; he opposes the frank, trustful feeling of Lysander and Hermia to the hot passion of Demetrius and Helena, who are both as if possessed by a love madness, which partly justifies Theseus in his cool remark: ‘Lovers and madmen have such seething brains.’ Opposition is very apt to send people of the Helena-and-Demetrius kind, altogether distracted, and accordingly Lysander speaks of Helena as if her senses

were a little unsettled : 'She, sweet lady dotes, devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, upon this spotted and unconstant man.' Demetrius calls himself mad when he cannot find Hermia, and his conduct perfectly justifies him in saying so ; but, oh why did Shakespeare make him perpetrate such a vile pun in the height of his passion ? 'Here am I and wode (mad) within this wood, because I cannot meet my Hermia.' *His Hermia !*

The gentlefolks having been thus introduced to us, we are next taken to a lower level of society where a company of craftsmen, much more English than Athenian, prepare a play to act before the duke, and here we exchange love and sentiment for prosaic business, very matter of fact, but so irresistibly comic at the same time. One has but to compare these scenes with the comic parts of *Love's Labour's Lost* to appreciate the advance which their author has made. It is hard to realise that we never did know these worthies in the flesh, and did not assist at their first gathering in the house of excellent Quince, who is so much oppressed by his difficult and responsible position as stage-manager to such an eccentric troupe. Then our old friend Bottom ! Why, everybody knows Bottom, so bombastic, and conceited, and delightfully absurd ! There is a real difficulty in discussing him, which one also feels in talking over many of Shakespeare's other comic characters, the attempt feels like analysing a joke ; if people see it at all, they laugh to their heart's content, and if they don't see it, no one else can explain it to them, or make them enjoy the fun. So, if it were possible, that any one should fail to appreciate the quaint humour of this, and similar characters, on simply reading the play, no amount of discussion would render it intelligible to them. Therefore, instead of trying to analyse Bottom's humour, let us notice how the most incongruous elements, pedantry, ignorance, and unbounded conceit, are so combined in his character as to make him real and lifelike in spite of these apparent contradictions. One wonders whether any such fussy, pedantic fool was the popular actor in the Stratford Pageants, and swaggered about, picking up fine names and spouting scraps of rhyme, sublimely unconscious of his own foolishness. Bottom's conceit is of the complete order which sometimes carries a man far in the world ; nothing can disturb his complacency, or take him by surprise ; he is neither frightened nor astonished when he finds the fairy world round him ; and this phlegmatic stolidity heightens the drollery of those inimitable scenes. The ass's head is so appropriate to this unconscious fool, and also serves another purpose in keeping Titania's bewitched condition clearly before us, as Bottom with his own face being caressed by the Fairy Queen would have been intolerable ! How his fellows believe in him ! Good Quince regards his rants as flights of genius, and eagerly accepts his suggestions whenever it is possible, though he cannot quite let him act *all* the parts at once. Poor Quince has his hands pretty full, what with one actor saying all his part at once, and the difficulties as to what would please the audience, Starveling's hopeful proposal to 'leave the killing out' of the tragedy, Bottom want-

ing to be everybody, and then going to sleep when he is required on the stage. Certainly Quince has to struggle with many drawbacks, but his unbounded faith in Bottom's talents carries him through at last.

Now we are brought to our third set of personages, and these are indeed the ones which impress a special character on the play, making it differ from any other of Shakespeare's; for although he uses supernatural agency more than once afterwards, it is not of the same kind; even he could only once unbar 'the portals ivory and golden' which lead into the Fairy Land. Now it would be merely an insult to any reader of the least taste and feeling, to dilate on the exquisite beauty, the exuberant fancy of these fairy pictures; rather let such a one recall the delights of gathering cowslips in childish days, when, on some warm spring morning, sights, and sounds, and scents, were all enchanted together, when everything was possible and Fairy Land was everywhere. Read of Oberon and Titania in the light of such a memory, and no dull commentary will be needed to bring out all their fantastic beauty. Then consider the peculiar characteristics of these fairy beings, and why they differ from their modern imitations. Modern fairies are terribly artificial; they are severely reasonable, and even ponderously moral, because people do not believe in them, and have laboriously to invent them. But the fairy, the 'puck,' of Shakespeare's day, was, at least in rural districts, still a reality, whose characteristic ways and habits were well known; and therefore when the poet took him and etherealised and yet developed him, he was still a reality, though an airy one. All the essential points of the popular superstition are reproduced in this fairy world; its denizens are capricious, whimsical creatures, doing good turns and bad turns to the human beings who cross their path, without any particular reason; they are powerful for good and evil, friendly to mankind on the whole, but not in the least to be depended on. Such were the 'good neighbours' of Scotland, such the 'good people' of Ireland, such the fairy race all over the world, while the faith in them was still alive; when it is dead, people make them highly virtuous, and not in the least formidable. But Titania and Oberon are not particularly moral, and Puck troubles himself still less about such matters. He represents the popular idea, while the king and queen are refinements in it; he has the true fairy mischief in him, delighting in tricks and pranks, lightly scorning human beings. 'What fools these mortals be,' says the saucy imp, when he has thoroughly confused the lovers' affairs. He is the court jester, and considers his frolics as part of his calling, revelling in roguery, a very spirit of fun, not above being flattered, however, by the maids who call him 'sweet Puck.' Puck can take any shape and do almost anything, as in the famous line, 'I'll put a girdle round the earth, in forty minutes;' yet he acknowledges Oberon as a superior being, and obeys him pretty fairly. As befits his position, Oberon, king of shadows, has more dignity about him, and leaves the execution of his tricks to his deputy; he has also more feeling for Helena's

troubles, her love-sighs and fancy sickness, and he takes much interest in the human puppets which he pulls about; but he too shares the same wilful, freakish nature, and will have his own way. 'Why should Titania cross her Oberon? I do but beg a little changeling boy;' only asking for all he wants! Such wild caprices are inseparable from the real fairy nature.

It is funny to see the husband and wife question appearing in this region, Oberon claiming supremacy over his rebellious spouse, 'Am not I thy lord?' 'Then I must be thy lady,' coolly responds the fairy champion of 'woman's rights,' who, by the way, gets the worst of it in the end. Titania is a distinctly feminine fairy, wilful as Oberon, but so femininely clever at putting all the blame of the quarrel on him, ignoring his accusations, and boldly carrying the war into his country. She has the most heart of the two, loving the memory of her dead friend, and clinging to the boy for her sake. Titania is a very queen in her shadowy realm, and brings all the fairy atmosphere along with her, breathing of flowers and music, and quaint uncertain shapes, now large enough to conduct Bottom, now small enough to creep into the snake's skin. The rulers of this kingdom are wonderfully independent of each other. Titania keeps her own state, and goes her own way, while she quarrels with Oberon, and calmly tells him that she will spare his haunts, if he keeps out of her path. So the atmosphere of the wood is not quite serene, even before Helena and Demetrius appear in it, jarring on the moonlit quiet with their hot passion, and making a curious contrast to Hermia and Lysander in another glade, innocently laughing with each other in spite of weariness, and exchanging their pretty goodnight wishes before they drop to sleep. It may be remembered that the eve of May-day, 'Walpurgisnacht,' is the night when kobolds, elves, and fairies of all sorts have most power, and so everything fits in here for the exercise of fairy spells on the mortals who intrude into the enchanted region. Oberon begins by setting Puck to work with the juice of 'love in idleness' on Helena's behalf, and here the poet takes occasion to introduce the famous compliment to the queen, the 'vestal throned by the west,' in describing the little western flower which was to work such wonders. However, Oberon's interference turns out badly at first, owing to Puck's blunder between Lysander and Demetrius, which mistake seems rather to please the imp than otherwise, by the way. In droll contrast to all this beauty and sentiment, come the rehearsing clowns with their quaint play; cannot we fancy them moving about in the moonlight, laboriously going through their parts, till Bottom emerges from the bushes with the ass's head? Then how vividly Puck describes the terror and hasty dispersion of the rest of the theatrical company—

'As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky.'

What a picture it puts before us! Now why should Bottom, who is such a fool, be the only mortal who is allowed a peep into Fairy Land, unless indeed because he is so well-wadded with stupidity that he perceives nothing of the wonders with which he is surrounded? He feels neither fear nor surprise; to him it is all as the changes of a dream, and he talks to the bewitched Queen as if she were an ale-wife. Now again the human lovers come to the front, and Demetrius falls under the influence of the magic herb, to the great increase of confusion, the wood echoes to the passionate protestations and defiances of the two men, Hermia's shrill-tongued invective and the plaintive indignation of Helena, while Oberon and Puck watch in the background, the mischievous imp chuckling with extreme delight over the jangle which he has caused. Of course the men can only settle their quarrel by blows; and how amusing in representation the scene must have been when the two furious heroes come in and out through the fog, following Puck's deluding voice, till they drop down exhausted. And thus all the four lovers are led back to the same spot, and put quietly to sleep to get them out of the way, while Titania and Bottom have their turn of love-making—which, by the way, is all on one side—before they too go off to sleep.

Through all these fairy-world scenes it is very charming to watch the evident delight with which the poet flings himself into description of the delicate details of a woodland scene—a thoroughly English wood, be it noticed, though nominally near Athens. It makes one feel and smell the airy freshness of a wood in spring-time to hear of the bank where Titania sleeps among the oxlips and the wild thyme and the nodding violets. Nor does he omit the equally characteristic though less agreeable features, the 'thorny hedgehog,' the 'beetles black.' Who has not had a shock, in the days of one's youth, when one of these creatures showed under the primroses, or a 'long-legged spinner' took the liberty of running over one? Touch after touch is added to heighten at once the reality and the fantastic grace of these scenes. Even the names of Titania's little elves convey ideas of airy lightness: the Pea-blossom, tossing on every breeze; the tiny Moth, which comes out at sunset, a creature almost bodiless, flitting noiselessly by; then Cobweb recalls the floating gossamer-threads which hang in the air in the autumn mornings; and is not the Mustard-seed the smallest of all seeds? And these dainty beings are to wait on heavy, clumsy Bottom! Landseer's charming picture comes back to the mind, with the delicious imp riding the white rabbit and Bottom sitting among the fairies. Why doesn't some artist give us a picture of little Cobweb attacking the 'red-hipped humble bee' on the top of a thistle? But the whole fairy story is a gallery of pictures, each one lovelier than the other. Though most of the descriptions recall the spring, of course the Fairy Queen is not to be tied down to seasons, for 'the summer still doth tend upon my state,' and therefore she calls for 'apricocks, green figs, and mulberries,' in the right fairy

fashion. But it was a bold innovation in fairy-lore to bewitch the Fairy Queen, and we are never allowed to forget the charm either, for everything that Bottom says, every shake of the ass's head, forcibly reminds us that Titania is only acting under a spell. She goes on pouring out her affection to the insensible mortal (evidently finding appeals to his mouth the most affecting), but she can strike no spark out of him: Bottom sits stolid there, type of the invincible force of stupidity, which is unmoved by any conceivable form of grace and beauty either in nature or art, and which thinks of hay and dried oats in the very arms of Titania herself! When the spell which has bound her fairy majesty is once snapped, she seems to throw off with it all remembrance of her quarrel with Oberon; when once she gives in, she does so completely, like more than one of Shakespeare's human heroines, though it may be questioned whether herein she resembles the generality of womankind; however, peace is thus restored in Fairy Land. It is easy to see that there is a discrepancy in the notices of time in this play, and that two days and nights are missed out of the four which were granted to Helena for consideration. But now 'Walpurgisnacht' is over, and May-day, with its sacred rite of early dew gathering, has dawned; so ordinary life comes in, represented by Theseus and Hippolyta, with their hunters and hounds. Compare their discourse with the somewhat affected hunting-scene in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and here again we see a great advance; here Hippolyta talks as one who should know something of the matter, and Theseus with a hunter's enthusiasm. Then the lovers spring up startled, and a scene of pretty confusion follows, where old Egeus is as hot as ever, Theseus graciously pleased to see things shaping themselves properly, and the two couples not sure whether they are awake or asleep. It is curious that all Helena's ideas that Demetrius is mocking her with his assurances of affection, vanish in her sleep; and, without any undignified transports, she accepts the situation quietly when he is really restored to her.

Bottom's awaking is too eminently characteristic to be passed over. Methought I was——! and methought I had——! But he has not the least idea what!

The main story of the play ends here; but the fifth act gives us the representation of the tragedy about which we have before heard so much, and which must always have been most comical and effective, especially to an Elizabethan audience, familiar with the droll scenic expedients thus merrily caricatured. Nobody could help laughing at Wall and Moonshine, at Thisbe's love speeches and Pyramus's dying agonies. 'Moon, take thy flight;' and obediently, exit Moon; the whole accompanied by Bottom's explanations to the audience, 'You shall see, it will fall out pat as I told you.' The conduct of the auditors of this performance is worth contrasting with that of those in a similar scene in *Love's Labour's Lost*, for the sake of seeing how Shakespeare's ideas of good breeding and manners had developed. Here we have the same merry criticism, but, as it were, in a lower tone,

with no attempt to interrupt or confuse the simple actors. Theseus sets the tone of the remarks, apparently settling himself to listen and be amused, and letting the good intentions of the performers atone for their imperfections, although even he must laugh at them. 'Here come two noble beasts in, a lion and a moon;' 'A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience;' 'Your play needs no excuse—it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is truly, and notably discharged.' Such are his kindly comments. Even Hippolyta keeps her scornful remark, 'This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard,' till the stage is empty, although she is extremely bored. 'It must be your imagination then, not theirs,' that mends the play in her mind. 'I am weary of this moon;' 'I hope she (Thisbe) will be brief.' Poor Hippolyta!

The pretty conclusion of the play brings out another point about the fairies, their supposed attachment to the reigning house; here the blessing pronounced on Theseus and his bride and the other couples may be compared with the blessing on Windsor Castle spoken by the pretended Fairy Queen in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

This is the first play with an epilogue, Puck appropriately finishing off the whole graceful fancy with a few lines, half of excuse for the peculiar nature of the story and half of promise for better work in future. Could such a promise be kept? It is difficult to say. Shakespeare could give us better constructed and more dramatic plays, more vivid characterisation, deeper philosophy, more elevated thoughts; there are plenty of defects in this piece of work, but for tender grace, for delicate beauty, above all for the most poetical fancy, no effort of his maturest genius ever surpassed the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

STUDY AND WORK FOR THE ART CERTIFICATE OF THE SECOND GRADE.

IN writing these papers I have wished to show ladies how they may make all parts of their education useful to themselves and others by gaining the Government certificates of competency to teach. Having written about Cookery and Elementary English, I am going to write about the Study of Art, or rather of Art in its first stages, as far as the course for the Government Certificate has conducted me. I feel, indeed, that I have only laid the foundation, but without this no true progress in Art is possible, and whether I may be able to build on this foundation for myself or not, at least I now feel confident that in teaching others I am helping to lay a good foundation for them; and I know the importance of this, for my own early learning in this matter was most unsatisfactory and imperfect.

So important a place has Education taken among national objects, that a Committee on Education is formed from among the members of Her Majesty's Privy Council, and the Department of Science and Art, which has its centre at Kensington Museum, is under its direction.

The Lords of this Committee are the well-known authorities to which managers of all Elementary Schools must submit; and accordingly, though the Science and Art Department has its own sphere and separate modes of working, the Elementary School teacher and pupil are in many ways brought into contact with its two subjects, Science and Art. It was in this way I came to think of the certificate for competency to teach Art, though I soon sought the examination and accredited schools of the Department for their own sake. Lately much attention has been drawn to this department by the speeches of statesmen and artists when distributing the prizes granted by the department to the students in Art Classes and Schools of Art in London and elsewhere; but it is not to students in these classes and schools, or to teachers and pupils in Elementary Schools, that the Art Certificates and the Science Certificates are open exclusively. Any one, studying privately or self-taught, may at May in each year obtain some or all of the subordinate certificates which go to make up at last the Full Certificates of the department. Among all the various subjects recognised, however, it is only of Drawing, and the Second Grade Certificate given in this Art, I am about to write. Whoever has a taste for drawing would, I am sure, find pleasure in this course of study, and would find also, after passing the four or five examinations required, and gaining the Second Grade Certificate, that their eyes and hands will have been well trained for more advanced studies.

For the full certificate, then, of the Second Grade drawing, four subjects are required, and should teaching in public elementary schools be an object, a fifth subject, Drawing on the Black-board, must be added. I have just received the Certificate for this latter purpose, and to every one, whether intending to teach in elementary schools or not, it will be a satisfaction to have passed Black-board, and to hold the complete—'the D certificate,' as it is called.

I will first (I.) give a copy of the certificate; then (II.) tell the study and work required to obtain it; and finally (III.) say how I am using it.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON
EDUCATION.

Certificate of School-Teachers' ability to give Instruction in Drawing.

I hereby Certify that M. S. W. came up for Examination before the Department as a candidate for the certificate of competency to teach Drawing concurrently with Reading and Writing, and was duly passed in the five required Papers.

Free-Hand Drawing.

Linear Perspective.

Geometrical Drawing.

Drawing from Models.

Black-board Drawing.

Certificate granted 12th day of December, 1877.

Registered: NORMAN MACLEOD,
Secretary.

EDWARD J. POYNTER,
Director for Art.

No. 8,243.

Payments are made on the successful results of instruction in drawing given by
the holder of this certificate.

II. STUDY AND WORK.—I did not pass the five examinations exactly in the order in which they are put on the certificate, though I can tell by experience that the order given in it is the best method. For great neatness and care and a steady hand are needed for both freehand and geometrical drawing; and a knowledge of the principles of perspective is essential to drawing from models.

Certificate for Freehand Drawing.—The two subjects which I first tried were 'freehand drawing from flat examples,' and 'drawing from models,' having chosen these because I had no time for studying either geometry or perspective, being busy, at the end of 1876, preparing for the Christmas Certificate for Teachers in Elementary Schools. I had discovered that any subject in drawing passed by me would add ten marks at least to my credit at Christmas. Urged by this, and as I had always been fond of drawing, I resolved, though with but little practice, to attempt to pass some examinations in drawing in November; in which month, besides the ordinary time in May, an extra opportunity is given to teachers in Elementary Schools, among whom I was reckoned, for I was then serving my six months as teacher in our parish schools. The Principal of Whitelands Training College gave me permission to be examined there with the students.

I thought the Freehand copy was easy, though there was a good deal of work in it; and hence it was that after making the right-hand side of my drawing much lower than the other, I had hardly time to correct the mistake, and line in all the drawing, before the hour and a half allowed for this examination was over, and we had to give up our papers and prepare for the Model Drawing. The object chosen for this was a water-can placed on a stool on the desks, so that a great many could see the same can. It stood upright in the easiest position possible for drawing it, and, though I thought the handles difficult, I had some hopes I might have passed. Now that I recall how ignorant I was of any laws of perspective to guide my eye, I do not wonder that my work only deserved two marks, instead of four, which means a pass; while five means 'excellent,' and gains a prize. Before Christmas a post-card from the Training College told me the result of the examination.—Freehand, 4; Model, 2; so that I had passed in the first, but signally failed in the second. However I was glad to have gained ten marks towards the Teachers' Certificate at Christmas, and resolved as soon as that was over to work hard at drawing. At first I thought I would study at home, but so many other duties and interruptions disturbed me that I was obliged to attend a School of Art, and was very glad of the instruction I received there. Without it I doubt whether I would ever have passed the other examinations certainly not in so short a time.

Certificates for Perspective and Model Drawing.—At the City and Spitalfields School of Art, then, I began to study Geometrical, Perspective, and Model Drawing. Every Monday evening one of the masters gave a lecture on Perspective, and every Wednesday evening

another master taught Geometry. Practice in Model Drawing was given us before and after these lectures. Of course it is best to join these Government Schools in October when the lessons begin, and then to attend regularly the course of instruction until the examination in May; but I did not enter myself as student till February 1877, and at first found it impossible to follow the lectures without help in the earlier steps, which the other students kindly gave me.

The first lesson I attended was on perspective. The master stated a problem which we wrote on paper; then he worked it on the black-board, explaining each step, and we worked it on paper at the same time with the help of his explanation and diagram. The problem chosen for that evening was one which had once formed an examination paper: To place in perspective a tetrahedron lying on the ground plane. We all agreed that the first thing to learn was the form of this object. It is this—a four-sided solid, every side of which is an equilateral triangle. Now at this time I had not begun to study geometry, and did not even know how to construct an equilateral triangle, so it is evident that geometry should come before perspective. Still I soon picked up enough geometry to be able to draw plans of the figures to be put in perspective, and then I took much interest in the lectures on perspective, which is generally allowed to be a difficult subject. Much of its difficulty would, I think, be removed if students would draw a second time the objects they have placed in perspective, making free-hand copies of the same objects as they appear to the eye; they would then understand what is meant by the Picture plane, the Ground plane, and the Horizontal plane, and see how it is that a height line can only measure objects in the same plane as itself. Moreover, by comparing this freehand drawing with the same object represented by the laws of perspective, they would see where they have been at fault in their drawing from models, so that one drawing would correct the other.

On Wednesdays, as I said, we had lessons in Geometry. The problems were worked before us on the black-board, as in the perspective lectures, and after each problem the master went round correcting the work of each student. He particularly insisted upon this being neat and exact, and I, on the other hand, was awkward in using the compasses; but, as he foretold, practice has greatly overcome this difficulty. My chief trouble about this practical geometry was that there were no reasons given for the solution of the problems, and it seemed to me merely an exercise of memory. When I had worked a problem step by step after the master I could hardly remember which line I had drawn first, and certainly could see no reason in the lines and circles which had brought about the required end. At home I had some teaching in Euclid, which supplied me with all the explanations I wanted, and when May came on, I think I should have passed the examination in Geometrical drawing, but for the solid geometry problem, which is the last on every examination paper on

this subject. This solid geometry seemed puzzling, something like perspective, and yet different. The few problems we were taught were beyond me, so at the examination I was quite unable to draw the plan of the hexagonal slab receding obliquely from the vertical plane, the elevation of which was given. Besides this, I was obliged to *consider* how to work out the five problems in plane geometry given in the paper, and this took up so much time that there was none left for finding out the sixth, the problem in solid geometry. I have heard it said that in order to pass an examination you must not need to search about in your memory for the matter of your answer, though you may have time to consider the manner of expressing it. I think the cultivation of this readiness in the use of what you have learned is a benefit gained from these examinations. Wherever I have failed I have been fully convinced that I did not know the subject thoroughly.

But before I speak further of the May examination and its results, I must tell more about the preparation for it. During February, March, and April I went to the school every Monday and Wednesday evening, and at last on Friday also. The Perspective and Geometry lectures began at eight P.M.; so, by arriving at school at seven o'clock, we had time for an hour's drawing from models, and on Friday evenings I worked chiefly at Model drawing. I practised drawing a water-can, a wheelbarrow, and cones, hexagonal and octagonal prisms, and cylinders, arranged in groups. The Text-books I used were for Perspective, *Linear Perspective*, by H. Hodge, published by Collins, price 2s.; and for Geometry, *Practical Plane Geometry with an Introduction to Elementary Solid Geometry*, by J. S. Rawle, price 1s. E. S. Burchett's *Practical Plane Geometry*, published by Collins, is excellent, and ought also to be obtained.

The examination day for Model and Freehand drawing was Monday, May 7th; for Geometry and Perspective, Tuesday, the 8th. In the evening a few minutes before seven o'clock, we entered the large room at Spitalfields, where the models were arranged, and were able to choose which group we would prefer to draw, and the position which would make the best and easiest picture. Four desks were arranged in a square round each of the models. There were four to choose from; two were water-cans tilted up with the lid open, in a position which I was quite afraid to draw, and I was glad to turn to a pretty group of a vase, hexagonal prism, and a truncated cone. In the middle of the examination we were told to be sure to draw the drawing-board on which the objects were arranged; happily I had room to show some of its edges. One student who had tried, I suppose, to have an easy view of my group of models, found that she could see only the prism and base of the cone, and that the vase was quite hidden from her view: this, the examiner after a while said, was against a rule of the examination that all the objects in the group must be shown in the drawing; but half her time was gone, and it was too late to change.

There was just time in the one hour allowed to finish the drawing

and line it in neatly. It was eight o'clock: the master in Perspective had promised his pupils a last lesson before the morrow, so we met in a small room not needed for the Freehand examination, and worked this problem:—Place in perspective a semicircular arch, supported on piers 4 feet high, 2 feet square; span of smaller circle, 3 feet; the nearest point touches the picture plane 2 feet to the right of the spectator; the face of the arch vanishes at 45° to the left.

On the next evening the examination in Geometrical drawing began at seven o'clock, and lasted for one hour. I have already described the paper of questions, five of them in plane and one in solid geometry, and how I failed to pass in this subject. I wasted time over one problem, which was really the easiest of all; I could not believe the solution was so simple. This is the problem:—In a given rhombus construct a rhomboid, one side and one point of contact being given.

As soon as the geometry was over the examination in Perspective began; it lasted one hour and a half. On all the papers were given block letters to be placed in perspective. Some told me theirs were lying on the ground, but mine were in a vertical plane vanishing to the left at some angle with the picture plane. So my semicircular arch of the night before had been good practice for the letters O A. I put them in a frame, and found that the A with its straight lines was easily drawn, and that the O was a complete circle, and therefore not difficult except for the confusing number of lines. In order to shew the width and thickness, four circles had to be drawn, and when I thought all looked finished, I found one circle had been forgotten, and had only time to finish it. To watch to the last—this is the demand of these, as it is of life's highest probations. The O being farther off than the A was of course much smaller, and this made my drawing of it look more confused, still I thought it was correct and hoped for a pass. Not long after the examination, I heard I had gained two Excellents, in Perspective and in Model Drawing, but had failed in Geometry. Two prizes are not given at the same examination, so that I received only one, for Perspective—a good box of mathematical instruments.

Certificates in Geometrical and Black-board Drawing.—As soon as I knew the result of the May examination I resolved to try the two remaining subjects, Geometry and Black-board, in November. I hoped that I could perfect myself in geometry at home and practise black-board drawing at school, but time went on and there seemed no leisure for drawing, till in the middle of September I felt I needed more teaching, and found I should hardly have time to attend twenty lessons at a School of Art before the beginning of November, when the examinations always take place. These twenty attendances are required of their pupils by all Art Teachers, because they then receive a grant from Government if the student passes, and, as the fee paid by the student is very small, it is this grant which chiefly maintains these Classes and Schools of Art. At the parish school of S. Thomas, Charterhouse, there is a School of Art with special classes for teachers

studying for the D. certificate. The master is the same as at Spitalfields, and as the classes at S. Thomas, Charterhouse, are more frequent, and special preparation is given for November, three of us, myself and two ladies teaching in our schools, entered our names there. This school is open all Saturday afternoon: then one master gives lectures on Perspective and Geometry, while others at the same time teach Freehand, Model, and Black-board Drawing. I always practised on the black-board from two o'clock till four, and then listened to the Geometry lecture, which to my great advantage was always on solid geometry, being especially intended for the candidates for November. The master said that after that examination he should begin a course of lessons in preparation for May.

When at first I began to try to draw on the black-board I was much disappointed to find it more difficult than I expected. After passing three examinations in drawing, I thought I should be able to do outlines in chalk without any trouble, but I soon found it needed as much care and pains as any other drawings. At Spitalfields I had been told that any one who could draw models well from memory would pass in 'drawing from memory on the black board'; and this I found true: but it is plain that such objects as are to be drawn from memory must by most persons have been first drawn at least once from sight. A great variety then of objects must be drawn and so stored in the mind. Besides, the objects given at the black-board examination are of a different kind from most of those required for model drawing. The *Art Directory*, which the Department at Kensington publishes, and which it is wise for the student to obtain, thus describes the requirements for the certificate in Black-board Drawing:—

'In addition to facility in the use of chalk and the black-board, it is required that the student should be able to give a fair representation of the form of any familiar object. To do this from memory should be the result of sound instruction in model drawing, in the course of which teachers in drawing should form in their pupils habits of observation, enabling them to represent familiar objects in any point of view. Candidates must draw from memory one of three or four objects of ordinary household furniture or domestic utensils of well-defined form, to be named by the examiner, and they will also be required to draw Roman or Italic letters about nine inches high.'

In black-board drawing, then, memory and suitable practice were the two points to which I had to give my attention. In my very first lesson I saw that my tumbler and water-can were very poor representations, compared with the work of students who had begun before me, and I was too impatient with the drawing of the Roman or Italic letters. However, even at the next lesson everything seemed easier, the hints of the teachers helped me much, my hand grew steadier, and I could manage the chalk better. One of the masters placed a chair for us to copy, and showed us the right proportions for it, and how to draw it from memory by remembering our lessons in perspective. Another

evening the same master made for us a small drawing of a pair of steps which we could draw again much larger. A student advised me to buy Vere Foster's *Drawing Copies of Familiar Objects*, B, C 1, and C 2 : this I did. The masters said some of these copies were out of drawing, chiefly because the circles seen in perspective were not represented as ellipses but as two curved lines meeting in two points ; but it was easy to avoid copying this fault. They wished us to draw from the round objects themselves, which is of course the best plan, but when they are not at hand and there is little time to learn a great variety of objects, one is glad of any help. I learned to draw a kettle, saucepan, candlestick, hammer, and a pair of scissors from these copies ; a bunch of keys I tried, but this seemed too difficult.

Meanwhile I worked at solid geometry from Rawle's book, and then on test-papers. The head-master advised me to try elevations and plans of sections of cones. The other teacher in geometry said—These sections are very difficult, and they are not likely to be required at the examination ; but afterwards I saw he was teaching them, so I learned how to do them. At the examination, however, I had a problem of much simpler kind : to draw the plan of a square pyramid, lying on one of its triangular sides, its elevation being given.

Our practice in Black-board Drawing grew quite interesting, because we could see each other's work and gain ideas. A box with its lid open is a favourite object, and one day several of us joined to draw the little red watering-can lying on its side with the rose downwards. When I first tried a cup and saucer, the cup would not rest on the saucer, and I had to learn over again, that all the hidden parts of objects must be traced in order to be certain of a correct drawing. It is essential in model drawing to draw the whole object first. For instance :—To obtain the apex of a pyramid, diagonals across the base should be drawn, and then a perpendicular raised ; it is the study of perspective teaches this exactly, and without it beginners make absurd mistakes, but these faint lines of construction must at any rate be drawn, and then they may be rubbed out when the drawing is done. Some time ago I visited the National Art Training School at South Kensington, and the master, who was modelling Miranda in clay, pointed out that the limbs of the figure were completely modelled before the drapery was put on.*

The importance and difficulty of making letters, Roman and Italic, on the board, I underrated. One of the students showed me how to draw them. I was making them too small, she said, and then she made some curved lines nearly as large as the black-board itself. Thus I gained courage and understanding to make them the required height—about nine inches. I practised a great many letters, my own initials especially, as I was told these were sometimes given ; but, indeed, the truth was I thought them all easy and put off copying them, thinking it more useful to work at the 'familiar objects : ' and so time went on. I

* This figure of 'Miranda Watching the Shipwreck' is in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, 1878 : No. 1505.

had done most of the letters and thought it very unlikely that there were any I could not do, but since, I have had to repent greatly of my laziness in not trying every letter once at least. I kept, however, to the familiar objects. At home, I placed some books on each other and sketched them, then I could draw them from memory at the school. From V. Foster's book I copied a swing looking-glass, with which the master was very much pleased. 'I should think there is no doubt of your passing,' he said; 'it is a great thing to be able to handle your chalk manfully;' but I had to confess it was a copy, still I knew that I could remember it, and tried it afterwards several times from memory. The last things I did were a table with its drawers open, and a ewer and basin; and one of the masters showed me a way of remembering hexagonal and octagonal prisms. A cone upon a cube is generally one of the six objects given to choose from at the examination. The master said the cone should be drawn lying down, lest to draw it standing upright on the cube might be considered too easy.

At last November 3rd, the day of examination, arrived. Nearly all the students at S. Thomas, Charterhouse, wished to sit at South Kensington, instead of applying for permission to sit at Training Colleges; so at ten A.M. most of us had assembled there. The paper in Geometry came first, and I was easily able to work all the problems on it. It was difficult to settle which prize I would prefer, as only books were offered, and I already had one of them, R. Burchett's *Perspective*; but I knew that in sketching from nature, shadows and reflections are often puzzling, so I put my initials against Puckett's *Projection of Shadows*, and am since very much pleased with my choice. As soon as the hour given for Geometry was over, I went to the door of the room devoted to black-boards. All, about thirty, were in use, but in a few minutes another set of candidates was sent for. Each of us filled up a paper with his, or her, name, and the name of our teacher; then each chose a black-board, and received a list of six objects to choose from. As the time allowed is only ten minutes there is no time to waste in hesitating which one to draw, and I was so pleased to read the words 'A swing looking-glass' that I scarcely saw anything else, and drew it at once. The examiner came round just as it was finished and said—'That will do; now draw a Roman letter R.' I had never tried it, but I thought I should see how to do it as I went on; instead, I could get nothing right except the upright stroke. At first I drew it like a P, and then tried to finish it like a K, never remembering that the end was curled, feeling every moment that the examiner was coming nearer and nearer. Just at the worst blunder he came, and said, 'That is a very poor R; it should be like this.' Then he sketched an R himself, and said, 'It was you who did the looking-glass, was it not? That will do.' From his tone of dissatisfaction at my letters I was sure I had failed; besides I knew I deserved to do so, because I ought to have practised all the alphabet, and the knowledge I had not done so made me more awkward. I went away very miserable, sure that another year would pass before I could

get the D certificate, for in November only is the Black-board Examination held. In about a month the welcome news came from the Secretary of the Department, 'You have gained a prize in Geometry, and have passed in Black-board Drawing.' This was soon followed by the D certificate.

III. Now, Feb. '78, I am preparing the pupil teachers in our schools for examination in Second Grade Freehand and Geometry in March. Most of our boys and girls learn drawing of the First Grade, but in order to obtain grants for results in the Second Grade a teacher with the full D is required ; thus my certificate may aid the school at once. My pupils began at Christmas, and we must do our best, though the time is much too short. Drawing, like music and every other art, needs constant practice, both eyes and hands should be kept in training. I hope to be able to persuade my class to spare one hour a week all the year round, and then we may make some real progress. Generally the children in elementary schools are taught drawing for about four months in the year, and most of them forget all about it in the other eight. Those who have a real taste for it keep it up a little in their play-hours, but how much better would they succeed if the instruction were constant at school. There, their own efforts would be shown and criticised, and they would be encouraged to persevere. And the time would not be wasted even for those who have no natural liking for drawing ; it would teach them accuracy in observation and in copying, and neatness in execution, and would improve their writing.

We have also started an Art Class for May, at which any one can be prepared for the Second Grade Examinations in Art, for there are schools near us which need a teacher for drawing, and would like to try for the Government certificates. Surely to pursue the course of study I have described would promote sound learning in any school.

It is very pleasant, I think, to be able to use all we know to help others, and besides, teaching is the best way to keep up and advance one's own knowledge: the two, the profiting of others and self-improvement, act and react on each other.

In my busy life now I cannot help remembering with regret the years after I left school, when I might have been so much happier and more useful, if I had had some settled occupation, such as gaining these certificates would have afforded. I wish fathers and mothers would encourage their girls at that age to take up some work which must be done at fixed hours, and has an object to be gained. It would save a great deal of misery to those who are too conscientious to enjoy time spent in fancy-work, small-talk, or reading story-books, and who are always in a state of restless anxiety to employ every minute in the best possible way, till the result is, that everything is tried and nothing accomplished, or all the time is occupied in doing little duties which really belong to others, who ought to be left to do their own work themselves.

THEY DO IT.

A SMALL friend of mine was asked the other day who dressed her hair, which hung in ruddy golden ringlets around her white brow.

The question seemed so unimportant to the youthful comprehension, as at first to elicit no response; but it was asked again, and then the little one answered, as carelessly as if the subject were really not worth a thought, 'Oh, *they* do it.'

Now *they* in this instance meant the servants, a class of whom much is, not unreasonably, expected. They are paid to minister to our comforts; it is their profession. Why should we be grateful to them for doing it? My little friend might have reasoned thus, if she had been old enough to reason; but we all instinctively act as if we made use of this argument, and not only in relation to servants, or perhaps this paper would not be written.

To begin, however, with servants. What do we not owe to a faithful attendant? Which of us, however stately, or rich, or great, has not been dependent, at some time or other of his life, for support in weakness, soothing in sickness, company in loneliness, on an attached domestic; paid, perhaps for watching over, and providing for his necessities, but not paid for the love which went with the service, or the patience which bore with his impatience, and smiled as kindly on the bad days, as on the good ones? Yet we took it all as a matter of course; and if any one had asked to whom we were indebted for the comfort which surrounded us, we should have answered, I have no doubt, 'Oh, *they* do it,' without caring to particularise whom. *They* sat up whole nights, braving infection, to bring us through that fever; risked losing a good place, to shield our youthful errors from detection; forgot, for us, father, mother, and home, and made our interests theirs, while we calmly echoed, '*They* do it.'

And so of the public servants. That we may lie peacefully in our beds at night, is there not a patrol threading the deserted streets, facing rain and wind and cold, seeing unpleasing sights for us, mixing in dangerous frays? We are very ready to complain of the police if they are not found at their post, but I question whether we applaud them much if they are. '*They* do it;' 'it is their business to do it,' I suppose would be our cry, if gratitude for security so obtained were suggested to us.

And how much do you young ladies think of the old postman who, on the bitter days when you are cowering by the fire, is hastening to you in snow-covered cape with the dear letter from brother Tom in India, or sister Gertrude in Madeira, or the invitation to Mrs. Dalrymple's ball, that helped to weight the leathern wallet which the wind nearly took out of his hand as he turned the corner, but is to

make your heart light for hours, perhaps days? By what means do you, never having stirred from your easy chair on the hearth, or so much as opened the casement, which indeed would move stiffly through the thick pile of white on the sill, now grasp rustling sheets of thin paper, with store of kindly greetings from friends outside? I suppose your reply, as you look up impatient at the interruption, will be the old one, '*They* do it.'

Oh, and the pretty serges and cambrics you look so well in, how came they ever to be wrought and put together? Who took pains to tell you what was the fashion, and spent half-an-hour—three-quarters—out of her precious day, patiently fitting a difficult figure, putting aside private anxieties to discourse of the most frivolous topics—the comparative merits of flounces and folds; what was worn, in short; and never grudged her toil, though you chose what was most complicated; but gave you sympathy when you talked of Mrs. Dalrymple's long-expected invitation come at last, and sat far into the night over her needle, without so much as mentioning it, that you might appear for one evening decked to your heart's content? I suppose you are not thinking of the sheep shearers, cotton-pickers, factory hands, at all; but, perhaps, giving a mental glance towards your good-natured dressmaker, and her pale 'young ladies,' you will once more say, '*They* do it.'

Do you remember the governesses whom in succession your childish tempers galled and wore, and who, with a patience little short of sublime, saw you forget in holiday periods the lessons which their much carefulness and diligence had at length succeeded in impressing on your stubborn understandings, and calmly, not without a little prayer perhaps for forbearance, which, being voiceless, was never suspected, 'began all over again?' That uninteresting woman who sat on the sofa murmuring platitudes, and looking as if afraid to stir, lest an arm or a leg should tumble off, whom your mother voted not companionable, and you found out was far from clever, and would give you no trouble to outstrip her in attainments, had a history, if you had cared to win it from her, a world of crushed hopes in her heart—hopes for others, not for herself. She never thought of herself—not she! And that tiresome Miss Pomfret, who was always on the defensive, and scarcely spoke, though never so kindly spoken to—thoroughly uninteresting again, yet clever—you had no idea, had you, that in her poor little home she was idolized, always springing up to do a service, giving and lending whatever she had, pretending she liked poor feeding that her mother might have the best; up early and late; counselling the boys; soothing the girls' vain longings with a tender whisper, 'It is His Cup, dears; He had to drink it; won't you? His dear Hands were rough with common work; don't mind if it roughens yours, too. In Heaven they will not ask you whether you preserved your ladylike appearance, or whether you enjoyed your youth; they will want to know if you lived to Him.' Yes, I grant home was the place in which

to see Miss Pomfret to perfection. You had your disadvantages in not knowing that; but you would have seen enough if you had chosen. 'They do it,' shall I hear you say again?

Will *they* ever become as saints or angels? Like enough.

Think of the sailors in their miserable, dirty, if picturesque, little coal-ships, bringing you fuel for your winter fire; of the consumptive-looking baker, who is losing his health while preparing your bread; how all trades and professions seem to have a tendency in their exercise to shorten that life which you prize so dearly; and learn the debt you owe those who exercise them. It is easy to be a little disloyal, and to criticise the conduct of those in high places—that are so high, the least false step is patent to the world, the least mistake becomes a crime. But should we not rather thank them for wearing a chain that we feel it would break our hearts to put on, yet which must be worn by some one, or society would not hold together? 'Oh, *they* do it!' Yes; do it, and suffer for it!

And the holy missionaries who spend their existence, like torches wasting at both ends, in extremes of heat and cold, meeting strange climates with scanty protection against either, loving and working for the flock of aliens, whom one day, perhaps, their successors, not themselves, may be privileged to call into the flock of Christ; who are fulfilling the duty inculcated upon us all, and aiding in the spread of His Kingdom—have you no thought or prayer especially for them? Or is it only that careless '*they* do it,' of which you are perhaps by this time half-ashamed?

Think of the doctors, whose business it is to fight the battle of disease and death, to shrink from no midnight exposure, no risk of infection, however terrible. If it were told of such that they had ever hesitated for a moment before entering a small pox ward, or a cholera-patient's chamber, who, of all their neighbours, would yield them sympathy? 'They ought to do it,' would be the cry. Perhaps, yet would those who raised it have had the fortitude, which they so loudly insist on, when the case is other than their own?

And the authors and poets who in their glowing pages have so marvellously painted your own feelings to you, have beguiled your weary hours, won you to forgetfulness of your troubles, solved your doubts, satisfied your intellectual cravings, awakened, and then soothed your conscience—have you ever spent a thought upon the hours of anxious study it took them to be able so to arrest your imagination and chain your sympathies? Oh, *they* do it!

And oh, children, a word to you upon the gratitude you owe your fathers and mothers! What would become of you if they were not constantly thinking of your interests, your comfort, before their own; educating you, nourishing you, bearing with you in the days of your feebleness and foolishness, as in those of your strength and wisdom? 'They do it.' Yes; but what if 'they' were not to do it?

And the little sisters who are content to take a 'low' place among

you, running your errands, giving way when there is any collision of wills, patiently accepting ignominious banishment from the table, and exclusion from the conversation, when the stranger comes to sit there? succeeding to the frocks you have grown out of, the old music you are tired of, never expecting anything better, and meekly content to adore your selfishness as superiority, your cold heartedness as refinement; anxiously imitating your modes of expression, and even your poor, undecided handwriting, out of pure admiration, only watching for an opportunity of putting themselves under your feet;—what have you to say to the outpourings of fountains such as these—fountains so ever-springing in your path that they were never heeded? Oh, *they* do it.'

Is it fair to speak of the little sisters and not to them? Some homes there are in which the elder sacrifices herself to the younger ones. Little sisters, for whose sake, dear, steady Amelia rises half-an-hour earlier every morning, and lets her acute ear be tortured by the running of scales, the *hattering* (is there such a word?) over accidentals, incident to the period of initiation into the art of music; for whom kind Jane spent her last sunny holiday indoors, tucking a tiresome little petticoat that was too thick to go smoothly through the sewing machine; for whom gentle Alice invented delightful plays, when she was so ill from re-vaccination that she could hardly hold up her head. Don't go and say unconcernedly '*They* do it,' as if you thought *they* liked it, and as if you altogether undervalued, and were unconscious of, the blessing of a sister. What do you mean to do in return, by way of reward? Sisters, elder and younger, how much you may be to one another! how much you may *do* for one another, if you will only try, each to supply what the other lacks!

Then since so much is daily done for us by every grade, and in every relation of life, it might be as well to inquire of ourselves what we are *doing*, and for whom we are *doing* it? '*Doing* very little beyond criticising our neighbours' ways of *doing* what they *do*,' would in many cases be a candid answer, and that little for self.

Thus, to go higher than we have yet gone, which of us, when he goes to Church, thinks twice about the trouble it has been to prepare that finished service for him? There stands the building, erected by no pains or self-denial of ours, but probably at the cost of much to others; suggestive pictures in the brilliantly-coloured windows give us comforting thoughts, but they were not of our framing; the Liturgy is reverently read or sung by voices that will be tired to-morrow, though we shall not hear of it; the organist, a lady volunteer perhaps, is fighting against her nervousness all the time she is playing, and is obliged to keep her attention on the stretch to prevent confusing her many books and loose pieces of MS. music one with another; when one is done with, to throw it aside without noise, and be sure she takes the right one next, finding scanty space for her own devotions, while aiding those of others; the best tenor has a dreadful cold, but is

doing his utmost to sing, because he knows the choir would get on badly without him ; the priest is perhaps struggling with the depressing consciousness that the sermon he prepared so carefully for one class of his flock is, by reason of their non-attendance that particular morning, likely to miss its aim, partially, if not wholly. But '*they* do it ;' they all fulfil their appointed task, and the result is that you, and others like you, have spent Sunday morning in an edifying manner, which you could hardly have done without the aid *they* freely bestowed ; and it is worse than ungrateful of you to go home, and over your luncheon find fault with the position of the sacred monogram on the reading-stall, laugh at the priest, and criticise the music !

They have done what they could, and can that be said of you ?

Leading up a little higher, we shall come to angels—watching, guiding, restraining us from evil ; swift messengers of good to us. What should we be without their protection ? What would the little children do without the intervention of their gracious presence ? '*They* do it' for love's sake, and are our pure, tender examples. Let the prayer of each one of us be, 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thou art my God ;' so that we may be like Him Who said, 'Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God !' In this way alone can we be of the *doers*, not hearers only.

THE CHILD WHO WOULD NOT BE A FAIRY.

ANOTHER story wanted, children ? Well
 It seems to me, somehow, the more we tell
 The more you come and ask us for. This time
 I'll try if I can turn you into rhyme
 A tale I heard myself, not long ago—
 Last winter, in the time of frost and snow.
 Once in the hospital, by chance, I spied
 A widow all in black and tearful-eyed
 Close sitting by a bed, wherein was laid
 Her poor sick sister. All the while she staid
 She held the poor thin hand, and now and then
 Kissed it and stroked it. When I looked again
 I noticed, what I had not seen at first
 (There were so many others to be nursed),
 Beside the bed a little girl of five ;
 They called her Lucy. How one *could* contrive
 To keep her still a moment I can't guess ;
 Her fingers twitched her mother's mournful dress ;
 Her feet seemed made to dance ; her quick bright eyes
 Glanced all about the room—(how great its size !).

The beds in long white lines, the fire-place tall,
 The glistening tin utensils on the wall,
 The nurse who to and fro so softly went,
 And now and then beside a pillow bent
 And whispered words of comfort, soothing, kind :

All this the child recorded in her mind.
 I questioned with the mother, and I found
 Her story out. Her husband had been drowned
 Three years ago : since then ' Hard times,' she said,
 ' Have scarce given work enough for daily bread.
 My sister and three children live with me ;
 And she is ill and helpless, as you see ;
 But then, by great good luck, this Christmas time
 They want some dancers for the pantomime,
 And little Lucy there—you never saw
 A child can dance like *her* ! She's like a straw
 Or feather in the wind ; her little foot
 Springs like a fairy's. In that muddy boot
 You can't half see it ma'am, but then at night,
 When all the play-house lamps are burning bright,
 And she's dressed up in satin and gauze,
 Myself I scarcely know her. Such applause
 Runs through the house whenever she appears !
 And ' (here she sobbed and scarce could speak for tears)
 ' I saw her there one night, and while the rest
 Clapped hands and laughed, and said she was the best
 Of all the fairies on the stage, I said,
 " Thank God this year we shall not want for bread."
 ' But that must make her vain ?' She answered, ' No.
 If she were older, ma'am, it might be so.
 So tiny and so young, they never guess
 But 'tis for *their* amusement, all the dress,
 Dancing and music too. The play's a play
 Though grown-up people come or stop away.'
 Then up she rose. ' Come, Lucy, we must go.
 Make your best curtsy to the lady—so ;
 Sister, good night. Next week I come again ;
 I hope to find you better, poor dear Jane !
 See, ma'am, how thin her hand is. But my time
 Is up—at seven comes on the pantomime.'

* * * * *

About a week went by. One holiday
 I took my little nieces to the play ;
 We wrapped them up in shawls (their frocks were thin)
 And called a cab and packed them safely in.

Perhaps you've seen a pantomime. If not,
 Fancy a place all lighted up, and hot,
 And crowded full of people turned one way ;
 And others dressed up—some like fairies gay,
 And some like giants, witches, sailors, kings ;
 Going and coming, saying funny things ;
 Dancing or laughing, singing, by and by
 Pretending (for 'tis all pretence) to cry.
 And, in a moment, light is turned to dark,
 A cottage to a palace or a park ;
 The moon begins to shine, the waves to roar,
 And every change seems stranger than before.
 I said to little Clara at my right
 (My youngest niece), ' Now look with all your might,
 You'll see a great black bottle soon appear
 Corked tightly up. And by and by, my dear,
 Whizz ! off the cork will fly, and from inside
 A little tiny fairy girl will glide
 With blue gauze winglets, and a golden crown,
 And dance before you with that red-cheeked clown.'
 I said so, for I'd heard the other day
 This was the part that Lucy used to play ;
 And all the little girls, with all their eyes,
 Watched for the bottle, and the great surprise.
 But time went on, and many a wondrous sight
 We saw, and many a fairy tripping light,
 But Lucy ne'er appeared. Who was to blame ?
 The bottle and the fairy never came.
 And when 'twas time to go the children said,
 ' 'Twas *very* pretty, aunt,'—then shook the head,
 And Clara sighed while pinning up her shawl,
 ' We never saw *that* fairy, though, at all !'
 But home they went, and straight to bed ; perchance
 In dreams they still beheld the fairies dance.

Next morning came. The foggy streets were damp,
 And London all alight with torch and lamp ;
 And coughing women, cloaked and veiled, whose feet
 Slipped in the mire, went shivering down the street ;
 And cabmen shook their dripping overcoats,
 And wound their comforters about their throats ;
 The only cheerful sight, the steaming tins
 Of hot potatoes roasted in their skins.
 ' That poor sick Jane in hospital,' I said,
 ' I wonder how she is ? 'Tis dark o'erhead
 But I must see her.' So that afternoon
 (The sun above me like a copper moon)

I went and found her out. Beside her bed
The widowed sister sat—her eyes were red.
And when I talked a while to ‘Sister Jane,’
And heard her tale of sleepless nights and pain,
I turned to *her* and asked if all was well,
‘And how’s your little Lucy?’ Then she fell
To weeping sorely. ‘Oh, that child,’ she cried,
‘Has brought sad trouble on me, though I tried
To teach her better. ’Twas three nights ago;
My sister here was worse. They let me know,
And I was forced to come. I staid with her
And sent the children to the theatre
Without me. Every night I used to dress
My little Lucy like a gay princess,
Put on her satin shoes, her gauzy wings,
And fleshings, and a score of other things.
That night I said, “Now, Lucy, mind you stay
With this kind lady” (for my friend, Miss Gray,
One of the other actors in the play
Had come to fetch her), “and be sure that you
Give her no trouble. What she bids you, do;
She’ll help you just like me, and dress you right,
And says she’ll bring you safely home at night.
Good-bye, now don’t forget.” So off they went,
And Lucy seemed quite cheerful and content.
But, ma’am, would you believe it? When the time
Was come to dress her for the pantomime
That kind Miss Gray good-naturedly begins
To try and help her—brings a box of pins,
Scissors and tarlatan, ribbons, and the rest,
And says, “Come hither, Lucy, and be drest;
To-night I’ll help you, for your mother can’t,
Because she’s gone to nurse your poor sick aunt.”
’Twas kindly meant, ’twas very kind of her,
But that provoking Lucy would not stir;
Stood pouting by the doorway—if they tried
To touch her dress or shoes she only cried.
Then came the carpenter (they call him Dick),
“Come little lass,” says he, “unless you’re quick
’Twill all go wrong together. *Won’t* she move?
Come, let the lady dress you, there’s a love.”
But still she stood, as stiffly as before,
And hid her little face behind the door.
Then our head lady came in such a rage,
“What *can* that child be at? Behind the stage
They’re calling out for her. You idle thing,
If you were mine I’d whip you. Let them bring

Her up directly. What a shame is this ! ”
 One tries the scolding plan, and one the kiss,
 But Lucy will not move—she still rebels.
 “ Mother may d’ess me ; mother—no one else.”
 And so the play went on without her. She
 Came home at night in sad disgrace to me.
 Next morning ’ (here the tears again flowed faster)
 ‘ I went, as I was sent for, to the master,
 And found him sitting there in such a rage.
 He said, instead of paying me her wage,’
 (That which I counted on and reckoned mine)
 ‘ That he should claim of me a heavy fine *
 For Lucy’s misdemeanour. Ah ! he spoke
 So hardly that I felt my heart was broke.
 How *can* I get the money ? Day by day
 I seem to grow still poorer. Rent to pay,
 Food, clothes, and fire, and now this heavy fine ;
 And all because this little girl of mine
 Was wilful, disobedient, uncontrolled,
 Rebelled, and would not do as she was told.’

And now, dear children, here my story ends,
 But not the moral. You, perhaps, have friends
 Who tell you of your duty, and, what’s more,
 Would help you do it. Think what sorrow sore
 Some trifling act of disobedience brings !
 For right and wrong oft lie in *little* things,
 And what *you* think is nothing oft may prove
 No little matter to the friends you love.
 Remember Lucy, though so young, could do
 Both harm and good ; and so, much more, can you :
 Take warning from this child of five years old,
 And, first and last, still do as you are told.

VERITAS.

* Amounting to £1 6s.

Spider Subjects.

Only two Spider answers on Battle-Songs have arrived in time, and ARACHNE cannot say much for either of them. There may be some on their way of higher quality, and ARACHNE will wait in hopes of them. K. M. B. is the best, but is not arranged chronologically, and it is to be hoped that she may have been reminded on Whit-Sunday of the real history of the sixty-eighth Psalm. *Some* of the Psalms are really war-songs, and the slightest Biblical study (even of the titles) might have shown her which Psalms are really battle-songs, with a history. A. D. has fewer.

Only four answers have come as to the China Tea-cup; two—Colleen for history, the Cat for the present—are both chosen. The others are Don Quixote, very good, and Germania.

THE EUROPEAN HISTORY OF A PORCELAIN TEA-CUP.

‘WELL! I don’t think any of you can compete with me,’ said a large vase, which had just been placed beside some valuable china in a drawing-room. ‘Just look at my size, you poor old things; I feel quite sorry for you, it must be dreadful to feel oneself getting so old and thin.’

‘Thin, indeed! Do you think it is old age makes *me* thin? You must know a great deal about porcelain if you think that.’

This reply burst forth from a small tea-cup near the vase. It was spoken in a cracked voice and with a foreign accent.

‘Well, well, my dear old fellow,’ said the vase, ‘I daresay you always were thin, and I suppose that is what made you crack so soon.’

‘I know that though I am cracked,’ retorted the cup, ‘I am more valuable than some people who are quite whole, and very thick into the bargain; but I will tell you my history, and then you will be able to judge if I cracked soon or not.’

‘I do not know how many years ago it is since I was born, but anyhow, it is a very long time. I first saw the light in a German castle, which had been built for the express purpose of making cups and various other things like me. The castle was a dark, dreary place, and the workmen were a very silent set, for were they not all under an oath never to leave the castle, lest they should disclose the secret of how to make the wonderful transparent porcelain? I learnt the history of how the clay was found of which I am made, by hearing two of the workmen talking together, and this was how it was. There was once an old alchemist named Böttger, who spent his life in trying to discover the philosopher’s stone and many other things, some of which would have been useful and some not. He trained his son, John Frederick Böttger, to follow the same pursuit as his father. The younger Böttger grew so famous that the Elector of Saxony heard of him, and sent to invite him to come to court. But Böttger thought he would be a great deal more free to pursue his studies without having his Majesty for ever

ordering him to make something he did not wish, and so, when the Elector's messengers came, Böttger attempted to escape; but, however, he was caught, and shut up in the castle of Wittenberg with another chemist, and giving them plenty of materials, the Elector ordered them to learn how to make transparent porcelain. The other chemist soon died and left Böttger to work alone; and he set himself bravely to do his best. Alas! though he baked every earth he could think of over and over again, it would not become transparent. He did indeed make many beautiful specimens of china, especially a red one, but none of them were what he wanted. His patience, however, was at last rewarded by chance.'

Here the little cup got such a dreadful fit of coughing, that it nearly rolled off the stand, and all the other vases and cups were in a dreadful state lest they should not hear the rest of the story; however, it at last recovered itself, and began again between gasps.

'He found the way to make it in his wig.'

At this startling announcement there was a slight movement of incredulity among the rest of the china, and if they had had eyebrows, they most certainly would have raised them.

'I am only telling you the truth,' continued the cup testily, 'and if you had only waited you would have heard how it came to pass. I have a good mind not to tell you a word more.'

'Oh, please continue, madam!' was the general outcry, 'and excuse our unintentional rudeness.'

Thus mollified, the old lady continued.

'It was then the fashion to wear large curled wigs, covered with fine scented powder, which was very expensive. One day, when a man named John Schnorr was out riding, he noticed some fine white powder sticking to his horse's legs. He discovered that this was some curious white earth, of which there seemed to be a great quantity in that place. The brilliant idea struck John that this would do splendidly for powdering wigs, and be much cheaper; so, gathering a lot of it, he took it to a barber, who approved of the idea, and used it extensively for this purpose. One of the wigs he powdered was that of Böttger. One day Böttger's wig had been very grandly got up, when, looking out of the window, he saw something he wanted, and so, regardless of the rain which was falling heavily, he ran out without a hat. His wig got soaked through and through and became very heavy and uncomfortable, and, even when the rain ceased, continued so. Böttger at last pulled it off to see what could be the matter, and what did he behold but white clay, which the heat of his head was fast baking, and it was *transparent*! You can imagine Böttger's delight when this proved to be, when tested, the long-sought-for clay called Kaolin. Of course he was largely rewarded, and the Elector, fearing lest, the secret once discovered, the porcelain might become common, built a large castle where Böttger might make his china. Workmen had to be employed and they must know the secret; but they were all sworn not to disclose it, and were kept under strict guard lest they should leave the castle. Now that I have told how they discovered the way to make me, I must return to myself. One workman, employed in making me, was even more discontented-looking than the rest, and, as he bent over me, I used to hear him grumbling to himself. One dark night, when all the others were gone to bed, this man entered the room where I had been placed a

few days before. I heard him muttering to himself, "I can bear it no longer, I must escape." Then he came towards me and lifted me up, saying, "Well, this is half mine, for I made it." I was then so closely wrapped up that I could see nothing, but I felt myself being carried away. Then he seemed to be climbing up something, and squeezing himself between bars. Then came a great jump, which I thought must have broken me to pieces; and then he set off running at the top of his speed. After a long time, some days I should think, we arrived at a large town, which I learnt was called Vienna. While I was here I heard the escaped workman bargaining with the different china makers of that city to find out who would give him the largest price for his secret. He sold me at last to an English merchant, who brought me across the seas to England. I have passed through many hands since that time; I should be very happy where I am now but for the ridiculous pride of some people; and the horrible hands of the housemaid Jane, who I am sure will kill me some day, for she handles me without the least veneration; indeed it was she who inflicted this crack in my side about three weeks ago, which, by the way, her mistress knows nothing about. And if you don't see (now my story is ended) why I and all my family have good reason to be proud, why you must be denser than I thought.'

COLLEEN.

THE HISTORY OF A PORCELAIN TEA-CUP.

TEA had just been brought in, and placed on the little round table, six cups and saucers neatly arranged in a row, their smooth sides glistening in the summer sunshine which streamed through the open window. There was no sound to be heard, but the faint singing of the little china kettle, and the distant shouts of the absent family, as they played lawn tennis in the garden.

'I shall go off the boil, I shall go off the boil,' sang the kettle softly, but no one came to make the tea, and the shouts of the tennis players grew louder as the game approached its close.

'Can none of you speak?' said the kettle, with a little puff of impatience gazing down on its fair companions. 'It is very slow to be going off the boil, with no one to speak to.'

There was a faint tinkling sound, and a thin feeble little voice said, 'I can talk a little when no human beings are present.'

'And I, and I!' cried a chorus of voices from the other cups.

'Hush, hush,' whispered the tea-spoons, moving uneasily in their saucers, 'someone will hear you.'

'And if they do,' said one of the cups, in rather a cracked voice, 'is there any harm in talking?'

'They might not like it, and you would be sorry if they were to break you,' answered a teaspoon, with a silvery laugh.

Here the cream-jug interposed.

'Come, come,' it said, soothingly, 'don't quarrel, some of you tell us your history, and that will amuse us till they are ready for tea.'

'Begin—begin,' gasped the kettle in a faint whisper, giving feeble puffs of steam. 'The little blue and white cup.'

'No, no, her voice is so cracked,' said the cream-jug. 'Let the pink and white cup begin.'

The pink cup's colour deepened slightly, but after a few minutes,

hesitation, she consented to relate as much of her history as she could remember, and began—

‘When I can first recollect anything, a great, great many years ago, I presented a very different appearance from what you now see—in fact, I was part of a large rock, in a lovely valley in Cornwall. I was distributed over its extensive surface, and mixed up with quartz, granite, stones, and other worthless companions. Hundreds of years passed while I remained thus undisturbed, save that occasionally fierce storms would sweep through our valley and hurl my rock, and others, down the slopes, shattering some to pieces; but these were trifles, and only occurred once or twice a year, so on the whole I was contented and happy, and never thought of any change. The most beautiful scenery surrounded us, lovely ferns grew on our rocky surface, and spread their graceful fronds over us, while a sparkling waterfall rushed down the hills, and covered us with glistening spray. One day our peace was disturbed by the sound of pick-axe and the clatter of human voices. I was wondering what it could mean, when a sharp pang shot through me, and I lost consciousness. When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a stream of running water, many of my companions had been washed off, and gradually I became a solid mass, after which I was taken out of the water and placed on a shelf or linnee to dry. I consisted then of alumina, silica, and a portion of felspar, and people called me kaolin or china-clay. I was next dried by fire, and crushed (this was very unpleasant), and then I had to submit to an operation called blunging, that is to say, I was put in water and worked about with a piece of wood, till there were no stones left in me; I was then mixed with a creamy substance made of pounded flint and water, and then poured through several sieves till I was quite smooth and free from stones. By this time I formed part of a large quantity of clay, all of which had gone through a similar process. The whole mass was now cut into wedges which were dashed upon each other to destroy all vesicles or air-bubbles. This went on for a great many months. I heard people say that the longer the operation of wedging continued, the better the porcelain would be.’

At this point the tea-cup’s story was interrupted by a very small china-plate, which stood on the chimney-piece. ‘I have heard,’ it said in a delicate, refined voice, and with rather a foreign accent, ‘that in some countries the clay is prepared in this way for many years before it is used, as many even as a hundred, and from this the word porcelain (*pour cent années*) is thought to be derived.’

‘What nonsense,’ said the pink tea-cup, ‘everyone knows that the word comes from *Porcellana*, the Portuguese for drinking-cup.’

‘I have always understood,’ put in the cream-jug, ‘that the word was from the Italian *Porcellana*, a shell called cowrie, which has an arched back like a hog (*porco*), and a white glossy surface like fine porcelain.’

‘Well, I don’t see what all this has to do with my story,’ said the tea-cup rather impatiently. ‘I know the wedging lasted quite long enough for me, and after some months the mass of clay to which I belonged began to ferment, and improved very much in colour and texture, and after being dashed about for a little longer, we were at last sent to the manufactory to be made into shapes. I was now separated from the large piece of clay, weighed, and rolled up into a ball. A

man, who was sitting at a lathe or wheel, took me up and placed me on a board, and began to press me about with his fingers to get rid of all air-bubbles, and to smooth me and give me shape by means of a piece of horn, which he called a rib, while all the time the wheel kept turning round, and making the board on which I was placed, rotate till I was quite giddy. This operation was called *throwing*. I was then taken into a warm room, where as soon as I had become hard, I was made much thinner and more elegant in shape by *turning*, that is to say, portions of me were shaved off with sharp tools, as a carpenter would plane wood, a handle was then fastened to me, and after having been smoothed with a knife and washed with a sponge, I was placed, with many other cups in the same condition in a kiln. When, after what seemed a very long time, we were taken out, I saw, by my companions, that my appearance was much altered—instead of being soft and plastic, I had become hard, brittle, and light-coloured. In this condition I was placed in the hands of an artist, who proceeded now to paint me with a camel-hair brush. This was not at all unpleasant, though the colours smelt very strong, being composed of metallic oxides ground up with glass-nitre and borax, mixed with oil of turpentine. You can all see, my friends, what a lovely appearance I now present with this beautiful design of pink flowers on my white surface, but when the artist began to paint me, I was disappointed to see that he was using a dull, dingy colour, not to be compared to this lovely tint. I feared that when finished, I should be a common earthenware cup only fit for the kitchen, and after all the trials I had gone through, it seemed hard that this should be the result; however, I was mistaken, for after being glazed and again baked in an oven, I was taken out, and to my astonishment found that the dingy colour had now become the most delicate shade of pink. I had yet to be gilded and once more baked, then the gold was burnished with agate and blood-stone, and at last I was complete. I was now packed with many others, some like me, and some of different patterns, in a large crate and sent on a long journey by train, as I concluded from the noise. On arriving at our destination, we were carefully lifted out, dusted, and arranged on shelves in a large beautiful china shop; cups and saucers of all sorts and sizes surrounded me, beautiful statues and ornaments of china were on all sides. I spent two days in this beautiful place quite happy in watching the numerous customers who came to the shop; once or twice I was lifted down and examined, but my price was generally considered too high, till on the third day I was bought with eleven others of the same pattern by an elderly lady, who gave orders that we should be sent at once to her house in the country. An admiring group surrounded us, when we were for a second time unpacked. There were cries of admiration and delight when I appeared, and I soon found that we were intended for a wedding-present to the old lady's daughter, who had just been married. I was replaced in the basket and we went for another short journey to this house where I have lived peacefully ever since. For twenty years I have been in constant use, and though most of my companions have been broken or cracked, I am still whole, and trust, it may be long before the thread of my existence is shattered.'

The tea-cup paused and looked round, the kettle had quite gone off the boil and remained motionless, the cups and spoons seemed to have

gone to sleep. And now at last the tennis players came in, breathless and thirsty, and dispatched the kettle to be refilled. It soon returned again singing lustily, but though it talked all tea-time, it got no more out of the cups, who were speechless in the presence of their human owners.

But the whole conversation had been heard by one who was basking on the window-sill—

THE CAT.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED AND ANSWERED.

Lottie.—Answered many times before.

‘Do thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.’

—*Norman*

Kindly tell Elizabeth what is the termination of the following ‘Act of Submission,’ copied from a foreign card:—‘Que m’arrivera-t-il aujourd’hui, mon Dieu, je ne sais rien; mais, tout ce que je sais, c’est qu’il ne m’arrivera rien, que vous n’avez prévu, réglé et ordonné de tout éternité: cela me suffit, j’adore vos desseins éternels et impénétrables, je me sou mets de bon cœur pour’

The poem inquired for, and quoted in *Faith Gartney’s Girlhood*, ‘Rouse to some work,’ &c., is by a deceased American poet, Carlos Wilcox, who died in 1827. It is in a collection of poetry published in 1843 by Messrs. Parker, called *Readings in Poetry*.—*J. H.*

Will any one kindly tell *M. W. H.* where to find the following lines:—

‘To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut;
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light alter light, well used, they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.’

Could any one kindly tell *J. J.* the other verses of a poem of which this is a part:—

‘Thou knowest I have a cross to bear,
The needful stroke Thou didst not spare
To keep me near Thy side;
But when I see Thy chastening rod
In Thy pierced hand, my Lord! my God!
I feel so satisfied.’

by *C. Wilkins*? Also a hymn, every verse of which has in it the line—

‘For I am nothing, nothing.’

‘Grief may be joy misunderstood—
Only the good discern the good.’

Also of—

‘The world knows nothing of its greatest men.’

—*Boojum.*

It occurs in *Philip von Artervelde* by Sir Henry Taylor.

M. E. L.—

‘O for a heart to love our God.
A heart from sin set free.’

The quotation is slightly different from the original; it is from a hymn by Charles Wesley. *M. E. L.* can have a copy of it by sending to *Miss Hamsher, Bolney Place, Hayward's Heath.*—[Answered also by *Rev. L. T. Rendell, J. Y., E. M. B.*]

‘Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.’

—*C. Wesley.*

—*Norman.*

M. C. P.—

‘Yellow meades of Asphodel’

From Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*—*Ed.*

QUESTIONS.

A. B. C. would be very glad of any information regarding a picture of the Crucifixion, which she has twice heard described by a well-known preacher as the most touching he has ever seen. It differs from all other representations in this, that no feature of the face is visible, the wind having blown the hair over it. Nevertheless the whole figure is said to convey, in the most vivid and touching manner, the impression of utter helplessness and desertion. Is the picture in any public collection? Are there photographs or engravings of it to be obtained? Who is the painter?

Could any readers of *The Monthly Packet* tell *E. L. P.* if there are any other poems of Miss Proctor's published besides those in *Legends and Lyrics*?

K. B. would be glad to know the best way of introducing a diagram to teach stocking-knitting to the notice of the School Board and the Government Inspector.

M. L. M. asks why a sort of cell in the Chester wall should be called Pemberton's Parlour? Also who was Pemberton?

G. W. asks why the 12th Regiment wear roses in their caps? It is said that it is because of the Battle of Minden having been stationed in a garden of roses.

ANSWERS.

L. B. S.—We have not got the direction to the Industrial Ladies Guild.

Irene.—We fear translations are seldom welcomed by magazines.

D. Y.—An excellent small History of Portugal, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, was published in Burns's *Juvenile Englishman's Library.*

J. F.—Haddon Over, a township in the parish of Bakewell, hundred of High Peak, county of Derby, two miles S.W. by S. from Bakewell, containing 242 inhabitants. At this place is Haddon Hall, one of the ancient baronial mansions, delightfully situated on a gentle eminence overlooking the river Wye; the venerable castellated towers rising above the woods produce a magnificent effect, and as the whole building is still in nearly a perfect state, it is an object of general interest and curiosity.

With reference to the tune called 'Drumclog' in *A Daughter of Heth*, it is generally known as 'Old Martyrs,' and may be found in almost any collection of Church music.—*J. H.*

E. C. C.—*Chauvinisme* means the temper of blatant and exaggerated patriotism, especially in the direction of war, which is called 'Spread-eagleism' when exhibited in the United States, and just now is named 'Jingoism' in England. The origin of the French term is to be found in Monsieur *Chauvin*, the ideal hero of certain popular Parisian cartoons at the time of the First Empire, who was always expressing himself in language of the narrowest and most selfish nationalism at the successes and reverses of Napoleon I.—*R. F. L.*

Ally Macdonald.—In *Baldur the Beautiful* some Indian tradition of a Redeemer seems to be referred to, but it does not seem to us to be represented by Hiawatha.

Florence Wilford asks for space to say that she is not the author of *Winnie's Mistakes*, mentioned as hers by a correspondent in the June *Monthly Packet*.

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

L. B. S. Sand, two parcels of flannel sent from Brighton.

Miss Ashmore, *Throat and Chest Hospital*, *Golden Square*, two *Graphics* kindly sent weekly.

Miss de Lasalle, *The Park*, *Nottingham*, the packet of texts from *L. M. S.* for the Nottingham Flower Mission.

Bosnian Refugee Fund.—*Miss Freeman*, the receipt of 3s. from Grace, 2s. 6d. from Ruby, 10s. from M. H., and 1s. from S. D.; and she wishes to assure the latter that the smallest sum is thankfully received.—*Somerleaze, Wells, Somerset.*

Mary Helen Clifton, 20, *Cross Street*, *Islington*, is extremely obliged to *A. H. C.* and another kind friend for their goodness in sending the pictures for the hospital scrap-books.

The Hermitage, Burghill.—*A Wild Irishwoman* very sincerely thanks *A. L. R.* and *Madcap* for the scraps they have kindly sent her for the album for the Children's Hospital.

Mr. S. F. Allnutt begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following contributions to the nursery of the 'Good Shepherd,' Portsea:—*J. R. E.*, 1l.; parcels of clothes from *Bedhampton*, *C. B. L.*, and *Potter's Bar*; two pinafores and eight stamps from *Northchurch Rectory*, Portsea.

L. R. J. wishes to thank very heartily the kind contributors to her Mission Scrap-book. She received charming parcels from *Miss Wing*, *Mrs. Burgess*, *C. M. H.*, *B. A. H.*, *Ada K.*, *F. E. P.*, post-mark *Evesham*, and roll of *Graphic* pictures no post-mark. All of which will be most useful, and the book will now be put in hand at once.

M. M. 2s. for the Wilberforce Memorial Window.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

Historical Battle Songs, to which may be added laments for the Slain. (*ARACHNE* does not like her Spiders to be so dead to poetry as they generally show themselves.) *K. M. B.* is advised to re-write hers, which has good points.

The History of the two first Ptolemies.

Stamps received: *Don Quixote*, *Weasel*, *Meg*.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

AUGUST, 1878.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER III.

May 19th.—I carried my French difficulty to Mrs. Malcolm this morning, when I went to her again with my programme of Lucy Vivian's studies. It came upon the *tapis* naturally *à propos* to Lucy's French knowledge. Mr. Malcolm was there too. His wife tells me that the possibility of establishing High Schools on a Church foundation is beginning to dawn upon him; but I kept clear of the subject, for my first interest just now is in Lucy Vivian.

'She talked French very fluently the other day to a French beggar-woman,' said Mr. Malcolm, in a tone of wonder and admiration at a feat so impossible to himself.

'Talking French and writing French are very different things,' I observed. 'Lucy can't write a dozen words correctly.'

'No matter, my dear Mrs. Blair,' said Mrs. Malcolm, and the corners of her lips curled. 'Fashion requires you to talk; it does not, as a rule, expect you to write.'

'You mean that talking French is a sham, then?' said Mr. Malcolm.

'Oh, no; not at all,' continued his wife. 'We buy electro-plate; it looks like silver, and serves our purpose just as well.'

Mr. Malcolm shook his head.

'At any rate, it is certainly better than no silver of any kind,' I said.

'It is better than real silver you mean,' persisted Mrs. Malcolm, in the same tone. 'It costs so much less.'

'Your analogy does not hold,' observed Mr. Malcolm. 'Electro-

plate is a thing patent to every one who chooses to look for the trade-mark. There is no deception in it.'

'Neither is there any deception in speaking French,' I said, 'if one is fortunate enough to be able to do it.'

'It is a question of folly rather than of deception,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'If you accept my electro-plate for silver, the mistake lies at your own door.'

'The folly, as regards the French question,' I said, 'lies at the door of the parents, who are satisfied if their children can ask for bread and butter in French, and never trouble themselves to inquire as to their knowledge of anything beyond.'

'Yet to be able even to ask for bread and butter is a great advantage,' said Mr. Malcolm; and I felt sure by his tone he was thinking of the difficulties of his business-journey to Paris three weeks ago, not knowing five words of the language.

'Yes,' I replied, 'no doubt it is; and I am the very last to depreciate the power of conversing fluently in a foreign language, more especially in that universal medium—French. All I would contend for is, that the accomplishment may be purchased, and in nine cases out of ten is purchased, in England, at too high a price.'

'There can be no question about that in Lucy's case,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'All the little money her mother has had to spare has been expended upon French governesses.'

'Governesses in the plural emphatically,' observed the Rector. 'A new one every eighteen months was about the average, I fancy.'

'And the result is,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'that Lucy can't write an English note without the help of an English dictionary.'

'And that she has no acquaintance with English literature,' I added; 'that she scarcely knows anything of English history, and is profoundly ignorant of continental history, and looks upon geography as a confused medley of names; whilst as for science, even in its most elementary branches, it is a perfectly sealed book to her. Thanks to you,' and I turned to Mr. Malcolm, 'she has a fair knowledge of the Bible, and can say her catechism.'

'And she is a very good girl; I don't say a word against her,' said the Rector.

'And she can speak French with a good accent,' persisted Mrs. Malcolm. 'We will say nothing about the grammar.'

'Yes,' I replied; 'she has a good accent, and I am thankful for it, and intend to make the most of it. But what I find in her, and in the majority of the girls who, like her, have been educated mainly with a view to French accent, is that at the very age when, if they were well grounded in English, their lessons might be made interesting to them, they have to go back and plod over the elementary subjects which they ought to have mastered before they were twelve years old. It is intensely provoking to be obliged to

set Lucy Vivian to learn spelling and the multiplication table, and the dates of the English kings; and of course it is intensely irksome to her;—but what can one do?’

‘Lucy is an indifferent specimen of the French plan,’ said Mr. Malcolm. ‘She has not had ordinary advantages.’

‘But there are hundreds in England who have had none higher,’ I said. ‘And even supposing the foreign governesses to be first-rate teachers, their system is based upon foreign interests, if I may so express myself. A Frenchwoman has been taught to think Paris the centre of the world. Everything connected with her own country comes first, whether history, geography, or literature. She cannot and does not know England as she does France. Germans are, perhaps, more enlarged in their views; but still, when they come to teach, their interest must mainly lie in the special subjects connected with their own land.’

‘Very natural,’ said the Rector.

‘Perfectly so; I find no fault with them for it. All I say is, that if we place our girls year after year under the training and instruction of foreign governesses, we must expect that their information and acquirements will be foreign also.’

‘I don’t know whose fault it is,’ observed Mrs. Malcolm; ‘it certainly may be that of the foreign-governess system, but my complaint against English girls, as a rule, is that when they leave the schoolroom they have no interest in any thing.’

‘I don’t see how they can be expected to have it,’ was my reply. ‘Men’s interests engross the English world. On the Continent politics are often dangerous, and therefore avoided. I have heard in Spain grey-headed men discussing the theatre with an earnestness which showed that they thought it the one supreme matter of importance; but in England, politics, science, and religion are the main topics of conversation in general society. Now, these foreign-taught girls don’t know the meaning of the words English Constitution. They are absolutely ignorant of science, and as for religion, their Lutheran and Calvinist governesses have either put religion aside as beyond their province—or if they have discussed it, they have naturally ignored the fundamental facts of English Church History. I don’t myself perceive how, under these circumstances, girls can occupy their minds with any thing beyond social frivolities and sensation novels. The approach to any subjects of higher moment is barred to them, for the doors have not been opened.’

‘You had better take care what you say,’ observed Mrs. Malcolm; ‘you are uttering heresy.’

‘I know I am,’ I replied; ‘heresy in the opinion of the fashionable world, but not heresy in that of the thinking minority of intellectual men and women, who are now endeavouring to raise the standard of instruction throughout England. If the fashionable theory is right,

lessons in High Schools ought to be given by French teachers, in the French language; and, instead of Oxford and Cambridge examiners, we ought to have French gentlemen testing the merits of the candidates by the ease with which they can carry on a French conversation.'

'But I don't see; I can't quite agree,' persisted the Rector. 'When one travels, one always expects the ladies of the party to be able to speak French. It is so very awkward otherwise.'

'Now, my dear friend,' I exclaimed, 'let me entreat you not to trespass upon a woman's special privilege, and rush to an illogical conclusion. Because a certain system is folly, it does not follow that its direct contrary is wise. It is foolish, I contend, to sacrifice English to French, but it is not wise to give up French altogether.'

'Then what would you do?' asked Mrs. Malcolm, quickly.

'I would put French in its proper place, and give it its proper value.'

'How? You are theoretical. I want something practical.'

'I can't be what you call practical,' I said, 'if you require me to draw out a scheme of instruction (I won't call it education) which is to fit every case. The utmost I can do is to give general ideas.'

'Well, let us hear them.'

'First of all (and I feel sure you will both agree with me), I would assert strongly that to teach girls to speak French without also teaching them to understand the grammar, is making the acquirement a sham and therefore doing the children a moral injury. Next I would say that to give lessons in history, geography, science—whatever the subject may be—in a language which the pupils can't understand, must neutralise the value of the instruction.'

'No doubt—no doubt,' said the Rector; 'but still——'

'Girls must learn French. Unquestionably. But now suppose a child is taught to talk in parrot-like fashion at the comparatively parrot age—I will say from six to nine—no great harm is done. A French *bonne*, or a young French nursery governess, may be extremely useful so far. Fluency is acquired in a way which is scarcely attainable afterwards. Suppose also that at nine, the French talking is made secondary, and the French grammar primary, by which I mean that the construction of the language and composition should take their place amongst other subjects of more or less importance. A French master or mistress out of the house will then be very useful, but a good English governess will be able to undertake this work perfectly well. And she will be able to do what a Frenchwoman never can do—give the English child the careful elementary instruction in English subjects, which is essential if her mind is to be thoroughly cultivated, and she is to take her position, as a well-educated woman, in English society.'

'Then, at intervals, we may suppose that a French teacher may be

secured, anxious for a holiday engagement, and so the power of French conversation may be revived and the lost fluency regained ; and at last, when the English training has been thoroughly gone through, a few months abroad, or a French governess for a year, will make conversation natural, and with the study of French literature, will I think, give as full a knowledge of French, and as great facility in speaking it, as any ordinary person can possibly desire.'

'It may be all very sensible,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'but I must again assert the world won't think with you.'

'No,' I said ; 'very possibly not. Though I fully believe that the instructional mania of the present day, with all its faults—and I own it has many—must and will work a change in the value set upon French chatter, and its accompanying superficiality.'

'Certainly, as regards being superficial,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'I remember an English governess telling me of a girl who came to her speaking French easily, having lived in France ; and in the first piece of dictation she set her to do, there were five-and-twenty faults.'

'And the English was on a par with this, I suppose ?'

'Below it. It was absolutely nothing. The ignorance was profound ; and the idea of remedying such a state of things at seventeen was hopeless. Yet the young lady would make a very good show in the world, which was all that was necessary, as she was born to a high position in life.'

'And her children ?'

Mrs. Malcolm smiled satirically.

'What did it signify ? They would never have to earn their bread by teaching.'

'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'that is the folly ! Because ignorance, when combined with rank and wealth is marketable, it is not objected to.'

'It is not perceived, you mean,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Do you think the fashionable men who meet girls at a London *soirée* discuss the *ologies* with them ? So long as a young lady is rich, and pretty, and dances gracefully, what do they care ?'

'I must leave the fashionable young ladies and gentlemen,' I said ; 'I am not sufficiently acquainted with them to discuss them. I only know, that until we give our girls of the upper classes a careful English education, we shall never make them what they ought to be—leaders of all that is high and noble and pure in society ; and it is this conviction that has made me speak with an earnestness which I know may be misunderstood to imply that I undervalue what is in itself undoubtedly a charming and useful accomplishment.'

'And what about German ?' asked Mrs. Malcolm. 'That is the fashionable language now.'

'But not in the same degree and in the same sense as French. It is not made an absolute fashionable necessity, and as a rule it is begun later, and studied more carefully ; and being a very difficult

language, it requires a mental effort which is very valuable. But I would say of German as I do of French, that it should be an adjunct, not a foundation.'

'I don't think Lucy Vivian will ever master German,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

'Never. And therefore I should not dream of attempting to teach her even the rudiments now. What would really be more useful to her would be a little Latin. It so often happens that a boy comes under the care of a young governess, and if she can only teach him the declensions correctly before he goes to school, she may keep her situation longer, and ask a higher salary.'

'Quite commercial,' observed Mrs. Malcolm. 'Everything is to have its value in pounds, shillings, and pence.'

'Even so,' I said. 'I am quite willing to own it. I am not thinking of what would be most desirable for Lucy's mind, but what will be most likely to enable her to get her daily bread. One must keep in view this special purpose, or we shall shoot as wide of the mark as——'

'My lords of the National Education Department,' interrupted Mrs. Malcolm, 'when they give Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* as a dictation lesson for incipient ploughboys, and insist upon wee things who have only just learnt to hold a needle fitting their own work.'

'But the cultivation of the mind is surely a most necessary, an absolutely essential, consideration in the case of a teacher,' said the Rector.

'Granted, fully, cordially. But, my dear Rector, it is possible, and I own I think it probable, that Lucy's mind is at this moment under cultivation of a very important kind, only it so happens that God is her Teacher, not man.'

'Quite true,' was the reply. 'She has deepened in thought and character wonderfully lately.'

'Love and anxiety will teach more than books,' I continued; 'and in Lucy's case this thoughtfulness and earnestness will, I think and hope, induce her to cultivate her intellect even whilst she is giving elementary instruction to little children. But, anyhow, we can but deal with facts as they are. Here is a girl who must do something for herself as soon as possible. No doubt she would be much better prepared to teach if she could study for the next ten years; but she can't.'

'The Germans are so much wiser than we are,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'They insist upon study and certificates before they allow any one to teach.'

'Granted again. You see I always agree. But then I am not talking of what would be best, or what will be best, but of what is best at this present time.'

'Lucy Vivian is one of the great host of incapables,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I see nothing to be done but to set up an institution for

them. None would be better supported, if it were only to save oneself the trouble of thinking about them.'

'There again I should agree,' was my answer. 'But the point I wish to disprove is that Lucy is an incapable, and for this reason I want to help her in her studies.'

'I thought,' observed the Rector, 'that you had settled all educational difficulties regarding Lucy and every one else by your new nostrum of High Schools and Cambridge Examiners.'

'I can't talk to you,' I said, laughing. 'You will come down upon me as you did yesterday. Mrs. Malcolm will listen and understand.'

'I am not sure that I do understand,' observed Mrs. Malcolm. 'It seems to me that you, like the rest of the thinking world, have gone mad over the concoction of educational Holloway's pills. Every deficiency of every kind is to be cured by taking them; if you are not cured, you have not taken enough.'

'But,' I said, 'it is precisely because I have no belief in such universal pills that I want in this present case to concoct some of my own for the special benefit of special persons. I have, as you know, given up the idea of persuading Lucy to go in for the Local Examination. She has not sufficient time before her, and she will fail; and my main object in coming to you this morning was to consult you as to the ingredients of these special pills, or—to get rid of metaphors, which are always bewildering when one tries to be practical—I want to show you the programme I have drawn out for Lucy's studies.'

'Then you don't want me, I am sure,' said the Rector, 'for I should begin with *Theophilus Anglicanus* and end with Butler's *Analogy*.'

'And end by putting poor Lucy into a lunatic asylum, you mean,' was my reply. 'But good-bye; I really don't want you, for you would infallibly draw me into an argument again.'

The Rector departed, and Mrs. Malcolm laid aside her cynicism and her objections, and entered most sensibly and kindly into details.

She is right in one thing—it is well to limit our first efforts to that which she and I, and the National Schoolmaster and Charlotte Stanfield can manage. And we must be content if we have to begin with only Lucy as a pupil. Any more ambitious ideas must wait till we can see our way to their development. In fact Mrs. Malcolm, I suspect, trusts that there will be no development; she dreads what may come upon herself in such a case.

I say little or nothing therefore as to my dreams of the future. All work of real value must, I feel sure, grow slowly, and from unnoticed, unostentatious germs. I have no more faith than Mrs. Malcolm in the Minerva schemes which come out of Jupiter's head and have never been babies. So we have only now to think of Lucy. For arithmetic and grammar we mean to depend upon the National Schoolmaster, and on Charlotte Stanfield, whilst she is at home, and we

must of course pay them for their lessons. Mrs. Malcolm will undertake geography and French grammar, and I am to have history, spelling, and composition. These three subjects go together naturally, for my idea is to make Lucy write a short account of what she reads, and in this way she will strengthen her memory of the facts and practise herself in correct spelling and in expressing herself grammatically and clearly. Mrs. Malcolm, too, will make her take notes when she has her lesson in geography; and Miss Stewart, who writes remarkably well, will, I am sure, do her best to improve her wretched handwriting. Music she must practise by herself. She can play fairly. I would fain give her some knowledge of harmony, but I am afraid there will be no time for it. It is rather absurd to plan in this way, as if everything was settled, when one has still to gain Lucy's consent, and arrange about hours and provide for home duties; but it is necessary to draw out some kind of sketch, for until one can see clearly what one's object is, it is impossible to make any satisfactory effort for its accomplishment.

4 P.M.—I have seen Lucy, and gained a hesitating consent; not that she was ungrateful, but she saw difficulties, and does not delight in study, and would fain, if she could, escape it altogether. Then her Aunt Mary (Miss Stewart) has been urging upon her too strongly the duty of leaving home and doing something for herself; and poor Lucy feels, I am sure, that all the world is in a conspiracy to send her away from her mother whom she dotes upon, and this for nothing but what she will still persist in calling a paltry twenty pounds a year. Arithmetic is not Lucy's strong point. She can recognise the value of a guinea gained, but not of a guinea saved.

The chief difficulty, as I anticipated, was time. 'She was so much occupied. Her mother wanted her at every moment, and she should only disappoint Mrs. Malcolm and myself by failing to do as much as we expected.' When I came to inquire into details I found there was a good deal of truth in this excuse; but then it is one which, if listened to, would prevent half the young girls in England from attempting study after they are out of the schoolroom. The amusements of the affluent classes and the necessities of those who are not affluent are a perpetual stumbling-block in the way of mental cultivation. Some persons hope that by degrees a class of 'sweet girl graduates' may be formed by the aid of colleges and lectures. Time will prove whether their hope has or has not a solid foundation. I do not myself believe that such institutions will directly affect more than a very small minority of English girls. The claims of home are too imperative. When parents have consented to be separated from their daughters for their good, up to the age of eighteen, and have paid a considerable sum for their education, they will not, I suspect, be inclined to spend a good deal more to keep them still longer away. Sons must go into the world, but daughters are the charm of a home;

and even when marriage offers itself it is very often to the parents personal sorrow, because of the necessity of parting with their girls at the very moment when they are just beginning to repay them for their anxiety.

At any rate I must leave all these future developments. There may come a time when English girls will look forward to college life just as their brothers do now, but I shall not live to see it, and my work is with my generation, its present needs, its present circumstances; and therefore I desire to face the fact that study at home, after girls have left the schoolroom, is a great difficulty for them, and often incompatible with the real though small duties of their home life.

I said this to Lucy. I told her that I did not for a moment expect her to spend any continuous portion of time upon mental work. We came at last to the conclusion that she could on an average devote three hours a day to her lessons—an hour before breakfast for preparation; an hour before dinner with Mrs. Malcolm or myself; and an hour in the evening with either Mr. Johnson, the National Schoolmaster, or Charlotte Stanfield. Music, which it is essential to keep up, she must find time for at odd hours; she plays fairly well and likes it, and will teach it carefully.

The preparation for the lessons is the chief difficulty—Lucy is so little accustomed to work by herself. She is sadly deficient in mental energy. Were it not for her moral qualities I should almost despair; but anything which she can look upon as a religious duty she puts her heart into; so I preached her a little sermon, which she listened to very humbly; and then she gave me a hearty kiss and earnest thanks, and promised to do her very best, and so we parted.

I went from Lucy to Mrs. Malcolm. She looked a little blank on finding that she was absolutely pledged to give up an hour three times a week.

‘Well, yes, of course I will try. I hope I shall be able to manage it,’ she said; ‘but Lucy must understand there may come engagements.’

I could not resist a smile as I thought of her prophecy about volunteers. ‘Of course,’ I replied, ‘we all understand that. I, myself, may have a bad headache, and not be able to attend to Lucy; but the rule is everything: we shall soon learn how to manage the exception.’

‘You are very determined—very pertinacious—I don’t mean in a bad sense,’ said Mrs. Malcolm.

‘This nineteenth century world is so crowded, so confused and hurried,’ I replied, ‘that without a determined will, which enables one to push through it and carry one’s point—there is nothing left but to stand aside and do nothing.’

‘Perhaps you are right,’ was the answer, ‘and I could exert myself heartily for a great object. But poor dear little feeble Lucy!—I am

not at all sure we should not do better by subscribing to buy her an annuity of 20*l.* a year, than by trying to teach her to work for it.'

'Only we can't buy the annuity—we have not the means—and we can teach. I put the question on the very lowest grounds. What is in our power?—that seems to me the only point to be considered.'

'And you have so much sympathy to expend upon these rather dull incapable girls,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'I try to have; but they provoke me.'

'Yes,' I exclaimed, earnestly. 'I have the most intense sympathy for them; and I will tell you why. I see them on the point of being not only jostled, but thrown down and crushed in the struggle of life—by those on whom God has bestowed talent and energy, and I am impelled to hold out my hand to support them. The world is going mad upon the subject of education so-termed. It raves about intellectual attainments for women; it raises its voice for competition, and holds out glittering prizes for success. I am not called upon, therefore, to stimulate and help the clever girls—the Charlotte Stanfields of the earth. They will find quite a sufficient number, both of men and women, willing for the moment to advance their claims and do them honour. My interest lies in a different direction. From the time when as a little girl—supposed to pay no attention to the conversation passing around me—I heard the worship of intellect condemned by the persons I most respected, and mere intellectual attainments estimated at what I have since found by experience to be their true value, I have always felt the deep truth conveyed in those lines of Charles Kingsley's—

'Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
So shalt thou make Life, Death, and that vast For-Ever
One grand sweet song.'

'Old-fashioned!—goody!—humdrum!' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, laughing. 'You are very brave to publish such opinions in plain prose in these days. Poetry, you know is quite another thing. One is not called upon to believe it, still less to translate it into practice.'

'You would do me injustice, though,' I said, 'if you fancied for a moment that because I think so much of the moral part of education, I would decry the intellectual. My earnest desire for Lucy Vivian is that she should cultivate to the utmost all the powers she possesses. Her great disadvantage is the foolish education she has hitherto had. But for that, her moral qualities—her conscientiousness and reverence and affection,—added to her refinement of tone and manner, would make her equal to many girls really far cleverer than herself, but inferior to her in principle and good tone. I say this from experience, from having watched the career of girls of different intellectual capacities, and marked how and why they have succeeded in life. If I had the choice at this moment of the gifts which I would desire for a girl I loved—looking only to her career in this world—I would say give me first

strict religious conscientiousness, directed by common sense, and with this let me have average abilities, cultivated by careful, exact teaching. There are valuable situations open to girls who cannot intellectually hope for the highest, but who possess the true refinement and religious principles which no certificate of the Oxford and Cambridge Examiners can guarantee.'

'All very true—but you will never make Lucy Vivian worth more than five-and-twenty pounds at the beginning, and possibly forty at the end.'

'Perhaps so; but a mere crust is better than no bread, and if we can once fit Lucy for a situation, I shall do my utmost towards persuading her at once to begin to save, if it be only a few shillings.'

'You won't do that,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'All her little earnings will go towards procuring luxuries for her mother.'

'Not if I have anything to do with placing her in a situation,' I replied. 'My first care will be to make her promise that she will leave a certain portion of her salary, however small, in my hands, to be put into the Savings-Bank. The way in which too many governesses are allowed to labour for others and then starve themselves is absolutely cruel. It would be one advantage of my idea of forming a kind of society for helping those so-called incapable girls, that we should be able, to a certain extent, to control their expenditure.'

'Lucy won't be contented with that,' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Her dream is to be at liberty to get for her mother everything that Mrs. Vivian may fancy.'

'A very laudable and lovable dream,' I said; 'but, my dear Mrs. Malcolm, you and I have lived long enough in the world to see that no persons need protection against their own virtues more than tender-hearted girls and women of every class. If Mrs. Vivian were in want of the ordinary comforts of life it would be another matter, but she is not, and an appeal to Lucy's good sense would, I am sure, convince her that she is helping her mother far more by having a little reserve fund in the Savings-Bank, than by spending her surplus shillings in small luxuries, which, however pleasant at the time, are forgotten as soon as enjoyed.'

'And supposing, as you suggested, any other girls were to share in Lucy's lessons, would you make the same stipulation with them?'

'Unquestionably. I should only be doing what I believe Government does, when it takes a certain sum from the salaries of officers and civilians in India to provide a pension for their wives. It seems hard at the moment, but it is merciful in the end. If there could be—as I feel there could not—some demand of this kind made upon every governess in England, we should hear comparatively nothing of the distress which is brought before the charitable societies, and which it breaks one's heart to think of. People say, "Why do not governesses lay by money?" The answer is plain. Because in nine cases out of ten they expend their small savings upon their relations.'

‘You will never make them consent to do anything else,’ said Mrs. Malcolm.

‘All the more reason then that they should be protected by a stern necessity,’ was my reply. ‘I am speaking from experience of the same kind in the case of servants. Very lately I have had occasion to urge upon two of my servants the duty of belonging to a Provident Society which, whilst it keeps their savings untouched, will secure them a small annuity at the end of life; and I have been struck by the confession made in each case, that the necessity of paying a fixed sum out of their wages would be a protection against the pressure put upon them by their family circumstances. Brothers and married sisters, who ought to come forward to help them in supporting their parents, have drawn back upon the plea that they had families to look after, and the single woman has had to bear the whole burden; no one remembering that if she does not herself make a provision against sickness and old age, no one else will do it for her.’

‘You may try your plan, but you will be thought a cruel, hard-hearted creature—an enemy rather than a true friend,’ said Mrs. Malcolm; ‘at least by Lucy.’

‘No, indeed; I give Lucy credit for more sense than you do. She will at first be disappointed, and pained, and a little angry, but she will yield; and when she has brought her wishes within the limits of her crippled salary, she will see and own the wisdom of my stipulation.’

‘Only,’ persisted Mrs. Malcolm, ‘there seems no great necessity for such stern dealing in her case. Mrs. Neville and Miss Stewart are not in the least likely to take advantage of Lucy’s little savings.’

‘But she will squander them herself, though not upon herself. Her case is, I own, exceptional. Miss Stewart is a kind-hearted woman, who will do her duty thoroughly by her sister. But just suppose she were not. How easy it would be for her to neglect Mrs. Vivian, and leave Lucy to take care of her mother’s little comforts out of her salary. This is a kind of thing which is done continually. As it happens, Lucy will only have to guard against her own habits of good-natured extravagance. But the point I am aiming at,’ I added, ‘lies far beyond Lucy Vivian’s needs. You will laugh at me, but I do not in the least give up my hope of some day seeing a society formed which shall not only guarantee the governesses who belong to it as being persons of refined manners and high principles, and capable of teaching well what they profess to teach—whether that be little or much—but which shall also in a certain sense protect them by putting them in the way of making provision for seasons of sickness and old age. I cannot set such a thing on foot myself—I have already too much on my hands—but I mean to talk about it to various persons, and perhaps Lucy’s lessons may in some indirect way be the germ out of which it is to grow.’

(To be continued.)

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

“The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine Hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.”

LIFE of my life, Lord Jesus Christ,
Beneath Thy Royal Feet
I lay my heart, Thy Love alone
Can make the bitter sweet ;
Thy Love that makes the darkness light,
That makes the water wine,
Can feed, invigorate, enlarge,
This straitened heart of mine.

Thou fillest all the things that live
From Thine exhaustless store ;
That Bread alone can satisfy
Which makes us hunger more ;
Each bounty is a prophecy ;
To-day's dear gift bestows
A pledge that Thou wilt meet the need
To-morrow shall disclose.

The sacramental manna falls
With each returning morn,
When from the womb of sleep Thy Hand
Uplifts the soul reborn ;
And new discoveries reward
The seeker's blissful pain,
So let me seek, and seeking find,
And finding seek again.

All that I need, who am so poor—
All that my life demands—
Thou hast ; I lift my waiting eyes
To Thy dispensing Hands ;
My lips still hunger for Thy kiss,
Touched by Thy coal of fire,
A satisfaction ever new
Crowns every new desire.

Lord Christ ! at length my spirit wakes,
 A child to Thee I come,
 Thy sacramental presence makes
 The happiness of home ;
 In Thy dear Eucharist revealed
 All-human, all-divine,
 To Thine embracing love I yield
 This beating heart of mine.

A. G.

NERVI, *February*, 1878.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXLIX.

THE GUISARD PERSECUTION.

1559—1561.

THE peace of Cateau Cambresis left the King of France free to deal with the reformed, who seem about this time to have acquired the nickname of Huguenots, inexplicable, as are most party names, but most plausibly derived from the German *Eidgenossen*, or oath comrades.

They had made great advances both in numbers and in regulations during the war, and various causes brought them notable adherents. The Court of Henri II. was divided between the two factions of Guise and Bourbon, the old Constable of Montmorency standing between both, secure of the King's personal attachment.

There were six brothers of the house of Guise, sons of Claude de Lorraine, second son of that René de Vaudémont, who had won the Dukedom of Lorraine at the sword's point, from Charles the Bold of Burgundy. They had become entirely French, but they could trace back a lineal male descent from Charles the Great, and in his right claimed to be princes. The head of the family, François, Duke of Guise, was one of the noblest cavaliers of his time, brave as a lion, a fairly skilful captain, gentle-tempered, honourable, and humane, and fascinating every one by his gracious deportment ; but he was too apt to be led by his next brother, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, a much cleverer and better read man, of correct life, but stained by ambition, avarice, and falsehood, and terribly vindictive. All the brothers were men of great beauty of form and feature, and the Cardinal, then about thirty-six years old, was the ruler of the whole family, while the Duke, for his recovery of Calais, was viewed as the popular hero of France. He maintained a great following, all distinguished by the white cross of Lorraine. He was a devout man after his fashion. His mother, Anne of Este, in strong reaction from her mother, Renée of Valois, the

patroness of Calvin, had brought up all her sons in the utmost aversion to the Reformation, and they considered themselves as the champions of the Catholic faith.

This would have been almost enough to set the Bourbon family in opposition. The title of Duke of Bourbon had died with Pierre, husband of Anne of France ; but two branches of the house of Bourbon survived, those of Vendôme and Montpensier, alike with a direct male descent from Robert of Clermont, son of St. Louis, and thus standing next in succession to the Valois family now reigning.

Of the branch of Vendôme, there were three sons—Antoine, the Duke, who, as husband of Jeanne d'Albrêt, was called King of Navarre ; Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon ; and Louis, Prince of Condé. The two elder were insignificant men. Antoine was vain, good-natured, weak, and self-indulgent, without much faith in anything ; and Charles never put himself forward at all ; but Louis was a man of considerable fire, energy, and ambition, not less dissipated than his brother, but with more power of throwing himself into a cause, and more self-respect. He was small, with regular features, dark complexion, and dark, quick eyes ; while the Guise family were very tall and fair. His course seems to have been determined in some degree by jealousy of the Guises, and likewise by disgust at the savage persecution of the Huguenots, which inclined him in their favour. His sister-in-law, Jeanne d'Albrêt, had become a fervent Calvinist as soon as she had outgrown her youthful levities ; and his companion in arms, Gaspard de Chatillon, Admiral de Coligny, one by sincere conviction.

The Chatillons were another trio of brothers—Gaspard, the Admiral ; Adet, a Cardinal ; and François, Sieur d'Andelot. They were men of blameless life, closely united in affection, the two laymen, distinguished soldiers, and all favoured at Court because their mother was sister to the Constable de Montmorency. Their niece was the wife of Condé, and even if there had been no religious differences, the whole connection would have been opposed to the Lorraine princes.

While the King was absent from Paris after the wedding of his son, the Huguenot ministers, who had often been reproached by Calvin (himself a runaway) with cowardice and lukewarmness, held a procession of 4,000 Calvinists through the Faubourg St. Germain, protected by armed gentlemen, while they sung the Psalms of Clement Marot. The Bourbon princes were among them, but Coligny was in his Flemish prison, and d'Andelot had abstained from the imprudence, though on going into his estate in Brittany he had taken with him a Calvinist minister, who had publicly preached to his vassals.

Henri was fond of D'Andelot, and sent for him to Court, telling his brother, Cardinal de Chatillon, and his cousin, young Montmorency, to prepare him for the interview. by telling him that the merest disavowal of heresy would be taken as sufficient, after which he was invited to

supper. He was too honest to conceal his opinions, and what he said of the Mass so irritated the King, as to make him throw a dish at the bold speaker's head, but missing its aim it knocked the Dauphin down.

Henri then deprived D'Andelot of the chief colonelcy of the infantry, and committed him to the custody of the Bishop of Meaux, and afterwards to the castle of Melun. He studied controversy during his imprisonment, but though he confirmed himself in his anti-Roman opinions, he was induced to feign compliance by his brother the Admiral, who thought outward conformity allowable. He consented to be present at Mass, and was liberated.

The King had in his zeal requested the Pope to grant him a bull, establishing the Spanish Inquisition in France, and this was readily granted, the commission to establish it being sent to the Cardinals of Lorraine, Bourbon, and Chatillon; but the Parliament of Paris refused to register it. The parliament, established by St. Louis, was chiefly a court of justice, consisting of lawyers and peers of the original kingdom of France. It had no power to originate laws, but no edict was valued till it had there been registered; and the parliament was resolved to stand out against the Spanish Inquisition. The French was bad enough, but not so utterly arbitrary, and the parliament itself was the ultimate judge and gave sentence. Now, there were two courts of justice within it, one called the Grand Chamber, which was exceedingly severe; the other, called "La Tournelle," which was much more merciful, and banished where the other burnt.

On Wednesday, the 14th of June, 1559, Henry II. came down to the parliament, attended by both sets of rival princes, and commanded that the discussions should be continued before him. Every Wednesday it was the custom that the two courts should compare their adjudication, and accordingly the King came in—as he intended—on a discussion regarding the discrepancy on the manner of treating heresy. He expected to overawe the Counsellors of the Tournelle, but his presence made them resolve to speak out the more plainly.

'It is needful to understand who are those who trouble the Church!' said one, named Dufaur, 'lest it should be as when Elias said to Ahab, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"'

And another, named Du Bourg—

'Crimes worthy of death daily go unpunished—such as murder, adultery, and blasphemy—while new punishments are daily invented for men who could be reproached with no crime at all.'

Henry thought by Ahab, Dufaur meant himself, and that Du Bourg was aiming at his relations with Diane de Poitiers. He sent for the roll of counsellors, verified the names, and ordered the captain of his Scots Guards to arrest them both as a dishonour to the parliament. He went home to dinner and ordered the arrest of six more counsellors, of whom three escaped.

Even for a king of France, this was an amazing stretch of prerogative, and everyone was startled. On the nineteenth they were brought to trial before the Bishop of Paris, the Inquisitor, and four other commissioners named by the King.

Du Bourg appealed to his right, as a councillor, to be tried only by the whole Parliament, but this was unheeded, and he was questioned on his faith. He made replies which led to his being immediately pronounced a heretic. Like many lawyers, he was in Holy Orders, and the Bishop of Paris degraded him on the spot, and handed him over to the secular arm; but he appealed to the Archbishop of Sens, and thus caused some delay.

All around the Bastille, whither he and his five friends were conveyed, was festivity. Emmanuel Philibert, the gallant young Duke of Savoy, had come for his wedding with the King's sister Marguerite. A grand tournament took place the next day, after the trial, in lists at the end of the Rue St. Antoine, just below the Bastille. Henry II., the two Queens, and the whole Court were there for three days, and the King rode in several encounters. The sports were almost concluded when he declared that he would break another lance, challenging Des Lorges, the eldest son of that Count of Montgomery] who, when himself called by that second title, had nearly killed François I. with a snowball, and had been the hero of the glove among the lions.

In the first encounter both riders broke their lances, and Montgomery ought to have thrown aside the shattered truncheon, but he was not quick enough; the tough wood encountered his opponent's helmet, and slipped along it, till a splinter entered Henry's eye, and instantly he fell forward on his horse's neck.

The Huguenot historians say that as he was lifted up, with his face turned towards the Bastille, he was heard to mutter, 'They were innocent; I am justly punished.' But this is probably a mere report, for he appears never to have spoken again during the eleven days that he lingered insensible. His sister was married in the private chapel of the palace just before his death, which took place on the 10th of July, when he was a few months over forty. He was a man with very little character of his own, but who was wrecked by the bad times on which he fell, and the evil surroundings which perverted his always loving and constant heart. He had left seven children—François, then nearly sixteen, Charles, nine years old, Henri, and Hercule, were the sons; the daughters were Claude, just married to the Duke of Lorraine; Elizabeth, contracted to the King of Spain; and Marguerite. The whole family left the palace immediately, and Queen Catherine at once made her daughter-in-law, Mary Stewart, take the precedence, saying, 'Get in, madam; it is yours now to walk before me.' She shut herself up in a chamber hung with black, and only lighted by two tapers on an altar also black, while a black veil enwrapped her whole head and face so closely, that her voice could hardly be heard out of it.

However, this was conventionality. She had not much reason to regret Henry, who had never loved or respected her ; and though it was not in his nature to be unkind or discourteous, had left her to herself, heeding none but his own favourites. Kings of France ceased to be minors at fourteen, so she could not be regent ; but she hoped to rule through her boy son, and to satisfy his young wife, only a few months older, by giving her all empty distinctions of rank. Indeed, it was to the Guise party that she inclined, having hitherto made common cause with them ; and when the deputies of the parliament came to ask the young King with whom they were to confer, he answered, ' With the consent of the Queen, my mother, I have chosen my uncles, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, to direct the State. The one will take care of matters of war, the other of finances and justice.'

Meanwhile, Henry lay in state, under a tapestry canopy embroidered with the conversion of S. Paul, and the words conspicuously wrought, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me.' His old friend the Constable was struck by the possible application of these words, and caused the hangings to be altered, as the last service he could do a king who had loved him with real faithfulness.

The Constable went to visit the Queen-mother, who, through her black veil, made him understand that his power was over, so that he thought it wise to ask permission to retire to his Castle of Chantilly. As to Diane of Poitiers, she received a message, as from the King, that for her evil influence over his father he meditated severe chastisement ; but that in his royal clemency, she should only have to give up the jewels the King had given her ; but Diane still felt it prudent further to bribe Catherine with the most pleasant of her estates.

The coronation took place in September at Rheims. This was the Archbishopric of the Cardinal of Lorraine, who thus had to officiate at the crowning of the boy through whom he was for a few brief months the chief power in France. A splendid reception had been prepared at Rheims. At the gate there was a stage, bearing a huge figure of the Sun in gold, which opened as the King advanced, disclosing a scarlet heart, which again parted asunder to let out a little girl of nine years old, with fair ringlets hanging down to her waist, who presented the keys of Rheims to the King, with some appropriate verses. Queen Mary, who followed in a litter, received presents from the same little daughter of the Sun, but she was not to be crowned with her husband, since a Queen-consort of France had to vow to do nothing without her husband's consent, and this would have by no means suited the proud realm of Scotland. In compensation, perhaps, no other lady was allowed to appear at the coronation in anything but plain black, either silk or velvet ; so that she alone wore jewels, while, with her three sisters-in-law, she watched the coronation from a gallery in the cathedral, and the banquet from another in the hall.

Queen Catherine's recent widowhood forbade her presence, and she

had moreover discovered that the Guises would leave her no influence at all over her son, so that it would be wise—according to her Italian policy—to try to balance them by the Bourbons and the Huguenots. So she had actually appointed the coronation-day as one when she could hold a secret conference with a Calvinist minister, but she was interrupted, perhaps purposely, and it came to nothing.

Du Bourg's sentence had been confirmed by the Archbishop of Sens, and he could only further make an appeal to the assembled Parliament. This was, however, refused him, but he was to plead by counsel before the Grand Chamber alone, and on his challenge of the Cardinal of Lorraine as his greatest enemy, and therefore no fit judge, the Cardinal withdrew.

His advocate, Louis de Merillac, drew up for him a confession of faith blinking the points of difference, and then made him promise to remain silent during the defence. He kept his promise, though he heard his advocate confess that he had been led astray by impostors, and entreat the mercy of the tribunal; but it was only his promise that restrained his tongue, and he immediately wrote letters disavowing all that had been put into his mouth.

Interest was made for him, especially with the 'Queen-mother. She was told that there were a strong body of men who would no longer endure such tyranny, but to this she answered with spirit—'Do they threaten me? Do they think to make me afraid? Patience! Things have not gone so far.' Still she professed a desire to converse and be instructed by their divines, and she requested the admiral to bring her a young poet, Antoine de Chandieu, a gentleman of good family; but the admiral suspecting that if she could not talk him over she would sacrifice him, sent him out of Paris. Here is a fragment of his poetry :—

'The glories of this world decay
Swiftly as winds that pass away,
As swiftly as the flower we see
Fade from its former brilliancy,
Swiftly as doth the billow fly
Before the one that follows nigh.
What is this world and all its power—
A wind, a billow, or a flower?'

Huguenots mustered so thickly in the Faubourg St. Germain that it was called 'Little Geneva,' and there were horrid reports, which they denied, and declared to be the invention of runaway apprentices, as to blasphemous caricatures of Church services. These excited people's minds all the more, and Du Bourg was thrown into one of the iron cages of the Bastille and fed on bread and water.

He had, however, not yet been sentenced when one of the presidents of Parliament, Minart, his special enemy, was shot dead in the street. The murderer was probably Robert Stewart, a hot Calvinist, who was accused about the same time of having formed a conspiracy for breaking

into the Bastille and releasing Du Bourg and the other prisoners. He threw himself on the protection of the young Queen, with whom he claimed a kindred which she would not acknowledge. He was put to the torture, confessed nothing, and at last made his escape while being transferred from one prison to another.

This crime left no hope for Du Bourg. His friends conformed, apologised, and paid fines, but he was led into court to receive sentence of death, his judges, so lately his colleagues, granting him the favour of being strangled before he was burnt. He showed no token of quailing, and uttered his forgiveness of the judges, who he said had acted according to their consciences in condemning him. Then turning to the Parliament he said—

‘Quench the fires ye have kindled, and turn unto God with a penitent heart and mind, that your sins may be blotted out. Let the wicked man turn from his wickedness and the Lord will have mercy. For you, my brother councillors, farewell, and prosper, and think without ceasing in God, and of God. For myself, I go cheerfully to death.’

He died with perfect calmness and resolution. ‘Father, forsake me not, nor will I forsake Thee,’ were his last words. There had been so much fear of a rescue that faggots had been placed as if for an execution at all the open spaces in the city to keep the populace from collecting at the Place de Grève, where he actually suffered death in the December of 1559.

At the same time the persecution waxed hotter. The savage temper of Paris was awakened, and the mob collected round the street shrines of the Blessed Virgin to pounce upon any person who did not salute them, or would not drop a coin into their box for contributions to buy tapers. Either the victim was dragged before the magistrates as a heretic or was horribly tormented by the populace, even if he were ever so good a Catholic. The cry of ‘*Luthérien*,’ ‘*Sacrementaire*,’ or ‘*Christaudin*’ was like that of ‘Armagnac’ a century before, or of ‘Aristocrat’ two centuries later, a signal that the wretch was to be hounded down to destruction.

The meeting-houses of the Calvinists were broken into by the archers of the guard, and often were found to contain not only the artizan or the bourgeois, but people of rank and influence. They were thrown into prison, their houses were sequestered, and their children wandered begging and starving in their streets, actually perishing, because to feed a heretic’s child was supposed to show dangerous sympathy with false doctrine.

The dominion of the Guise family was hateful to many, not only on account of the persecution, but because its princes were regarded as foreigners, and they took no trouble to conciliate the nobility. An edict in the King’s name recalled all the grants made in his father’s lifetime. Even the just debts of Henry II. were repudiated, and as

complainants and petitioners thronged the court, the Cardinal of Lorraine had a tall gibbet set up at Fontainebleau, and proclaimed that whosoever had come to beset the King with requests, complaints, claims, or accounts, should be hung on it if he did not depart within twenty-four hours. Indeed the Cardinal was so wrapped up in his almost absolute dominion in France that he would not go to Rome for the chance of being elected to the Papacy, but only sent his younger brother, the Cardinal de Guise.

The state of things was becoming intolerable, and by Christmas the Bourbons, Montmorencys, Chatillons, and even the Queen-mother had resolved to resist the tyranny. A representation was laid before the Parliament that the King was not old enough to rule, that it was absurd to let him choose his own regents, and that the House of Lorraine were specially dangerous, since they professed to have rights to Anjou and Provence, and even to be of the blood of Charlemagne. Le Tellier, the secretary of the parliament, could, however, only reply that Kings of France attained their majority at thirteen years old and one day, and that François II. thus was free to do as he chose.

Then the malcontents loudly called for the convocation of the States-General, the real representative assembly of the kingdom, which had not met since the time of Charles VIII. But the Guises told the King that whoever mentioned the States-General was his enemy, and that it only meant that the people were to give the law to their sovereign.

The King of Navarre was disposed of for the present by a commission to take the young Madame Elizabeth to Philip II., who had decided on marrying her himself instead of giving her to his son; and Catherine, who, though she hated the Guises, wished to stand well with them, and did all they told her, was made to write a letter to Philip complaining of the Bourbon princes, who wanted to reduce her to the condition of a chamber-maid, and Philip replied by denouncing all interference with the King's authority, and promised his aid in repressing it. This letter was shown to Antoine, and as Béarn lay so near Spain, it for some months made him quite obsequious to the Guises, lest he should lose that last principality.

He was, however, dragged on by stronger spirits. The wiser men asked counsel of lawyers and theologians both in France and Germany whether it were lawful in conscience and without the guilt of treason to seize the persons of the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine and force them to give an account of their administration. The lawyers made answer that it would be lawful, provided it were done with the consent of the princes of the blood royal, and of magistrates born in the kingdom, or with the consent of the States-General, or of the majority of the orders that composed them.

On this there was a meeting at Vendôme (the home of the Bourbons) of all the chief Huguenots and many Catholics, including d'Ardres,

the Constable's confidential secretary. Condé was for taking up arms and directly attacking the Guises, but Coligny and d'Ardres declared that the time was not ripe for his appearing openly against the King's chosen advisers. He was to be the real head, 'le Capitaine Muet,' of the enterprise, but the actual outbreak was to be made under one Godefroy de Barri, Sieur de La Renaudie, a man who had served in the army under Guise at Metz, and had been kindly treated by him while prosecuted for forgery by the parliament. He had been convicted and had fled to Geneva, where he had become such an ardent Calvinist as to be quite ready to turn against his former patron. No one seems to have been startled by the foulness of the treachery either of the acting or the sleeping partner, and La Renaudie repaired to the provinces to arrange his plot.

The King was, however, in weak health. He had rapidly become so tall that it was said that he could be almost seen to grow, and his strength failed so fast that his physicians became uneasy, and sent him and his young wife, now mourning for her mother, to the palace castle of Blois. His coming produced terrible dismay, for a report preceded him that his disease was leprosy, and that his physicians had ordered him to bathe daily in the blood of infants. There was a general flight of all the mothers and babes of Blois, and it really seems that people were sent about taking lists of the names and ages of the children around. Guise, very indignant, seized one of these persons, but was disarmed by hearing that he had been commissioned by the Cardinal, so that the whole alarm was probably caused by an attempt to ascertain whether any children had been kept back by Huguenot parents from Catholic baptism.

The panic was favourable to the Huguenot plans. A great many petitions were to be prepared from all parts of the kingdom, praying the King to stop the persecution, and this would give an excuse to a large number of gentlemen and citizens with their servants for coming into Blois. Meantime 500 horse and 1,000 infantry, all resolute and devoted Huguenots, were to assemble under the command of La Renaudie, surprise the castle, seize the persons of the Lorraine princes, and insist on the King following the counsels of the Bourbons; while all the other disaffected would rise in the provinces to support them.

La Renaudie having arranged all this, came to Paris in February to confer with the Prince of Condé, and fix the day of the attack. He lodged in the house of a Huguenot lawyer named Avenelles, to whom he was obliged to explain his plans, because the number of persons coming and going to his room excited suspicion. Avenelles appeared to accept the plan with delight, but soon his courage must have failed him, for he betrayed the whole to the Cardinal of Lorraine.

He, the only one of his family who was a coward, was terribly alarmed, and the young King took the conspiracy much to heart.

‘What have I done to displease my people?’ he cried; and then, turning to the Guise brothers, ‘I wish you would leave me to myself, then we should see whether it is at me, or at you, that the blow is aimed.’

The Cardinal, however, told him that the Huguenots aimed at overthrowing the Church and the throne, and turning France into a Republic. The Queen-mother had in the alarm seemed to side with the Guises, and the whole Court was carried off to Amboise, a much stronger place than Blois, where the royal guards were doubled and made more vigilant. This move was made under pretext of a hunting-party, for Guise himself wished that the conspiracy should actually break forth, that it might be crushed, while the Cardinal would have had concessions made to prevent the rising, while troops were collected to intimidate the disaffected.

After holding council together and agreeing that some one much greater than La Renaudie must be at the bottom of the plot, the two brothers and Catherine decided that she should invite the Admiral to court and try what she could worm out of him.

What he knew of the plot is uncertain, for if he were informed of it he betrayed nothing, but made a straightforward representation that peace could never be maintained while there was such severity. The Chancellor Olivier, a good and moderate man, supported him, and on the 2nd of March an edict came out suspending persecution and granting liberty of conscience to all the French until the decision of the General Council, which Pius IV. was again hoping to assemble, and an amnesty was granted to all those who might have taken up arms against the King, the Queens, or the Princes. The preachers were also excepted, and further qualifications were added secretly when the edict was registered.

Warnings were whispered about that the plot was discovered, but it was persevered in, and the petitioners began to arrive at Amboise on the 17th of March, Condé the foremost of them. He was at once informed of the plot against the King, whereupon he manifested great surprise, and offered his services; therefore Guise intrusted one of the gates to his care. Sixty gentlemen had promised La Renaudie to get into Amboise by night, and thirty into the castle, and they meant to surprise one of the gates, and admit La Renaudie and his troop; but they found that the guard, with whom they had hoped to tamper, had been changed, and the gate was walled up, while troops were scattered in the forest, who fell on the parties that were stealing through it, and instead of surprising, were themselves surprised. Many were killed, and those who were taken were hung from the battlements of Amboise, armed as they were, without form of trial.

Still there was a large body of insurgents under arms at Noizai; the King—too weak of body to have the personal courage of his race—was greatly terrified, and the Duke of Guise obtained from him the rank of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, much to the annoyance

of the Queen-mother, who thought this exaltation most perilous. So did the Chancellor Olivier, who at first refused to seal the appointment, but yielded on being persuaded of the gravity of the crisis. On the 18th of March, La Renaudie was met in the forest of Château Renaud by a kinsman of his own, and after a sharp combat was killed. Still, the remnant of his party expecting that success might have caused carelessness, made an assault upon Amboise on the 19th, but were repulsed with great loss, Condé and Coligny themselves fighting among the defenders.

La Renaudie's two servants were tortured, and gave up his papers; while the prisoners were taken and put to death, without trial or sentence, as being taken in arms against the King. The principal prisoners were executed in front of the castle windows, where the King and his three little brothers stood watching them. 'See, sire,' said the Cardinal, 'how impudent they are. Fear of death cannot abate their pride. What would they do if they had you?'

Condé and Coligny durst not absent themselves from the terrible spectacle, and no one seems to have dared to utter a word of pity except Anne of Esté, mother to the Duke of Guise, who burst into tears, saying to Queen Catherine, 'Ah, madame, what a storm of hatred is gathering over the head of my poor children!' And Chancellor Olivier, who was very ill at the time, said in a low voice as the Cardinal of Lorraine was leaving him, 'Ah, Cardinal, thou art making us all lose our souls.'

Jean d'Aubigné, a gentleman of Saintouge, was passing through the market-place of Amboise with his little son Agrippe, then eight years old, on his way to a fair, when he came to the heads upon the stakes, and standing before them, he said to the boy, 'My child, spare not thy head after mine to have those brave chiefs avenged. If thou sparest, thou shalt have my curse.'

Still there was no substantial charge proved against Condé. His papers were seized, and he was forbidden to go away, but he made so proud and defiant a declaration of his innocence that Guise was struck by it, and he was allowed to leave the Court.

The States-General were so much dreaded that there was an attempt to satisfy the people by convoking the Notables at Fontainebleau. These were the persons of most mark in the kingdom, but not popular representatives. There was a new Chancellor, Michel de L'Hôpital, who had been chosen by the influence of the Queen-mother on Olivier's death, and who proved himself a wise, loyal, and moderate man in difficult times. Both parties were represented, but the Constable brought 800 horse with him to keep order, and the Bourbon brothers did not appear. The Chatillons were there, however, and they obtained that their religion should not be persecuted until the General Council should have decided on the true faith, and that the States-General should be assembled.

The writs were then issued, but the Guises were in an anxious state, and arresting a gentleman who was carrying letters to Condé from the Constable, they opened the correspondence, and put him to the torture, thus learning that old Montmorency was promising to join the princes in the overthrow of the Guises, and that the Vidame of Charles, a ruined spendthrift, was exciting the Bourbon princes to begin a civil war. This last was at once thrown into the Bastille, and the King wrote urgent letters to the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, pressing them to come to Orleans, where he then was, and disprove the 'slanders of the wretched heretics who accused them of treason.'

They came, but to their surprise no officer came to meet them, and they passed through streets lined with guards and perfectly silent, till they reached the great gate of the castle, which was closed against them, so that they had to go round to a wicket like servants, and enter on foot through a double line of gentlemen who looked defiant and insolent.

Thus they reached the King's apartment, where they found him attended by the Guises and their suite, who neither saluted nor spoke. François, however, led them to his mother's room, where she received them with tears. Guise and his brother had not followed them thither, that the King might seem to speak more independently as he bitterly reproached the Prince of Condé with levying troops against him and encouraging sedition.

The Prince protested that he knew nothing of all this.

'Well,' said the King, 'in order to prove your innocence, you must be proceeded against in the ordinary course of justice;' and he commanded his captains to seize Condé, and lead him off to a place prepared for security.

The Queen-mother began to speak consolingly to the King of Navarre, and when he lamented and complained, she cast all the blame on the Duke of Guise. Antoine was lodged in the palace and closely watched.

The elections of the members of the States-General were so stormy as almost to amount to civil war, and there had been attempts to waylay those of the more exclusively Huguenot districts; but though this failed, the majority were Catholics, and the Council decided that a confession of faith drawn up by the Sorbonne should be presented to each member of the States-General, and to all the Knights of the Order of S. Michel, and whoever refused it was to be instantly degraded, and given over to the secular arm to suffer the death of a heretic.

Meantime the trial of Condé began. He maintained his right as a Prince of the Blood Royal and a Knight of S. Michel, to be judged only in a parliament where knights of his order should be present; nor would he answer any questions, saying that he appealed from a king ill

counselled to a king better counselled. The Duke of Guise said, 'It was not to be borne that a little gallant, prince though he were, should make such bravados;' for Condé was one of the smallest men at Court, and Guise was over six feet high. An officer who was sent to converse with the prisoner told him that it would not be impossible for him to come to terms with the Duke of Guise.

'My only terms with him are at the point of my sword,' said Condé, undaunted.

Quite treason enough had been proved against him to lead to his condemnation, if the Guise family were to be regarded as identical with the King, and his death was fully decided on. He was condemned on the 26th of November, and was to die on the 20th of December, the very day of the opening of the States-General.

It is said that there was a plan for likewise cutting off the King of Navarre. He was brought to the King's room, and François was instructed to pour such reproaches on him that he could not help defending himself, on which François was to cry out that he was insulted, and his attendants were to draw their swords and despatch the King of Navarre. Antoine himself expected never to return from the interview to which he was summoned, and said to Renty, one of his attendants, 'If I die there, carry my bloody shirt to my wife and son, and bid my wife send it to foreign princes that they may avenge me, since my son is not yet old enough.'

But François showed himself gracious and gentle, Antoine answered in a friendly manner, no dispute arose, no signal was given, and Guise muttered between his teeth 'What a coward!'

There is every reason to hope that it was not cowardice that made François hold back from sharing this murder. The boy was in fast-failing health, and voices were round him which could not but make an impression. The Princess of Condé and her mother, Madame de Roye, were pleading hard for her husband's life, and old Renée of Valois, Duchess of Ferrara, who was then in France, spoke to her grandson, the Duke of Guise, with tones of warning. 'You are opening a wound,' she said, 'which will long bleed. It never prospers with those who attack persons of the blood royal.'

The Cardinal of Lorraine actually forced the Princess of Condé away from kneeling at François' feet, and put forth an edict that no one was to approach the King with petitions in favour of those whom his council judged worthy of death. The poor boy was ill and miserable, with constant pain in his head, and the council decided on sending him away with his young queen to Chenonceaux, a hunting-lodge in the forest, till they had worked their will on Condé, and he should be wanted to open the States-General. His journey was hindered by a fainting-fit as he was going to mount his horse; but on the 3rd of December he was well enough to intend moving, all his furniture was sent off, and he and Mary attended vespers in the church of Ste. Croix in their

travelling dresses, but in the midst the pain in his head and ear became agonising ; he was carried back to his rooms and laid on a mattress, as all the beds were gone. An abscess in the ear, with acute inflammation in the brain, declared itself, and Ambroise Paré, the royal surgeon, though a staunch Huguenot, sent word to the prisoner that the King's hours were numbered.

François, surrounded by the Guises, did their bidding so far as to tell the King of Navarre that the prosecution of Condé had been his own doing, not that of the Guises ; he commended his wife to his mother, and then became speechless except for an inarticulate moaning. Thus he lingered, tenderly nursed by Maŕy, and with all the Court standing round him, till at last the Admiral de Coligny rose from his knees and said, 'Messieurs, the King is dead. This should teach us how to live.'

At that moment the Constable was entering the gates of Orleans, and going straight to his niece, the Princess of Condé, filled her with hope for her husband ; and at the same time a servant picking up something the prince had dropped, whispered in his ear 'Our man is devoured.'

François died on the 5th of December, 1560, in his seventeenth year, the least corrupt of all the brothers, since he came least under the influence of his mother, and he prevented the murder that depended on him.

The next brother, Charles IX., was only ten years old ; the regency naturally belonged to his mother, and she was only too glad to depress the House of Guise, so that her very first step was to release the Prince of Condé.

Queen Mary, who was far more regarded as niece of Guise than Queen of Scotland, was shut up for forty days in apartments hung with black, but in a perfectly white dress, nor did she see any person of the other sex but the little King.

She remained in France till the end of July, and then returned to her native kingdom, for whose stormy throne she had been ill prepared by the intriguing Court where she had grown up. Her memorable exclamation on the deck of her ship, 'Farewell, happy France, I shall never see thee more !' must have been due to the girlish enjoyments she had had ; for hearts were as sore and perplexed, violence and treachery as rife, in France as in Scotland ; but in France Mary had been the darling of all save her mother-in-law, and had no responsibility, whereas she was now going home to take the reins, in a country where an always ungovernable people had had their full swing for the year since her mother's death, and where all that was possible of her Church had been swept away.

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RACE.

'HARK!'

The guides and the one other traveller, a Mr. Graham, who had been at the inn, were gathered at the border of the Daubensee, entreating, almost ready to use force to get the poor mother home before the snow should efface the tracks, and render the return to Schwarenbach dangerous.

Ever since the alarm had been given there had been a going about with lights, a shouting and seeking, all along the road where she had parted with her sons. It was impossible in the fog to leave the beaten track, and the traveller told her that rewards would be but temptations to suicide.

Johnny had fortunately been so tired out that he had gone to bed soon after coming in, and had not been wakened by the alarm till eleven o'clock. Then, startled by the noises and lights, he had risen and made his way to his aunt. Substantial help he could not give—even his German was halting, but he was her stay and help, and she would—as she knew afterwards—have been infinitely more desolate without him. And now, when all were persuading her to wait, as they said, till more aid could be sent for to Kandersteg, he knew as well as she did that it was but a kindly ruse to cover their despair, and was striving to insist that another effort in daylight should be made.

He it was who uttered the 'Hark,' and added, 'That is Chico!'

At first the tired, despairing guides did not hear, but going along the road by the lake in the direction from which the sound came, the prolonged wail became more audible.

'It is on the Moraine,' the men said, with awe-struck looks at one another.

They would fain not even have taken John with them, but with a resolute look he uttered '*Ich komm.*'

Mr. Graham, an elderly man, not equal to a moraine in the snow, stayed with the mother. He wanted to take her back to prepare for them, as he said—in reality to lesson any horrors there might be to see.

But she stood like a statue, with clasped hands and white face, the small feathery snow climbing round her feet and on her shoulders.

'O God, spare my boys! Though I don't deserve it—spare them!' had been her one inarticulate prayer all night.

And now—shouts and jodels reach her ears. They are found! But how found? The cries are soon hushed. There is long waiting—then, through the snow, John flashes forward and takes her hand. He does not speak—only as their eyes meet, his pale lips tremble, and he says, 'Don't fear! They will revive in the inn. Jock is safe, they are sure.'

Safe? What? that stiff, white-faced form, carried between two men, with the arm hanging lifelessly down? One man held the smaller figure of Armine, and kept his face pressed inwards. Kind words of 'Liebe Frau,' and assurances that were meant to be cheering passed around her, but she heard them not. Some brandy had, it seemed, been poured into their mouths. They thought Jock had swallowed, Armine had not.

At intervals on the way back a little more was administered, and the experienced guides had no doubt that life was yet in him. When they reached the hotel the guides would not take them near the stove, but carried them up at once by the rough stair to the little wood-partitioned bedrooms. There were two beds in each room, and their mother would have had them both together, but the traveller, and the kindly, helpful young landlady, Fräulein Rosalie, quietly managed otherwise, and when Johnny tried to enforce his aunt's orders, Mr. Graham, by a sign, made him comprehend why they had arranged otherwise, filling him with blank dismay.

A doctor? The guides shook their heads. They could hardly make their way to Leukerbad while it was snowing as at present, and if they had done so, no doctor could come back with them. Moreover the restoratives were known to the mountaineers as well as to the doctors themselves, and these were vigorously applied. All the resources of the little way-side house were put in requisition. Mr. Graham and Johnny did their best for Jock, his mother seemed to see and think of nothing but Armine, who lay senseless and cold in spite of all their efforts.

It was soon that Jock began to moan and turn and struggle painfully back to life. When he opened his eyes with a dazed half-consciousness, and something like a word came from between his lips, Mr. Graham sent John to call the mother, saying very low, 'Get her away. She will bear it better when she sees this one coming round.'

John had deep and reverent memories connected with Armine. He knew—as few did know—how steadfastly that little gentle fellow could hold the right, and more than once the two had been almost alone against their world. Besides, he was Mother Carey's darling! Johnny felt as if his heart would break, as with trembling lips he tried to speak, as if in glad hope, as he told his aunt that Jock was speaking and wanted her, while he looked all the time at the still, white, inanimate face.

She looked at him half in distrust.

‘Yes! Indeed, indeed,’ he said, ‘Jock wants you.’

She went; Johnny took her place. The efforts at restoration were slackening. The attendants were shaking their heads and saying, ‘*der Arme.*’

Mr. Graham came up to him, saying in his ear, ‘She is engrossed with the other. He will not let her go. Let them do what is to be done for this poor little fellow. So it will be best for her.’

There was a frantic longing to do something for Armine, a wild wonder that the prayers of a whole night had not been more fully answered in John’s mind, as he threw himself once more over the senseless form, propped with pillows, and kissed either cheek and the lips. Then suddenly he uttered a low cry, ‘He breathed. I’m sure he did; I felt it! The spoon! O quick!’

Mr. Graham and the Fräulein looked pitifully at one another at the delusion; but they let the lad have the spoon with the drops of brandy. He had already gained experience in giving it, and when they looked for disappointment, his eyes were raised in joy.

‘It’s gone down,’ he said.

Mr. Graham put his hand on the pulse and nodded.

Another drop or two, and renewed rubbing of hands and feet. The icy cold, the deadly white, were certainly giving way, the lips began to quiver, contract, and gasp.

Was it for death or life? They would not call his mother for that terrible, doubtful minute; but she could not long stay away. When Jock’s fingers first relaxed on hers, she crept to the door of the other room, to see Armine upheld on Johnny’s breast, with heaving chest and working features, but with eyes opening: yes, and meeting hers.

Johnny always held that he never had so glad a moment in all his life as that when he saw her countenance light up.

The first word was ‘Jock?’

Armine’s full perceptions were come back, unlike those of Jock, who was moaning and wandering in his talk, fancying himself still in the desolation of the moraine, with Armine dead in his arms, and all the miseries, bodily, mental and spiritual, from which he had suffered were evidently still working in his brain, though the words that revealed them were weak and disjointed. Besides, he screamed and moaned with absolute and acute pain, which alarmed them much, though Armine was sufficiently himself to be able to assure them that there had been no hurt beyond the strain.

It was well that Armine was both rational and unselfish, for nothing seemed to soothe Jock for a moment but his mother’s hand and his mother’s voice. It was plain that fever and rheumatism had a hold upon him, and what or who was there to contend with them in this wayside inn? The rooms, though clean, were bare of all but the merest necessities, and though the young hostess was kind and anxious, her maids were the roughest and most ignorant of girls, and there

were no appliances for comfort—nothing even to drink but milk, bottled lemonade, and a tisane made of yellow flowers, horrible to the English taste.

And Jock, ill as he was, did not fill his mother with such dread for the future as did Armine, when she found him, quiet indeed, but unable to lie down, except when supported on John's breast and in his arms—with a fearful oppression and pain in his chest, and every token that the lungs were suffering. He had not let them call her. Jock's murmurs and cries were to be heard plainly through the wooden partition, and the little fellow knew she could not be spared, and only tried to prevent John and Mr. Graham from alarming her. 'She—can't—do—any—good,' he gasped out in John's ear.

No, nobody could, without medical skill and appliances. The utmost that the house could do was to produce enough mustard to make two plasters, and to fill bottles with hot water, to warm stones, and to wrap them in blankets. And what was this, in such cold as penetrated the wooden building, too high up in the mountains for the June sun as yet to have full power? The snow kept blinding and drifting on, and though everyone said it could not last long at that time in the summer, it might easily last too long for Armine's fragile life. Here was evening drawing on and no change outside, so that no offer of reward could make it possible for any messenger to attempt the Gemmi to fetch advice from Leukerbad.

Caroline could not think. She was in a dull, dreary state of consternation, and all she could dwell on was the immediate need of the moment, soothing Jock's terrors, and, what was almost worse, his irritable rejection of the beverages she could offer him, and trying to relieve him by rubbing and hot applications. If ever she could look into Armine's room, she was filled with still greater dismay, even though a sweet, patient smile always met her, and a resolute endeavour to make the best of it.

'It—does—not—make—much—difference,' gasped Armine. 'One would not like anything.'

John came out in a character no one could have expected. He showed himself a much better nurse, and far more full of resource than the traveller. It was he who bethought him of keeping a kettle in the room over the inevitable charcoal, so as slightly to mitigate the chill of the air, or the fumes of the charcoal, which were equally perilous and distressing to the labouring lungs. He was tender and handy in lifting, tall and strong, so as to be efficient in supporting, and then Armine and he understood one another. They had never been special companions; John had too much of the Ken-croft muscularity about him to accord with a delicate, imaginative being like Armine, but they respected one another, and made common cause, and John had more than once been his little cousin's protector. So when they were so much alone that all reserves were overcome,

Armine had comfort in his cousin that no one else in the place could have afforded him. The little boy perfectly knew how ill he was, and as he lay in John's arms, breathed out his messages to Babie as well as he could utter them.

'And please, you'll be always mother's other son,' said Armine.

'Won't I? She's been the making of me every way,' said John.

'If ever—she does want anybody—' said Armine, feeling, but not uttering, a vague sense of want of trust in others around her.

'I will, I will. Why, Armie, I shall never care for any one so much.'

'That's right.'

And again, after an interval, Armine spoke of Jock, saying, 'You'll help him, Johnny. You know sometimes he can be put in mind——'

John promised again, perhaps less hopefully, but he saw that Armine hoped.

'Would you mind reading me a Psalm,' came, after a great struggle for breath. 'It was so nice to know Babie was saying her Psalms at night, and thinking of us.'

So the evening wore away and night came on, and John, after full six-and-twenty hours wakeful exertion and anxiety, began to grow sleepy, and dozed even as he held his cousin whenever the cough did not shake the poor little fellow. At last, with Armine's consent, or rather entreaty, Mr. Graham, though knowing himself a bad substitute, took him from the arms of the outwearied lad, who, in five minutes more, was lying, dressed as he was, in the soundest of dreamless slumbers.

When he awoke, the sun was up, an almost midsummer sun, streaming on the fast-melting snow with a dazzling brilliancy. Armine was panting under the same deadly oppression on his pillows, and Mother Carey was standing by him, talking to Mr. Graham about despatching a messenger to Leukerbad in search of one of the doctors, sure to be found at the baths. How haggard her face looked, and Armine gasped out—

'Mother, your hair.'

The snow had been there; the crisp black waves on her brow were quite white. Jock had fallen into a sort of doze from exhaustion, but moaning all the time. She could call him no better, and Armine's sunken face told that he was worse.

John went in search of more hot water, and on the way heard voices which made him call Mr. Graham, who knew more of the vernacular German patois than himself, to understand it. He thought he had caught something about English, and a doctor at Kandersteg.

It was true. A guide belonging to the other side of the pass, who had been weather-bound at Kandersteg, had just come up with tidings that an English party were there, who had meant to cross the Gemmi but had given it up, finding it too early in the season for the *kränklicher* Milord who was accompanied by his doctor.

'An English doctor! Oh!' cried John, 'there's some good in that. Some one must take a note down to him at once.'

But after some guttural conversation of which he understood only a word or two, Mr. Graham said—

'They declare it is of no use. The carriage was ordered at nine. It is past seven now.'

'But it need not take two hours to go that distance downhill, the lazy blackguards!' exclaimed John.

'In the present state of the path, they say that it will,' said Mr. Graham. 'In fact, I suspect a little unwillingness to deprive their countryman of the job.'

'I'll go,' said John, 'then there will be no loss of time about writing. You'll look after Armine, sir, and tell my aunt.'

'Certainly, my boy; but you'll find it a stiffish pull.'

'I came in second for the mile race last summer at Eton,' said Johnny. 'I'm not in training now; but if a will can do it——'

'I believe you are right. If you don't catch him, we shall hardly have lost time, for they say we must wait an hour or two for the Gemmi road to get clear of snow. Stay; don't go without eating. You won't keep it up on an empty stomach. Remember the proverb.

Prayer had been with him all night, and he listened to the remonstrance as to provender enough to devour a bit of bread, put another into his pocket, and swallow a long draught of new milk. Mr. Graham further insisted on his taking a lad to show him the right path through the fir woods; and though Johnny looked more formed for strength than speed, and was pale-cheeked and purple-eyed with broken rest, the manner in which he set forth had a purpose-like air that was satisfactory—not over swift at the outset over the difficult ground, but with a steadfast resolution, and with a balance and knowledge of the management of his limbs due to Eton athletics.

Mr. Graham went up to encourage Mrs. Brownlow. She clasped her hands together with joy and gratitude.

'That dear, dear boy,' she said, 'I shall owe him everything.'

Jock had wakened rational, though only to be conscious of severe suffering. He would hardly believe that Armine was really alive till Mr. Graham actually carried in the boy, and let them hold each other's hands for a moment before placing Armine on the other bed.

Indeed it seemed that this might be the poor boys' last meeting. Armine could only look at his brother, since the least attempt to speak increased the agonised struggle for breath, which, doctor or no doctor, gave Mr. Graham small expectation that he could survive another of these cold mountain nights.

Their mother was so far relieved to have them together that it was easier to attend to them, and Armine's patient eyes certainly acted as a gentle restraint upon Jock's means, lamentations, and requisitions for his mother's services. It was one of those times that she only

passed through by her faculty of attending only to present needs, and the physical strength and activity that seemed inexhaustible as long as she had anything to do, and which alone alleviated the despair within her heart.

Meantime John found the rock slippery, the path heavy, and his young guide a drag on him. The path through the fir woods which had been so delightful two days (could it be only two days ?) ago, was now a baffling, wearisome zigzag ; yet when he tried to cut across, regardless of the voice of his guide, he found he lost time, for he had to clamber, once fell and rolled some distance, happily with no damage as he found when he picked himself up, and plodded on again, without even stopping to shake himself.

At last came an opening where he could see down into the Kandersteg valley. There was the hotel in clear sunshine, looking only too like a house in a German box of toys, and alas ! there was also a toy carriage coming round to the front !

Like the little foot-page of old ballads, John 'let down his feet and ran,' ran determinately on, down the now less precipitous slope—ran till he was beyond the trees, with the summer sun beating down on him, and in sight of figures coming out from the hotel to the carriage.

Johnny scarce ventured to give one sigh. He waved his hat in a desperate hope of being seen. No, they were in the carriage. The horses were moving !

But he remembered a slight steep on the further road where they must go slower. Moreover, there were a few curves in the horse-road. He set his teeth with the desperate resolution of a moment, clenched his hands, intensified his mental cry to Heaven, and with the dogged determination of Kencroft dashed on, not daring to look at the carriage, intent only on the way.

He was past the inn, but his breath was short and quick ; his knees were failing, an invisible hand seemed to be on his chest making him go slower and slower ; yet still he struggled on, till the mountain tops danced before his eyes, cascades rushed into his ears, the earth seemed to rise up and stop him ; but through it all he heard a voice say, 'Hullo, it's the Monk ! What is the matter ?'

Then he knew he was on the ground on his face, with kind but tormenting hands busy about him, and his heart going so like a sledge hammer that the word he would have given his life to utter would not come out of his lips, and all he could do was to grasp convulsively at something that he believed to be a garment of the departing travellers.

'Here, the flask ! Don't speak yet,' said a man's voice, and a choking stimulant was poured into his mouth. When the choking spasm it cost him was over, his eyes cleared, and he could at least gasp. Then he saw that it was his housemate, Evelyn, at whom he was clutching, and who asked again in amaze—

'What is up, old fellow?'

'Hush, not yet,' said the other voice; 'let him alone till he gets his breath. Don't hurry, my boy,' he added, 'we will wait.'

Johnny, however, felt altogether absorbed in getting out one panting whisper, 'A doctor.'

'Yes, yes, he is,' cried Evelyn. 'What's the matter? Not Brownlow!'

'Both—oh,' sobbed John in the agony of contending with the bumping, fluttering heart which *would* not let him fetch breath enough to speak.

'You will tell us presently. Don't be afraid. We will wait,' said the voice of the man who, as John now felt, was supporting him. 'Hush, Cecil, another minute, and he will be able to tell us.'

Indeed the rushing of every pulse was again making it vain for Johnny to try to utter anything, and he shut his eyes in the realisation that he had succeeded and found help. If his heart would have not bumped and fluttered so fearfully it would have been almost rest, as he was helped up by those kind, strong arms. It was really for little more than five seconds before he gathered his powers to say, still between gasps—

'Out all night—the moraine—fog—snow—Jock—very bad—Armine—worse—up there.'

'At Schwarenbach?'

'Yes. Oh, come! they are so ill.'

'I am sure Dr. Medlicott will do all he can for them,' said another voice, which John saw proceeded from a very tall, slight youth, with a fair, delicate, girlish face. 'Had he not better get into the carriage and return to the hotel?'

'By all means.'

And John found himself without much volition, lifted and helped into the carriage, where Cecil Evelyn scrambled up beside him, and put an arm round him.

'Poor old Monk, you are dead beat,' he said, as the carriage turned, the other two walking beside it. 'Did you come that pace all the way down?'

'Only after the wood.'

'Well, 'twas as plucky a thing as I ever saw. But is Skipjack so bad?'

'Dreadful! Light-headed all yesterday—horrid pain! But not so bad as Armine. If something ain't done soon—he'll die.'

'Poor little Brownlow! You've come to the right shop. Medlicott's first-rate. Did you know it was we?'

'No—only—an English doctor,' said John.

'Mother sent us abroad with him, because they said Fordham must have Swiss air; and poor old Granny still goes on in the same state,' said Cecil. 'We got here on Tuesday evening, and saw your names;

but then the fog came, and it snowed all yesterday, and the doctor said it would not do for Fordham to go so high. And the more I wanted them to come up with you, the more they would not. Were they out in that snow ?'

Here came an order from the doctor not to make his friend talk, and Johnny was glad to obey, and reserve his breath for the explanation. He did not hear what passed between the other two, as they walked behind the carriage.

'A fine fellow that ! Is he Cecil's friend ?'

'No, I wish he were. However, it can't be helped now, in common humanity ; and my mother will understand.'

'You mean that it was her wish that we should avoid them.'

'She thinks the influence has not been good for Cecil.'

'That was the reason you gave up the Gemmi so easily.'

'It was. But, as I say, it can't be helped now, and no harm can be done by going to see if they are really so ill.'

'Brownlow is the name. I wonder if they are any relation to a man I once knew—a lecturer at one of the hospitals ?'

'Not likely. These are very rich people, with a great house in Hyde Park regions, and a place in the country. They are always asking Cecil there ; only my mother does not fancy it. It is not a matter of charity after the first stress. They can easily have advice from England, or anywhere they like.'

By this time they reached the hotel, and John alighted briskly enough, and explained the state of affairs in a few words.

'My dear boy,' said Dr. Medlicott, 'I'll go up at once, as soon as I can get at our travelling medicine-chest. Luckily we have what is most likely to be useful.'

'Thank you,' said Johnny, and therewith he turned dizzy, and reeled against the wall.

'It is nothing—nothing,' he said, as the doctor, having helped him into a sitting-room, laid his hand on his pulse. 'Don't delay about me ! I shall be all right in a minute.'

'They are getting down the boxes. No time is lost,' said the doctor, quietly. 'See whether they can let us have some soup, Cecil.'

'I couldn't swallow anything,' said Johnny, imploringly.

'Have you had any breakfast this morning ?'

'Yes, a bit of bread and a drink of milk. There was not time for more.'

'And you had been searching all one night, and nursing the next ?'

'Most,' was the confession. 'But I shall be all right—if there is any pony I could ride upon.'

'You shall by and by ; but first, Reeves,' as a servant with grizzled hair and moustache brought in a neatly-fitted medicine-chest, 'I give this young gentleman into your care. He is to lie down on my bed for

half an hour, and Mr. Evelyn is not to go near him. Then, if he is awake——'

'If——' ejaculated John.

'Give him a basin of soup—Liebig, if you can't get anything here.'

'Liebig!' broke out John. 'Oh, please take some. There's nothing up there but old goat, and nothing to drink but milk and lemonade, like beastly hair-oil; and Jock hates milk.'

'Never fear,' said Dr. Medlicott; 'Liebig is going, and a packet of tea. Mrs. Evelyn does not send us out unprovided. If you eat your soup like a good boy, you may then ride up—not walk—unless you wish to be on your mother's hands too.'

'She's my aunt; but it is all the same. Tell her I'm coming.'

'I shall go with you, doctor,' said Cecil. 'I must know about Brownlow.'

'Much good you'll do him! But I'd rather leave this fellow in Fordham's charge than yours.'

So Johnny had no choice but to obey, growling a little that it was all nonsense, and he should be all right in five minutes, but that expectation continued, without being realised, for longer than Johnny knew. He awoke with a start to find the Liebig awaiting him; and Lord Fordham's eyes fixed on him, with (though neither understood it) the generous, though melancholy envy of an invalid youth for a young athlete.

'Have I been asleep?' he asked, looking at his watch. Only ten minutes since I looked last! Well, now I am all right.'

'You will be when you have eaten this,' said Lord Fordham.

Johnny obeyed, and ate with relish.

'There!' said he; 'now I am ready for anything.'

'Don't get up yet. I'll go and order a horse for you.'

When Lord Fordham came back from doing so, he found his patient really fast asleep, and with a little colour coming into the pale cheeks. He stole back, bade that the pony should wait, went on writing his letter, and waited till one hour, two, three hours had passed, and at last the sleeper woke, greatly disgusted, willing to accept the bath which Lord Fordham advised him to take, and which made him quite himself again.

'You'll let me go now,' he said. 'I can walk as well as ever.'

'You will be of more use now, if you ride,' said Lord Fordham. 'There, I hear our luncheon coming in. You must eat while the pony is coming round.'

'If it won't lose time—thank you,' said Johnny, recovered enough now to know how hungry he was. 'But I ought not to have stayed away. My aunt has no one but me.'

'And you can really help her,' said Lord Fordham, with some experience of his brother's uselessness.

'Not well, of course,' said Johnny; 'but it is better than nobody; and Armine is so patient and so good, that I'm the more afraid. Is not it a very bad sign,' he added, confidentially; for he was quite won by the youth's kind, considerate way, and evident liking and sympathy.

'I don't know,' faltered Lord Fordham. 'My brother Walter was like that! Is this the little fellow that is Cecil's fag?'

'Yes; Jock asked him to take him, because he was sure never to bully him or lick him when he wouldn't do things.'

This not very lucid description rejoiced Lord Fordham.

'I am glad of that,' he said. 'But I hope the little boy will get over this. My mother had a very excellent account of Dr. Medlicott's skill; and you know an illness from a misadventure is not like anything constitutional.'

'No; but Armine is always delicate, and my aunt has had to take care of him.'

'Do you live with them?'

'O no; I have lots of people at home.. I only came with them because I had had these measles at Eton; and my aunt is—well, the very jolliest woman that ever was.'

Lord Fordham smiled.

'Yes, indeed she is. I don't mean only kind and good-natured. But if you just knew her! The whole world and everything else have just been something new and glorious ever since I knew her. I seem to myself to have lived in a dark hole till she made it all light.'

'Ah! I understand that you would do anything for her.'

'*That* I would, if there was anything I could do,' said Johnny, hastily finishing his meal.

'Well, you've done something to-day.'

'That—oh, that was nothing. I shouldn't have made such a fool of myself if I hadn't been seedy before. I hear the pony,' he added. 'Excuse me.' And, with a murmured grace, he rose. Then, recollecting himself, 'No end of thanks. I don't know how to thank you enough.'

'Don't; I've done nothing,' said Lord Fordham, wringing his hand. 'I only hope——'

The words stuck in his throat, and with a sigh he watched the lad ride off.

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOORD AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A YOUTHFUL DRACO AND SOLON.

'But thoughtless words may bear a sting
 Where malice hath no place,
 May wake to pain some secret sting
 Beyond thy power to trace.
 When quivering lips, and flushing cheek,
 The spirit's agony bespeak,
 Then, though thou deem thy brother weak,
 Yet soothe his soul to peace.'

S. A. STORRS.

THINGS certainly seemed at sixes and sevens, as Roy phrased it, the next morning. The severe emotions of the previous night had resulted in Olive's case in a miserable sick headache, which would not permit her to raise her head from the pillow. Mildred, who had rightly interpreted the meaning of the wistful glance that followed her to the door, had resolved to take the first opportunity of speaking to her nephews separately, and endeavouring to soften their aggrieved feelings towards their sister: by a species of good fortune she met Roy coming out of his father's room.

Roy had slept off his mighty mood, and kicked away his sullenness, and an hour of Polly's sunshiny influence had restored him to good humour, and though his brow clouded a little at his aunt's first words, and he broke into a bar of careless whistling in a low and displeased key at the notion of her mediation; yet his better feelings were soon wrought upon by a hint of Olive's sufferings, and he consented, though a little condescendingly, to be the bearer of his own embassy of peace.

Olive's heavy eyes filled up with tears when she saw him.

'Dear Rex, this is so kind.'

'I am sorry your head is so bad, Livy,' was the evasive answer, in a sort of good-natured growl. Roy thought it would not do to be too amiable at first. "'You do look precious bad, to be sure," as the hangman said to the gentleman he afterwards throttled. Take my advice, Livy,' seating himself astride the rocking-chair, and speaking confidentially, 'medlars, spelt with either vowel, are very rotten things, and though I would not joke for worlds on such an occasion; it behoves us to stick to our national proverbs, and, as you know as well as I, a burnt child dreads the fire.'

'I will try to remember, Rex; I will, indeed; but please make Cardie think I meant it for the best.'

'It was the worst possible best,' replied Roy, gravely, 'and shows what weak understandings you women have—part of the present company excepted, Aunt Milly. "Age before honesty," and all that sort of thing, you know.'

'You incorrigible boy, how dare you be so rude?'

'Don't distress the patient, Aunt Milly. What a weak-eyed sufferer you look, Livy—regularly down in the doleful doldrums. You must have a strong dose of Polly to cheer you up—a grain of quicksilver for every scruple.'

Olive smiled faintly. 'Oh, Rex, you dear old fellow, are you sure you forgive me?'

'Very much, thank you,' returned Roy, with a low bow from the rocking-chair. 'And shall be much obliged by your not mentioning it again.'

'Only one word, just——'

'Hush,' in a stentorian whisper, 'on your peril not an utterance—not the ghostly semblance of a word. Aunt Milly, is repentance always such a painful and distressing disorder? Like the immortal Rosa Dartle, "I only ask for information." I will draw up a diagnosis of the symptoms for the benefit of all the meddlesome Mattys of futurity. No, you are right, Livy,' as a sigh from Olive reached him; 'she was not a nice character in polite fiction, wasn't Matty—and then show it to Dr. John. Let me see; symptoms, weak eyes and reddish lids, a pallid exterior, with black lines and circles under the eyes, not according to Euclid—or Cocker—a tendency to laugh nervously at the words of wisdom, which, the conscience reprobating, results in an imbecile grin.'

'Oh, Rex, do—please don't—my head does ache so—and I don't want to laugh.'

'All hysteria, and a fresh attack of scruples—that quicksilver must be administered without delay, I see—hot and cold fits—aguish symptoms, and a tendency to incoherence and extravagance, not to say lightheadedness—nausea, excited by the very thought of Dr. Murray—and a restless desire to misplace words—"do—please don't," being a fair sample. I declare, Livy, the disease is as novel as it is interesting.'

Mildred left Olive cheered in spite of herself, but with a fresh access of pain, and went in search of Richard.

He was sitting at the little table writing. He looked up rather moodily as his aunt entered.

'Breakfast seems late this morning, Aunt Milly. Where is Rex?'

'I left him in Olive's room, my dear,' and as Richard frowned, 'Olive has been making herself ill with crying, and has a dreadful headache, and Roy was kind enough to go and cheer her up.'

No answer, only the scratching of the quill-pen rapidly traversing the paper.

Mildred stood irresolute for a moment and watched him ; there was no softening of the fine young face. Chriss was right when she said Richard's lips closed as though they were iron.

'I was sorry to hear what an uncomfortable evening you all had last night, Richard. I should hardly have enjoyed myself, if I had known how things were at home.'

'Ignorance is bliss, sometimes. I am glad you had a pleasant evening, Aunt Milly. I was sorry I could not meet you. I told Rex to go.'

'I found Rex kicking up his heels in the porch instead. Never mind,' as Richard looked annoyed. 'Dr. Heriot brought me home. But Richard, dear, I am more sorry than I can say about this sad misunderstanding between you and Olive.'

'Aunt Milly, excuse me, but the less said about that the better.'

'Poor girl ! I know how her interference has offended you ; it was ill-judged, but, indeed, it was well meant. You have no conception, Richard, how dearly Olive loves you.'

The pen remained poised above the paper a moment, and then, in spite of his effort, the pent-up storm burst forth.

'Interference ! unwarrantable impertinence ! How dare she betray me to my father ?'

'Betray you, Richard ?'

'The very thing I was sparing him ! The thing of all others I would not have had him know for worlds ! How did she know ? What right had she to guess my most private feelings ? it is past all forbearance ; it is enough to disgust one.'

'It is hard to bear, certainly ; but, Richard, the fault is after all a trifling one ; the worst construction one can put on it is error of judgment, and a simple want of tact ; she had no idea she was harming you.'

'Harming me !' still more stormily ; 'I shall never get over it. I have lost caste in my father's opinion ; how will he be ever able to trust me now ? If she had but given me warning of her intention, I should not be in this position. All these months of labour gone for nothing. Questioned, treated as a child—but, were he twenty times my father, I should refuse to be catechised,' and Richard took up his pen again, and went on writing, but not before Mildred had seen positive tears of mortification had sprung to his eyes. They made her feel softer to him—such a lad, too—and motherless—and yet so hard and impracticable—mannish, indeed !

She stooped over him, even venturing to lay a hand on his shoulder. 'Dear Cardie, if you feel she has injured you so seriously, there is all the greater need of forgiveness. You cannot refuse it to one so truly humble. She is already heart-broken at the thought she may have caused mischief.'

'Are you her ambassadress, Aunt Milly ?'

‘No; you know your sister better. She would not have ventured—at least——’

‘I thought not,’ he returned coldly. ‘I wish her no ill, but, I confess, I am hardly in the mood for true forgiveness just now. You see I am no saint, Aunt Milly,’ with a sneer, that sat ill on the handsome, care-worn young face, ‘and I am above playing the hypocrite. Tender messages are not in my line, and I am sorry to say I have not Roy’s forgiving temper.’

‘Dear Rex, he is a pattern to us all,’ thought Mildred, but she wisely forbore making the irritating comparison; it would certainly not have lightened Richard’s dark mood. With an odd sort of tenacity he seemed dwelling on his aunt’s last words.

‘You are wrong in one thing, Aunt Milly. I do not know my sister. I know Rex, and love him with all my heart; and I understand the foolish baby Chriss, but Olive is to me simply an enigma.’

‘Because you have not attempted to solve her.’

‘Most enigmas are tiresome, and hardly worth the trouble of solving,’ he returned calmly.

‘Richard! your own sister! for shame!’ indignantly from Mildred.

‘I cannot help it, Aunt Milly; Olive has always been perfectly incomprehensible to me. She is the worst sister, and, as far as I can judge, the worst daughter I ever knew. In my opinion she has simply no heart.’

‘Perhaps I had better leave you, Richard; you are not quite yourself.’

The quiet reproof in Mildred’s gentlest tones seemed to touch him.

‘I am sorry if I grieve you, Aunt Milly. I wish myself that we had never entered on this subject.’

‘I wish it with all my heart, Richard; but I had no idea my own nephew could be so hard.’

‘Unhappiness and want of sympathy makes a man hard, Aunt Milly. But, all the same,’ speaking with manifest effort, ‘I am making a bad return for your kindness.’

‘I wish you would let me be kind,’ she returned, earnestly. ‘Nay, my dear boy,’ as an impatient frown crossed his face, ‘I am not going to renew a vexed subject. I love Olive too well to have her unjustly censured, and you are too prejudiced and blinded by your own troubles to be capable of doing her justice. I only want’—here Mildred paused and faltered—‘remember the bruised reed, Richard, and the mercy promised to the merciful; when we come to our last hour, Cardie, and our poor little life torch is about to be extinguished. I think we shall be thankful if no greater sins are written up against us than want of tact and the error of judgment that comes from over-conscientiousness and a too great love,’ and without looking at his face, or trusting herself to say more, Mildred turned to the breakfast-table, where he shortly afterwards joined her.

Olive was in such a suffering condition all the morning, that she needed her aunt's tenderest attention, and Mildred did not see her brother till later in the day.

The reaction caused by 'the Royal magnanimity,' as Mildred phrased it to Dr. Heriot afterwards, had passed into subsequent depression as the hours passed on, and no message reached her from the brother she loved but too well. Mildred feigned for a long time not to notice the weary, wistful looks that followed her about the room, especially as she knew Olive's timidity would not venture on direct questioning, but the sight of tears stealing from under the closed lids caused her to relent. Roy's prescription of quicksilver had wholly failed. Polly, saddened and mystified by the sorrowful spectacle of three-piled woe, forgot all her saucy speeches, and blundered over her sympathising ones. And Chrissy was even worse; she clattered about the room in her little clogs and talked loudly in the crossiest possible key about people being stupid enough to have feelings and make themselves ill about nothing. Chriss soon got her dismissal, but as Mildred returned a little flushed from the summary ejection which Chriss had playfully tried to dispute, she stooped over the bed and whispered—

'Never mind, dear, it could not be helped; has it made your head worse?'

'Only a little. Chriss is always so noisy.'

'Shall we have Polly back? she is quieter and more accustomed to sick-rooms.'

'No, thank you, I like being alone with you best, Aunt Milly, only—' here a large tear dropped on the coverlid.

'You must not fret then, or your nurse will scold. No, indeed, Olive. I know what you are thinking about, but I don't know that having you ill on my hands will greatly mend matters.'

'Cardie,' whispered Olive, unable to endure the suspense any longer, 'did you give him my message?'

'I told him you were far from well; but you know as well as I do, Olive, that there is no dealing with Cardie when he is in one of these unreasonable moods; we must be patient and give him time.'

'I know what you mean, Aunt Milly—you think he will never forgive me.'

'I think nothing of the kind: you must not be so childish, Olive,' returned Mildred with a little wholesome severity. 'I wish you would be a good sensible girl and go to sleep.'

'I will try,' she returned in a tone of languid obedience; 'but I have such an ache here,' pressing her hand to her heart, 'such an odd sort of sinking, not exactly pain. I think it is more unhappiness and——'

'That is because the mind acts and re-acts on the body; you must quiet yourself, Olive, and put this unlucky misunderstanding out of your thoughts; remember after all Who it is "who maketh men to be of

one mind in a house ; ” you have acted for the best and without any selfish motives, and you may safely leave the disentangling of all this difficulty to Him. No, you must not talk any more,’ as Olive seemed eager to speak, ‘you are flushed and feverish, and I mean to read you to sleep with my monotonous voice ; ’ and in spite of the invalid’s incredulous look Mildred so far kept her word that Olive first lost whole sentences, and then vainly tried to fix her attention on others, and at last thought she was in Hill-beck woods and that some doves were cooing loudly to her, at which point Mildred softly laid down the book and stole from the room.

As she stood for a moment by the lobby window she saw her brother was taking his evening’s stroll in the churchyard and hastened to join him. He quickened his steps on seeing her and inquired anxiously after Olive.

‘She is asleep now, but I have not thought her looking very well for the last two or three days,’ answered his sister. ‘I do not think Olive is as strong as the others, she flags sadly at times.’

‘All this has upset her ; they have told you, I suppose, Mildred ? ’

‘Olive told me last night.’

‘I do not know that I have ever received a greater shock except one. I hardly had an idea myself how much my hopes were fixed upon that boy, but I am doomed to disappointment.’

‘It seems to me he is scarcely to be blamed ; think how young he is, only nineteen, and with such abilities.’

‘Poor lad ; if he only knew how little I blame him,’ returned his father with a groan. ‘It only shows the amount of culpable neglect of which I have been guilty, throwing him into the society of such a man ; but indeed I was not aware till lately that Macdonald was little better than a free-thinker.’

Mildred looked shocked, things were even worse than she thought.

‘I fancy he has drifted into extremes during the last year or two, for though always a little slippery in his Church views he had not developed any decided rationalistic tendency, but Betha, poor darling, always disliked him ; she said once, I remember, that he was not a good companion for our boys. I do not think she mentioned Richard in particular.’

‘Olive told me she had.’

‘Perhaps so ; she was always so keenly alive to what concerned him. He was my only rival, Milly,’ with a sad smile. ‘No mother could have been prouder of her boy than she was of Cardie. I am bound to say he deserved it, for he was a good son to her ; at least,’ with a stifled sigh, ‘he did not withhold his confidence from his mother.’

‘You found him impracticable then, Arnold ? ’

He shook his head sadly.

‘The sin lies on my own head, Milly. I have neglected my children, buried myself in my own pursuits and sorrow, and now I am sorely

punished. My son refuses the confidence which his father actually stooped to entreat,' and there was a look of such suppressed anguish on Mr. Lambert's face that Mildred could hardly refrain from tears.

'Richard is always so good to you,' she said at last.

'Do I not tell you I blame myself and not the boy that there is this barrier between us; but to know that my son is in trouble which he will not permit me to share, it is very hard, Mildred.'

'It is wrong, Arnold.'

'Where has the lad inherited his proud spirit? his mother was so very gentle, and I was always alive to reason. I must confess he was perfectly respectful, not to say filial in his manner, was grieved to distress me, would have suffered anything rather than I should have been so harassed; but it was not his fault that people had meddled in his private concerns; you would have thought he was thirty at least.'

'I am sure he meant what he said; there is no want of heart in Richard.'

'He tried to smooth me over, I could see, hoped that I should forget it, and would esteem it a favour if I would not make it a matter of discussion between us. He had been a little unsettled, how much he refused to say. He could wish with me that he had never been thrown so much with Macdonald, as doubts take seed as rapidly as thistle-down; but when I urged and pressed him to repose his doubts in me as I might possibly remove them, he drew back and hesitated, said he was not prepared, he would rather not raise questions for which there might not be sufficient reply, he thought it better to leave the weeds in a dark corner where they could trouble no one, he wished to work it out for himself—in fact, implied that he did not want my help.'

'I think you must have misunderstood him, Arnold. Who could be better than his own father, and he a clergyman?'

'Many, my dear, Heriot for example. I find Heriot is not quite so much in the dark as I supposed, though he treats it less seriously than we do; he says it is no use forcing confidence, and that Cardie is peculiar and resents being catechised, and he advises me to send him to Oxford without delay, that he may meet men on his own level and rub against other minds, but I feel loth to do so, I am so in the dark about him. Heriot may be right, or it may be the worst possible thing.'

'What did Richard say himself?'

'He seemed relieved at my proposing it, thanked me, and jumped at the idea, begged that he might go after Christmas; he was wasting his time here, looked pleased and dubious when I proposed his reading for the bar, and then his face fell; I suppose at the thought of my disappointment, for he coloured and said hurriedly that there was no need of immediate decision; he must make up his mind finally whether

he should ever go into Holy Orders. At present it was more than probable that——'

' "Say at once it is impossible," I interrupted, for the thought of such sacrilege made me angry. "No, father, do not say that," he returned, and I fancied he was touched for the moment. "Don't make up your mind that we are both to disappoint you. I only want to be perfectly sure that I am no hypocrite, that at any rate I am true in what I do. I think she would like that best, father," and then I knew he meant his mother.'

'Dear Arnold, I am not sure after all that you need be unhappy about your boy.'

'I do not distrust his rectitude of purpose, I only grieve over his pride and inflexibility, they are not good bosom-companions to a young man. Well, wherever he goes he is sure of his father's prayers, though it is hard to know that one's son is a stranger. Ah, there comes Heriot, Milly. I suppose he thinks we all want cheering up, as it is not his usual night.'

Mildred had already guessed such was the case and was very grateful for the stream of ready talk that, at supper-time, carried Polly and Chriss with it. Roy had recovered his spirits, but he seemed to consider it a duty to preserve a subdued and injured exterior in his father's presence; it showed remorse for past idleness and was a delicate compliment to the absent Livy; while Richard sat by in grave taciturnity, now and then breaking out into short sentences when silence was impossible, but all the time keenly cognizant of his father's every look and movement and observant of his every want.

Dr. Heriot followed Mildred out of the room with a half-laughing inquiry how she had fared during the family gale.

'It is no laughing matter, I assure you; we are all as uncomfortable as possible.'

'When Greek meets Greek, you know the rest. You have no idea how dogmatical and disagreeable Mr. Lambert can make himself at times.'

This was a new idea to Mildred and was met with unusual indignation.

'Parents have a notion they can enforce confidence, that the very relationship instils it. Here is the vicar groaning over his son's unfilial reticence and breaking his heart over a fit of very youthful stubbornness which calls itself manly pride, and Richard all the while yearning after his father, but bitter at being treated and schooled like a child. I declare I take Richard's part in this.'

'You ought not to blame my brother,' returned Mildred in a low voice.

'He blames himself, and rightly too. He had no business to have such a man about the house. Richard is a cantankerous puppy not to confide in his father. But what's the good of leading a horse to the water—you can't make him drink.'

'I begin to think you are right about Richard,' sighed Mildred, 'one cannot help being fond of him, but he is very unsatisfactory. I am afraid I shall never make any impression.'

'Then no one will. Fie! Miss Lambert, I detect a whole world of disappointment in that sigh. What has become of your faith? Half Dick's faultiness comes from having an old head on young shoulders; in my opinion he's worth half a dozen Penny-royals rolled in one.'

'Dr. Heriot, how can you. Rex has the sweetest disposition in the world. I strongly suspect he is his father's favourite.'

'Have you just found that out? It would have done you good to have seen the vicar gloating over Roy's daubs this afternoon, as though they were treasures of art; the rogue actually made him believe that his coffee-coloured clouds, with ragged vermilion edges, were sublime effects. I quite pleased him when I assured him they were supernatural in the truest sense of the word. He wiped his eyes actually, over the gipsy sibyl that I call Roy's gingerbread queen—what a rage the lad put himself in when I said I had never seen such a golden complexion except at a fair booth or in very bad cases of jaundice.'

'How you do delight to tease that boy!'

'Isn't it too bad—ruffling the wings of my "sweet whistler," as I call him. He is the sort of boy all you women spoil. He only wants a little more petting to become as effeminate as heart can wish. I don't know but what I shall miss his bright face when a London studio engulphs him.'

'You think my brother will give him his way, then?'

'He has no choice. Besides, he quite believes he has an unfledged Claude Lorraine or Salvator Rosa on his hands. I believe Polly's Dad Fabian is to be asked, and the matter regularly discussed. Poor Lambert! he will suffer a twinge or two before he delivers the boy into the hands of the Bohemians. He turned quite pale when I hinted a year in Rome; but there seems no reason why Roy should not have a regular artistic education, and, after all, I believe the lad has some talent—some of his smaller sketches are very spirited.'

'I thought so myself,' replied Mildred; and the subject of their conversation appearing at this moment the topic was dropped.

(To be continued.)

ULRIC.

A TALE OF THE NOVATIAN HERESY.

CHAPTER II.

THE FLIGHT.

‘Comrades, haste ! the tent’s tall shading
Lies along the level sand
Far and faint : the stars are fading
O’er the gleaming western strand.
Airs of morning,
Freshen the bleak burning land.’

Lyra Innocentium.

FOR the first two days Ulric and Columba travelled quite alone, choosing the unfrequented by-paths which Ulric’s intimate knowledge of the country rendered available. Beyond that point his personal acquaintance with the region ceased, and as they neared the south, the dangers to be apprehended from the Roman soldiery diminished every hour. Owing to these considerations, Ulric ventured on returning to the beaten route of caravans bound for the Desert. He was overtaken towards the noon of the third day by a small troop of Bedouins, among whom were several women and children, and learned on inquiry that their destination was one of the more distant oasis-towns of the Sahara. Ulric, with his inherent frankness, cast himself on their protection, and a safer course could not have been devised. He knew sufficient of the native dialect to explain his desire of journeying in their company, and the request was granted both with readiness and courtesy. Columba’s sweet ways soon endeared her to the simple-hearted people, whose rude efforts to promote her comfort aroused Ulric’s warmest gratitude.

At every southward stage the heat increased, till the air glowed like a hot furnace, and the tender rose-bloom on Columba’s cheek was blanched to a dead whiteness which alarmed her husband. Although born and bred in sunny climes, her frail organisation drooped and sickened under these fierce vertical rays, while Ulric’s hardy frame, instinct with the vigour derived from northern ancestry, seemed able to cope with every form of privation. He had meant to accompany the caravan to its far distant goal, but warned by Columba’s increasing languor, he dared not expose her to a march across these burning wastes, and hence decided to halt at the spot now called Biskra. This settlement, then a collection of rude native huts and tents, is now a flourishing modern French town, with a Botanical Garden and several public buildings. It stands on the very edge of the Great Sahara, and there Ulric resolved to linger till Columba should at least be partially restored. He could not shield her from the enervating climate, but

he hoped much from the soothing influence of rest and comfort, after the excitement and fatigue she had lately undergone. Unless already on their track, it was unlikely the Romans would penetrate on a mere venture into the interior at the commencement of the hottest season. Be that, however, as it might, Ulric could but act in accordance with the judgment God had given him, and leave the issue of events to that unerring Love. To expose Columba in her weak state to the torrid heat and deadly fevers of the Desert would be, humanly speaking, certain death. Biskra, upon the other hand, appeared sufficiently safe for the present, and he could but trust to receive such timely warnings of coming danger as should enable him to make arrangements for their speedy flight. The Bedouins with whom they had journeyed were unanimous as to the peril of Columba's further progress, and Ulric was especially deterred by their account of the great difficulty in procuring water, which would soon enhance the hardships of the way. Still it was with a strange feeling of loneliness he saw these simple friends depart. They had been true to him, and it now seemed as though all visible protection were withdrawn. Columba was too loving and warm-hearted not to join sadly in the farewells, but she retained the elasticity of girlhood, and there was much to delight her in their new surroundings. The place was in itself enchanting, with its fresh, cool fountains, springing verdure, and tall feathery palms. The natives seemed gentle and hospitable, and although the dirt and squalor of their habitations were appalling, was not *she* to dwell in the snowy-white tent which Ulric had long since provided for such an emergency, and which his mule had safely carried all these weary leagues? Columba's joyousness was so infectious that the graver Ulric was beguiled into a like spirit from very sympathy, and the two laughed like happy children as they chose a site beneath the fairest palm, pitched their tent, and outvied each other in ingenious efforts to frame from the rude materials around them the appliances of comfort and civilisation. It was an existence not devoid of pleasure, for the novel, picturesque life offered inexhaustible supplies of interest, and there was yet further variety in the occasional passage of a caravan. Then, too, Columba made acquaintance with all the women and children in the settlement, and such was her retiring modesty that the licence, so far exceeding that of Eastern females, appeared to excite no comment, but rather to be recognised as springing from the customs of a different race. Pass where and when she might, the tribute of respect accorded her was universal, and indeed fell little short of homage.

At the end of the first week Ulric felt relieved of his mournful apprehensions with regard to his wife's health. The clear, dry, inland air appeared to suit her, and when no longer forced to make undue exertions in the heat, she ceased to droop and languish. The climate, though intensely warm, was not unhealthy. There were no poisonous night-dews, and only moderate care was needed to keep tolerably well.

Ulric insisted that Columba should remain perfectly quiet during the long sultry hours, and obtain as much sleep then as possible, since she was apt to be wakeful at night. The immediate neighbourhood of the village was safe, so on bright moonlight evenings he strolled with her over the solemn expanse of sand, and often with the earliest dawn they sallied forth for one reviving breath of air, fresh at that hour, even in the Desert. They had the great blessing of pure water, and milk never failed to be forthcoming for Columba, while the food which they required was so cheap as to make slight inroads on Ulric's treasure.

This pastoral existence was doomed to be as short-lived as it was pure and peaceful. Towards the close of a hot August day, a caravan arrived at Biskra with vague but alarming rumours of some foreign soldiers only two days' journey in the rear, in search of escaped captives, whom they were eager to overtake and put to death. They were accused of disobedience to their *Sheikh*, the merchants added, and no further proof was requisite to convince Ulric that he and Columba were the objects of the quest. What was his wisest course in this emergency? There was scanty space for deliberation, since the caravan was to pursue its route at sunrise on the following morning. To remain a day longer at Biskra would be madness, and there seemed no choice except to join the band which God appeared to have sent mercifully to their rescue. Ulric only debated whether he should feign some plausible excuse for this sudden departure, or take his hosts into his confidence. He soon decided on the latter plan as more in harmony with his own upright character, and with the well-known code of Eastern hospitality. He explained to the leaders of the tribe the nature of the charge against Columba and himself; the literal impossibility of a compliance with their Sheikh's command, without offending the God to whom he and they alike owed homage, and the death by torture which was the alternative. These statements were received with grave intelligence, and a more ready comprehension than Ulric had dared to hope. He and Columba were above suspicion in the minds of those who had for weeks lived with them in close fellowship, and seen the fair and blameless tenour of their lives. To aid their flight and to ensure their safety, seemed the aim of the whole population, and Ulric saw he might banish anxiety as to the soldiers being put upon their track.

It was heart-rending work, however, to pack all their little household goods, efface each mark of civilised refinement from the spot they had inhabited, and fold the snowy tent beneath whose shadow they had found a refuge and a home. Still harder was it to part from the kindly people among whom they had dwelt almost as members of the same family, yet whom they could not claim as bound indissolubly to themselves in the household of faith. Ulric tried to take courage, but his spirits had never before sunk to so low an ebb. His very tenacity of affection, clinging as it did to even inanimate objects, while opening

out sources of exquisite pleasure, was no less fruitful of pain. Then he had grave misgivings as to their next destination. The climate since the middle of July had become so trying even at Biskra, that Columba often lay gasping for breath during the fiery noontide glow and stifling nights. In vain he told himself that three months on the edge of the Sahara must have tended to acclimatize Columba, and inure her to the vertical African sunbeams. Also that the scourges of heat and drought, and deadly serpents, and fatal disease, which he thus dreaded, were so many natural ramparts against the enemy before whom they fled.

'The burden of the beasts of the south, into the land of trouble and anguish, from whence come the young and old lion, the viper, and fiery flying serpent; they will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, and their treasures upon the hunches of camels.'

Thus rang the mournful strain in Ulric's ear; such was the sombre painting, faithful to the life in each particular, which ever hung before his eyes.

Columba shared her husband's grief at breaking up their late home and associations, but she did not share his apprehensions for the future. She was free from responsibility, and had his strong protecting arm to lean upon, besides the everlasting arms folded around them both. Then she retained the elasticity of early youth, and was fully alive to all the interests and enjoyments which beguiled the way. They had not been more than three hours upon the road before they met the largest and most stately caravan which Columba had yet seen. It was a merchant-company returning from Spain, laden with costly Western products to grace the luxurious Roman cities of the East.

'See, Ulric,' cried Columba joyously, 'how true it is. They *do* carry their treasures on the hunches of camels.'

She spoke almost incoherently in her delight at verifying the Prophet's description, and her words did good service to Ulric, sweeping away as by a freshening breeze, his own morbid associations with the passage.

Poor Columba drooped sadly, however, before reaching the point which their guides, who knew every inch of the territory, had selected for the noontide halt. It was by no means densely shaded, and the water had a brackish taste, though all partook of it except Columba, in order to save the precious store which must meet their necessities in crossing a belt of the unwatered zone. Ulric saw that the natives condemned his imprudence in giving even one draught from the sparkling Biskra spring to his young wife, and he felt sure their reluctance sprang from no unworthy motive. He resolved then, for Columba's own sake, to steel himself against similar temptations for the future, and to withhold the refreshing stream from her parched lips when any substitute could be provided, rather than risk exposing her to the

horrors of death by thirst. The destination of the caravan which they had joined was distant, and Ulric determined to accompany it at least for many days. He learned that they were to cross a section of the waterless region of the Sahara, in order to reach some place with an unpronounceable though musical name, lying beyond. This natural barrier to pursuit he was determined to traverse, and afterwards choose the most eligible site for an abode, among the far-away oases.

While the soil remained comparatively firm, Columba rather liked the motion of the camel, and enjoyed the broad horizon sweep her elevated perch commanded. It was, alas! very different when they entered a waste of loose shifting sand in which the animal's large spongy feet sank deep at every step with a peculiar oscillating movement, not unlike that of a ship at sea. Continuous slight nausea and dull heavy headache enhanced the suffering caused by extreme fatigue and the want of refreshing drink. As they advanced, the wayside wells grew few in number, and inferior in quality, but there was still enough water to meet their actual need, and Ulric now felt yet more strongly than their guides, the wisdom of guarding the little reserve intact. Twice he had been able to preserve a cup of goat's milk for Columba, but that was in the first stages of the journey; they had long left such luxuries behind. Poor little Columba, a true Roman in her habits, sadly missed the daily bath which seemed to her scarcely less requisite than daily food. To have dispensed with it even at Biskra would have been a sore privation; how much more then did she crave it at the close of each day's toilsome march beneath the brazen sky and through the drifting sands of the Sahara. Unknown to her, the tiny gourd which held only enough water to bathe her face and hands at sundown was the half of Ulric's scanty portion. Few, muddy, almost nauseous, as too often proved these Desert wells, the liquid they contained, already, as it seemed, the veriest dregs, might yet make all the difference between life and death to other wanderers on the same track. Ulric accepted his legitimate share of the caravan's treasure, and bore secretly the pang of thirst for the delight of carrying that longed-for solace every evening to Columba's tent, but not even for her sake would he have encroached upon the rights of his successors. Apart from his lofty sense of justice, he would have shrunk with abhorrence from the idea, as involving possible bloodguiltiness. The wayfarer who staggered to that well in the last agonies of burning thirst and found it empty, could but lie down in despair beside its brink to perish. As each successive morning blazed overhead like a fiery furnace, Ulric and Columba agreed they had never known real heat before. It was not alone the actual increase of power in the sun's rays, but rather some undefinable quality of the air which seemed destined to wither animal and even vegetable life. Ulric felt as though human language contained no expression which could describe the state of the atmosphere unless it were the word *stagnation*; one could fancy every form of

pestilence lurking beneath that canopy of livid heat. They had reached the birthplace and kingdom of the sirocco, the realm where its malignant sceptre swayed supreme, unmodified by any freshening influence of sea or mountains. Fever and dysentery were the scourges of the climate, and Ulric almost hourly scanned Columba's face, dreading to read there the first symptoms of some deadly malady. She looked unnaturally pale and thin, with the dark lines of sleeplessness and fatigue beneath her languid eyes, but the young blood still flowed free and pure through her veins, and there was no sign to alarm even the vigilance of affection.

One afternoon the travellers encamped earlier than usual, hoping by a few hours of repose to fortify themselves for the succeeding stage, which was the worst and most exhausting of the journey. They were on the very verge of the dry zone, which could not be crossed at that point under three days, more likely four or five. The region beyond, being tolerably well watered and shaded, would seem a garden of Eden compared with their late experiences, and with the yet more severe ordeal in prospect. Even the natives looked despondent, and infected Ulric with their melancholy, while strangely enough the most heroic of the party was the frail little Columba. Perhaps a spark of Roman fortitude lay veiled beneath that soft feminine gentleness. Perhaps it was the mere blithesomeness of her age and character, but be this as it might, Columba electrified her companions by displaying the delight and zeal of an explorer, seeming undeterred by the remembrance of past, or the dread of future hardships.

'It would be interesting to see such an inhospitable country,' she declared. 'One would not like to cross it often, but just for a single visit, it was worth while to be rather uncomfortable, and it would be something to remember during the rest of their one's life.'

(To be continued.)

MARIE AND JEANIE ; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER II.

SILLY LOUIS.

'An angel in the circle of Light
Round the Throne, for a moment stayed,
And worlds, for a cycle, swept into night,
Through the shadow his presence made.'

MARIE was poor ; as she had said, she and her little sister Amélie had been left orphans when the latter was a baby and Marie seven years old, and their mother's sister, Madame David, a rich widow, with only one child, Jeanie, at that time a pretty baby-girl of four, took the

orphans into her home. It cannot be said that Madame David did not do her duty by the children, but neither can it be denied that she did it somewhat grudgingly; property was above all dear to Madame David's heart, and it hurt her to see any of it dissipated even in charity. Her sister had been much to blame in dying poor, she felt, and leaving two orphans unprovided for; *her* Jeanie would be rich, very rich, for Madame David and her husband, by dint of labour and economy, had saved, and bought and added field to field and vineyard to vineyard, until their estate was by no means of a despicable size; besides which, fortunately as it seemed to Madame David, land had fallen into her possession from deaths amongst her relations, and more was likely to fall in by and by; so that on Jeanie's account she had no need to fuss or fret, and yet she did both, and saved and slaved as only a French peasant can; early at her out-door labour—late at her spindle, never idle, never joyous, scarcely ever content. Yet Marie and Jeanie had not led unhappy lives under her roof, quite the reverse; she was kind to the children, sent them to the village school, and when as they grew older she imposed tasks, household or otherwise, upon them, these were not hurtful or burdensome to the heathful girls, who took labour as the natural lot of man and woman, and to whom the Sunday's dance, the village fête, and the processions in the month of 'Marie,' gave happiness enough to satisfy their joyous young hearts.

There was one real blight in Marie's life, however, and that was the deformity and delicacy of her little sister. Amélie had been a healthy baby when she was first laid, tightly bound with swaddling clothes, in Jeanie's old cradle by Madame David's bed, and during five years afterwards grew to be a bonnie little toddling creature, pretty much such as Jeanie had been, following sister or aunt about with a quaint frilled night-cap on her head, heavy shoes, and long thick robes.

What a happy play-place those uneven paths and rough stone steps had been to her once; a fairy princess of the valley. Amélie seemed to be, sitting, as I have often seen her, surrounded by make-believe buildings of broken gourds and pots, with handfuls of loveliest faded flowers lying like sleeping fairies in her lap. Poor little Amélie! A great change came to her suddenly one day in this wise. It was Madame David's custom, as it was every other notable woman's custom in those parts, to work upon her property herself, real hard out-door labour it was, for whole long days, in searching winds, or scorching sun, or drenching rain; nothing deterred the firm hale woman from going where industry and interest called her. Marie and Jeanie were sent to school, their dinners and their books laid carefully side by side in their little baskets, at early morning, and did not return until nightfall or supper-time. Amélie, the little one, was her aunt's only encumbrance, and Madame David hit upon a device for disposing of the child, much to her advantage if not to Amélie's. There were no public nurseries there, nor any poor or lazy neighbours willing to mind the babies for a

trifle. Jean Jaques' wife was not ill, or sad, or lonely then, but worked as hard as any other woman, so Madame David had only the one plan open to her which she adopted, viz.—that of taking Amélie with her wherever she went. Seated in an enormous basket which the aunt carried upon her head, the little one used to travel miles and miles, was set down under a tree when the scene of labour was reached, and left to her own devices until the time came for returning home, which in the short winter days was not before the mists began to rise, and the air was chill and strange as they passed across that belt of low-lying land between Madame David's fields and the ascent towards home. Many and many a time had Amélie borne this uneasy transit to and fro, had enjoyed the change, and escaped all harm alike from mid-day heat and evening vapours ; and the great rough basket was almost like a second home to the child, but—it came at last, that ill-luck to which Amélie had been destined, I suppose. Madame David had gone through a hard day's work one day, and she and brother Jean Jaques, with his son Jules, who had been her fellow-labourers, did not turn their faces homeward until the sun had set. It was in December, and a light frost was beginning to crisp the air, the workers were all weary, and the chill seemed to depress rather than invigorate them. Jean Jaques and Jules proposed to stop a while at the village cabaret which they passed on their way home and refresh themselves with a glass of wine and a sight of the fire, perhaps also with a game of cards or dominoes ; and as they turned in, Madame David went on alone down the quiet street, through the village, up the winding way which led to the valley. Just as she reached that corner where the steep road turns at an angle on the ridge of hill dividing two valleys, and where the descent is sheer to the water-mill in the ravine below, a figure started from behind a shrub, threw up its arms in her face, and a cry like that of some wild animal burst upon her ear. A braver woman than Madame David must have swerved aside ; she started violently, and turned to go down the hill again, vainly endeavouring at the same instant to save her precious burden. Alas ! it was impossible to do so, and the basket, with Amélie inside, was precipitated down the steep. The woman dared not look ; I think she would have run quite away if the wild figure, running too, had not passed her sharply with another yell ; and she remained rooted to the spot until another sound, the pitiful cry of the child, who was hanging from a stone half-way down the wall of rock, roused her to life and action again.

Amélie was saved as it seemed by a miracle, her life at least was given back to her—blighted, broken, as if some demon had taken it in his hand for a moment and thrown it away again blackened with grief. That fall made Amélie a cripple and a dwarf, for she scarcely grew afterwards—a strange misshapen creature, wizened body, wistful pale face. I have seen her hobbling about with half child-like motions, or rather with sad mimicry of the real child-like ones ; sometimes, when coming

suddenly upon her from behind, I have seen her look like some little hill-woman, and have almost expected to see her open a door in the side of the hill and disappear from mortal ken ; the dwarf of the valley—no longer its fairy princess ; and after all, it was only poor Louis, Clair Battiste's silly brother, familiar enough to Madame David, by daylight, who frightened her so terribly that evening, to Amélie's lasting hurt.

Everyone knew the poor fool, and nobody feared him, for certainly he was harmless enough, and was let to go to and fro at his pleasure, was even made useful sometimes when he was minded to do a simple hand's turn of work for his neighbours. That evening he had been supping with his brother Battiste, and was just wandering back to the village where he lived with his old mother, rollicking a bit, and wishing for a piece of fun all to himself upon the lonely road, and he got it, just the sort of fun he could understand—for he had *really* frightened Madame David, and went home chuckling at the remembrance of it—chuckling over it again and again in his dreams through all that night.

CHAPTER III.

SÉBASTIEN.

'Who, passing on a lonely way,
Dropt precious seed,
Who, coming back to reap one later day,
Did reap a weed.'

So Amélie's life was ruined, but what marvellous patience and gentleness the misfortune developed in Marie.

She was the wonder of all the village for her devotion to the little cripple ; and though Amélie grew up fretful, hard, self-occupied, as delicate and unfortunate children will, Marie's tenderness never failed. It was first seeing her with her sister that made me love her so, I think ; the gentle touch, the pitiful, soft gaze, the patient tones of her voice, a something indescribable in the young girl's face, distinguishing it from other sweet girl-faces which, yet untroubled, are like sleeping waters, calm and dim before the wind comes which heralds morning.

Nobody ever blamed Aunt David—who could ? and she certainly never blamed herself ; also I cannot say that her heart grew tenderer over the little sufferer than it had been before. That Amélie should become a more serious charge troubled her, vexed her ; in fact, made her more worriedly anxious over the orphans, more determined than ever that whatever happened her charity towards them must not go the length of defrauding Jeanie of even her smallest right. Marie of course was the one kept at home from school, from church, from festival, from village game or dance, to take care of the child ; but this was natural enough, as Amélie was Marie's own sister ; and besides, Marie was three years older than her cousin, so nobody pitied her, but all the same there was some cause to do so. Marie's cheerfulness

suffered from the constant tie, her education stood still quite two years too soon, her body was weakened in its growth from the strain which she had often to put upon her strength.

It was during some of these nursing years, I think, that Marie's life and that of her playfellow, Sébastien, drew nearer to each other. Boys and girls going to village schools in France like this one which Marie and Sébastien went to, do not necessarily see much of one another, learning in separate rooms, never allowed to play between school-hours except under surveillance, and then not together, there was little opportunity indeed for the making of friendships or paving the way for love, and yet perhaps it was the very strictness of the separation itself which wove that delicate veil of wonder and longing between the youthful scholars which not infrequently tempts the approach of the latter. At any rate, the boy Sébastien, upon rare occasions wandering away from the square place before the school-house, in which the boys dined and feebly amused themselves through the hot noons, towards that green plot round the corner where groups of dark-eyed girls clustered, laughing and chatting much more vivaciously than their masculine fellow-scholars, found a strange delight in his position.

Sébastien was an orphan like Marie, and unlike her had no little playfellows in the dull house where he lived with his old sister, Louise, and her husband, the maréchal. Louise was not really old, but she seemed so to Sébastien, and she was very dull, a heavy-eyed, sallow woman, often suffering from fever, and always from her husband, an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, with a passion for gambling, and known besides to be the most self-willed, least amiable man in the whole village. The lot of poor Louise was therefore a hard one, and still harder was it that the clever, genial-tempered little boy, should have to share it with her. Sébastien liked school-hours better than those he spent with his sister, and the best part of his school-hours he soon reckoned to be those in which he crept into a quiet acquaintance with the group of little girls to which Marie and Jeanie belonged.

Quite naturally, very gradually, Sébastien and Marie became friends ; such friendships are rare amongst the children I am speaking of, though the girls make strong attachments to one another. Marie had no girl-friend, however, because the very first little bud of her affection formed beneath the bright warm eyes of the young Sébastien ; and Sébastien had no companion comparable in his esteem to Marie ; in his life all grew together—companionship, friendship, love, all in one.

By degrees it came to be an accepted thing that Sébastien and Marie should sit side by side during resting hours, should dance together after school-time, whenever the children fell into this amusement before going home, should walk together up the hill to Marie's valley, Sébastien carrying Marie's books, gathering flowers for her as

they went along, showing her a thousand little attentions whilst the maiden walked demurely on, her knitting ever in her hands, her dropt eyes watching her busy fingers.

Sometimes Marie ventured to ask her friend into Aunt David's house—that was a golden evening for Sébastien; then the children would all play together beside the tiny stream, or feed the doves and rabbits; and Jeanie, the pretty coquettish little Jeanie, would be vexed sometimes that she could not get their visitor all to herself. But at length came Amélie's misfortune and Marie's defection from school; then it was that the dream awoke in reality, that the bud becoming swelled with rain thrust its fragrance upon the air. Marie's days were clouded over with grief for her little sister, and Sébastien could never rest from showing her that he knew it, or from craving to share the burden with her. Not a day passed without the lavishment of some love or care.

'The child has a good heart,' Madame David used to say, 'and God will reward him for it;' but Sébastien was coveting reward from another than He, which he did not fail to receive.

About this time in their thirteenth year came the first communion taken together, when, as Marie had said to me, the Blessed Mother herself had given the orphans to one another. It was a beautiful time, yet it was not then that Sébastien and Marie were betrothed—not until three years afterwards, when Marie was sixteen and Sébastien had begun his career as a man.

As the time passed which bore them from childhood to youth the lovers had gradually seen less of one another, at least their intercourse had been more restrained. Marie was to the full as modest as the other village girls; and as anything approaching to a secret intimacy between youths and maidens was unheard of among them, and as it was impossible for Sébastien to be her avowed suitor, in that he was a poor orphan boy with years and years to look forward to before he could become possessed of a home that he could ask Marie to share with him, it came to be only by a rare chance now and then that but a look, or a small interchange of kindly attention, or one half hour's easy, happy talk, fell to the share of the two who were still all in all to one another.

After he left school Sébastien was placed by his sister under her husband, M. Dallon, to learn the trade of a blacksmith; as for Marie, she was more and more drawn into a life of out-door labour since Amélie had grown stronger, or at any rate older, and could be left alone long days in the valley, sometimes sitting before the door of Barbe Bertrand's shop watching the curious movements of his saws and screws and chisels, or listening a little way off to Clair Battiste's vehement cutting of wands and reeds—Clair Battiste was somewhat hasty-tempered, and would not bear the child very near his shed; or again crooning over the fire with Madame Barbe Jean Jaques in those first

days of stunned grief for the loss of her fever-stricken child Francine. Amélie could safely be left then amongst these many over-watchful guardians, or even quite — quite alone — poor, wee, wistful, pitiful, frail creature, when by chance all were away and the valley was empty excepting of her. Sometimes on really happy days Catherine or Jeanie would take her to school—that is to say when M. Barbe Jean Jaques lent his pony or his mule to carry her to and fro ; but at length Catherine grew too old to go to school, and went to work as Marie did. And Jeanie ? Jeanie was to be made a scholar of—this was Madame David's ambition.

'What sense would there be,' she used to say, 'in my having Marie, a hearty, willing girl, to work at my side, where Jeanie must have been but for her, and my Jeanie not to profit by my having her ? The good God is more than pleased, He is satisfied, with what I have done for the orphans ; He would now have me profit myself and mine by them a little as well.'

The result of which revelation of the will of Heaven to Madame David was that Jeanie was sent at the age of thirteen to be educated by Sisters in a convent at Marseilles, and that Marie thenceforth became, not the right-hand of her aunt, for she had been that all along, but her left-hand as well ;—no round-limbed, well-grown, good-natured Jeanie was at hand after this to carry linen to and fro between the house and the river on washing-days, to soak the plates and dishes in the stream, to pet the doves, to feed the mule, to bring in furze and wild thyme in huge sweet bundles for the rabbits, and generally to supplement in uncertain and half effective ways the requirements of the somewhat clumsily ordered household.

It was a pretty, fair face wanting too. Ah ! how the mother's heart yearned for it sometimes, and how the mother sighed at night for want of her cherished one ; but then it was the heart of a *mother* that yearned, one capable of self-wounding for her child if for no one else, and the sigh breathed forth therefore—what was it but an incense of prayer, an evening sacrifice leaving no hurt behind ? Nobody ever heard Madame David regret that she had sent her Jeanie away from her for a season, but many a neighbour gossipped and wondered at her hardness, her unselfishness, her pride, her self-seeking, all in one. It was a rare thing—an ambitious thing—for one of those parts to do ; no daughter of richer proprietors had ever left her peasant home in search of education further away before that time ; for was not M. le Curé's own sister the instructress of the village girls, who had indeed brought up three generations of them ?

Madame David herself had learned of Mademoiselle ; perhaps for that very reason she had her own ambitions for Jeanie. Certain it is, that dear, kind Mademoiselle was older than she had been, and a little sleepy too, it must be confessed, upon hot afternoons in the small, crowded upstairs-room, where the girls spelt and sewed and

sang canticles to Mary day after day, year after year, generation after generation, with very little change in the daily round.

It was shortly after Jeanie went, that pretty Antoinette, a distant cousin of and goddaughter besides to Louise Dallon, made that suitable marriage which gave all her friends so much pleasure, joining two properties together and emptying one family's cherished hoard into that of another equal to it.

To be sure the bride and bridegroom were fifteen years apart in age, and M. Funel had been married before, but if the bride had no objection, and pretty Antoinette had none, why should any one else concern himself about it? Marie did not, truly, for that marriage-day brought an unlooked-for happiness to her. Antoinette's relations were, of course, all asked to the dance given at the bride's house in the afternoon and evening of the happy day; but, what was more important to Marie, Sébastien, the young cousin of the bride, being chosen by her as chief guest, was, according to custom, privileged to invite to the house that girl whom he should most desire for a partner in the festivities. It needs not to say that Marie was his invited, or that she was nothing loth to come.

It was a pretty bright day late in March, a day in Easter week, on which the wedding was celebrated. The ceremony itself formed a pretty enough spectacle, and the feast and dance afterwards at the house of Antoinette's parents, almost the richest people in the place, were unusually elaborate and delightful; tedious, perhaps I should rather say, considering that the guests who assembled at two o'clock in the afternoon did not begin to separate until ten o'clock at night; but then eight hours of, at any rate, looking at one another—what bliss for lovers! And Marie was a bliss to look at that day—happiness overflowed her heart and looked out at her eyes, and made an atmosphere about her that everybody must have felt in the whole place.

But everything must come to an end, as that wedding ball did; and, at last Marie, making her pretty *adieux* to the bride and bridegroom, the parents and the neighbours, drew a little white woollen shawl over her head, the sole protection from the night air which she thought necessary, and turned from the cheerful room with its few lingering guests into the darkness outside. Sébastien was already there waiting for her, it being quite *en règle* that he who had invited the wedding guest should consider her his charge until the end of the day and accompany her to her own home.

A stretch of lonely white road lying bright in the moonlight, a path that wound between the light shadows of olive-trees shimmering silver as the gentle night-winds stirred amongst the leaves, the rivulet's soothing ripple on the left hand, a scent of lilac blossoms, the heavy perfume of jonquils and hyacinths, star-like flowers upon either side, the deep unutterable sky overhead, a narrow up-hill zigzag amongst the bean-flowers, a nook in deepest shade behind orange-

trees laden with fruit and just budding into flower, the lovers passed along that clear white road and through the olive-grove and up the gradual hill, and stood for a moment or two in the shade beneath the orange-trees. How could it have been otherwise than that they should then and there have plighted their troth to one another? words of love would have whispered themselves from the very leaves overhead if they had failed to whisper them. How could they think of what was prudent in the future whilst thrilling with the sense of what was real, yea, as the beautiful world around them?

For the first time they spoke to one another of it there, it was like stepping out of dreamland into existence; how wonderful, and yet how real, life became to them in a moment? To those two young creatures standing side by side within the infinite, treading upon this world of ages, beneath the heavens, endlessly teeming, all creation seemed to be new-born that hour, all possibility of feeling to be condensed into the one emotion of their mutual love.

So in sighs and kisses those few moments passed, and then they too were gathered up and melted away and mingled with all past things, and the white-robed girl flitted amongst the shadows into the darkness of Madame David's tall, dark house, and Sébastien retrod his steps alone.

(To be continued.)

ALL NO HOW.

CHAPTER II.

'Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.'
Canadian Boat Song.

SCYTHE-SHARPENING was heard in the garden next morning, for Dr. Restryfe always declared that his ten boys and girls left him no money for mowing-machines, and the gardener in consequence was always cross on mowing mornings.

Julia came in to breakfast with rough hair and green frock, and Tony's head was decorated all over with bits of grass. Herbert did not appear till after prayers, and said nurse had caught him to brush his hair and wash his hands. Lizzie looked grave behind the urn, and said, severely, 'What can you have been about?'

'Making hay,' said Julia. 'The sun shone, so we thought it was the proper time.'

'Not tumbling the grass about?'

'Haven't they though?' said Arthur. 'The lawn was in an awful mess, and Sam in no end of a rage.'

‘Really it is very odd that you get into mischief directly my back is turned! Where were you, Floss?’

‘Gathering fruit,’ said Florence, and the piled-up dish showed she had worked hard.

Arthur and Fred had been fishing, and Grace? ‘Were you helping Florence?’ said Lizzie.

‘No, I did not know where she was,’ said Grace, demurely; and Herbert called out, ‘She was playing with us! We had such jolly fun while Sam was gone to breakfast!’

‘You know quite well it was very naughty,’ said Lizzie. ‘That is, you three—of course, not Grace. You might at least make yourselves decent! Grace has not a hair out of place.’

‘Some people’s hairs grow the right way,’ said Julia, shoving back her own heavy mass and looking comical; but her father began telling Lizzie the contents of some of his letters, and the children were reduced to silence.

Dr. Restryfe went into the garden after breakfast, and was waylaid, first by the gardener and then by Lizzie, who took him to the fernery. When he came in he called the children and reproved them sharply for the mess on the lawn, adding, ‘I am very much vexed to see the damage done at the fernery; but Lizzie tells me you all deny any knowledge of it, which I am glad to hear. Remember, next time any companions come to play with you, you are responsible for preventing mischief.’

Dr. Restryfe’s plan of teaching his children honour by always implicitly trusting their word had answered admirably with all the elder ones, who never dreamt of the smallest departure from truth, but something in Tony’s look, as his father turned away, made Florence very uncomfortable for a moment, though she was angry with herself directly, and ran out to see what Arthur was doing. Grace was reading in the schoolroom and had escaped notice.

‘Little sneak!’ muttered Julia to Tony, ‘when she made more mess on the grass than any of us!’

‘Bosh about sneaks,’ said Tony, crossly. ‘What does it matter who did it?’

‘Oh, not a morsel,’ said Julia, surprised. ‘Of course they think it was me, and I’m sure they’re welcome to.’

Florence came back, saying, ‘Arthur and Fred are going to build up the mess at the rockery and do the new bit, and they want the flints brought from the yard.’

‘Oh, yes!’ cried Julia. ‘Let’s bring some loads in Tony’s cart, and pretend we’re Ju-islanders making fortifications against an expected excursion of Gory-landers.’

‘Incursion,’ corrected Florence; but such trifles were beneath Julia’s notice, and she ran to call Grace, who came rather unwillingly, and did not at all see the force of pretending to be anything but what they were, nor understand how it could be an assistance in dragging

heavy loads to say one was doing it for the good of one's country. Julia began spouting an original patriotic ode to encourage the Ju-land soldiers on the ramparts, but stuck after the first line till Fred came to her aid, and between them they composed three verses, which she said made her blood curdle—

‘Men of Ju-land, soldiers, heroes !
Dread not foes from land of Gory.
Fight for homes, for hearths, for honour ;
Ju-land bards shall chant your glory.

‘Heave the stones to build the ramparts,
Raise them high, and firm, and long !
Man them well with Ju-land heroes,
Ju-land hearts are brave and strong.

‘Ju-land soldiers fall in battle,
Yet their names shall live for aye !
Ju-land men are never vanquished,
Ju-land heroes win or die !

The others had gone without Julia for a load while this heroic effusion was in progress, and they came running back full speed, with little Ormond sitting on the top of the flints. A sharp corner—an overthrow ! Ormond's squalls were piercing just as Lizzie came out of the house. Of course there was a rush to see if the young gentleman had sustained serious injury, but he seemed very well able to stand, and, though he had cut his leg a little, was quite open to the consolation of a ride in-doors on Arthur's back ; so Lizzie was at leisure to turn on Julia with reproaches for putting him on the cart.

‘Only I didn't,’ said Julia, coolly, after hearing her out.

‘You should have stopped it then. I saw you with the cart.’

‘No, really, Lizzie, it wasn't her fault !’ pleaded Florence.

‘She was courting the Muses here, so she can prove a distinct *alibi*,’ added Fred.

Julia looked perfectly indifferent whether she were blamed or not, and Lizzie sighed—‘Two scrapes this morning !’

‘Are you keeping a list to send mamma ?’ inquired Julia.

‘I wish you were all to be trusted !’ exclaimed Lizzie, who looked sufficiently bothered. ‘Papa has to go to Chilford, and he has been proposing we should all go in the waggonette and have tea at old Forbes’, but——’

‘Oh, what fun !’

‘How jolly !’

‘We can get some Osmunda for the fountain,’ said Florence.

‘You can get that beetle in the bog, Fred,’ said Arthur, who had just come back after depositing Ormond in the nursery.

‘Boil the kettle !’ ‘Tea out of doors !’ ‘Jolliest place you ever saw !’

Lizzie could hardly get in a word edgeways. ‘I knew you would like it, but after this morning——’

‘Bother this morning !’ cried Arthur. ‘We can't have another

upset of flints, for there are none there. Do for pity's sake let bygones be bygones !'

'Well, I suppose I must let you go, if you will all be very good.'

'Did papa ask you if we might?' said Julia, setting up her eyebrows in a comical way, which Lizzie felt it more dignified not to notice.

So a merry party and a large hamper started for Chilford in the afternoon, and after a drive of about four miles stopped at a gate in a row of dilapidated palings, where they were heartily welcomed by old Forbes. He had once been gardener to Dr. Restryfe's father, and had an affection for the whole family, and it was a favourite holiday treat to go over and have tea in the grounds of the old house of which he and his wife had the care. It was a gruesome old place with broken windows, creaky staircase, and roof that let the rain through in torrents, for the last owner had let everything go to decay, and now it was in Chancery ; but the old couple made themselves comfortable in one of the rooms which they had fitted up to their own liking, and there the children lingered some time talking to them ; Arthur and Julia, pulling out their curiosities to show Fred, and Florence giving Mrs. Forbes the history of Charlie's illness. The younger ones ran out, and Lizzie followed to look after them, while the boys were still joking the old man about his cat and the holes in his roof, and they found him so amusing that they stayed on till Florence came back to say Lizzie could not think what had become of them, and was waiting for the hamper. They picked it up ; Florence begged for a jug of water, and they crossed the overgrown garden to what had once been a park, but was now little more than a rough common, bounded on one side by a bog, and on the other by two or three fields, beyond which ran a stream with a water-mill and weir just below. Lizzie had fixed on a place for tea, and the children were collecting sticks, but they seemed in a snarling mood, and Lizzie looked hot and tired. Florence helped her spread the table-cloth, and the boys unpacked the hamper.

'I say ! The jam-pot is smashed !'

'No, it has only run out. What an awful mess ! It's all gone into the lettuce !'

'Let's wash it. Where's the water Floss brought ?'

'In the kettle. Can't we get some more ?'

'There's a well in the bog that won't do for tea, but it will do for that. Tony, run and get us a jug of water.'

Lizzie looked up a few minutes after, and saw him coming back with the jug.

'Tony !' she exclaimed, 'did not I forbid any going to the bog ?'

'Arthur sent me for some water.'

'Really, Arthur, it is very odd you are always setting your authority against mine.'

Arthur looked astonished. 'How was I to know you told him not to go ?' he said. 'We always do go there.'

‘Of course we do!’

‘Awfully unfair not to let us!’

‘Julia has already lost her shoe there,’ said Lizzie (‘Only I got it again,’ put in Julia), ‘and I cannot have that going on, so none of the younger ones are to go there, and you ought to have known better than to send Tony; but you never think of helping me.’

Arthur did not speak, but Florence saw a sullen cloud settle on his face, which did not augur well for his pleasantness during the rest of the evening. Tea, however, went off more brilliantly than might have been expected. Julia’s flow of spirits was never damped, and Fred was ready for any amount of fun. He could not help thinking if he had been one of a merry party of brothers and sisters he would never have looked so gloomy at such a trifle. To be sure Lizzie was very provoking, but it was much pleasanter for oneself and everybody else to keep the children in roars of laughter, and make them forget what had put them out, than to brood over such nonsense all tea-time.

‘Now, remember,’ said Lizzie, when tea was over, ‘no going down to the bog. You may play about here as you like, but I won’t have you losing your shoes and getting your stockings soaked. Do you hear?’

‘Mother always lets us.’

‘No fun coming if we don’t!’

If only Arthur would have proposed some game the murmurs would have died away; but he was much too cross with Lizzie to do anything of the sort, and said, ‘We are going to get Floss’s Osmunda. I suppose you don’t object to our going? Come along, Floss.’

‘Oh, I don’t want the Osmunda now!’ cried Florence in desperation. ‘Let’s have a good game of rounders.’

‘Too hot for rounders. Come! Where’s Fred? He wants some nsects.’

‘Not now,’ said Fred, catching Florence’s imploring look. ‘That will do just as well another time. I say! I saw a jolly Gory-land castle as we came down. Didn’t you ever find it out?’

‘Oh, where!—By the blackberry-bushes?’ The children were running off, Florence among them, when Arthur caught her. ‘How can you be so silly, Floss! As if Lizzie had any right! Come with me and get the Osmunda. You know you want it.’

‘Lizzie is in a worry,’ said Florence, decidedly, ‘and that makes her worse than usual. Do come, Arthur! Never mind the bog. You know they will all be crosser than ever if we go, and we shall have great fun up there.’

‘Well, I can’t think what’s come over you. I never knew you so stupid before. You might come, when I want you.’

‘But, Arthur, you don’t care for ferns, so why should you mind?’

‘It is so silly,’ said Arthur, not knowing exactly how to answer this

argument ; ' but if Fred is so taken up with that Gory-land nonsense, and you are so cross and unkind, I can go by myself.'

' Oh, Arthur !—you know it's only because I don't want a regular row with the others ! '

' Oh, if you prefer them to me I don't want you.'

Arthur went off determinately, and Florence could have sat down and cried. She longed to run after him, and tell him she would go anywhere with him, and do anything for him, and she winked very hard to keep back her tears, saying to herself, ' I promised mamma I would help Lizzie. Yes, I did ! and if I go with him I know they'll all go, and there will be no end of a row. Oh, I wish Lizzie wouldn't bother him ! It's all her fault ! Poor Lizzie ! I dare say she misses Fanny.'

Florence did not hold with Julia's theory, that grown-up people, who had no lessons to do and could please themselves, could not possibly have anything to bother them. She always showed by her little thoughtful ways that she knew when her mother was anxious, and she saw now that Lizzie was worried and overdone, so, instead of rebelling, she set herself to help her all she could, and resolutely swallowing her tears, ran up the slope to the place where the others were at high romps with Fred.

' Where's Arthur ?' was the cry, for Arthur was capital at such games when he chose.

' Gone for some ferns,' and of course they guessed where, and began again about ' An awful shame ! '

Lizzie exclaimed, fretfully, ' It really is too bad of him ! ' And his defection quite upset the interest of the game. They found out it was much too hot to play, and threw themselves listlessly on the grass, voting all Lizzie's suggestions ' awfully stale,' and Fred looked quite at a loss.

Florence proposed going over the house and looking for some owls, and Fred declared there was nothing he wished so much to see, and by degrees the others were worked into thinking it would be rather fun, and they started a sort of game of hide-and-seek in the odd old passages, but it was not kept up with much spirit. Fred found an extraordinary cupboard which he was bent on exploring ; and Florence and Mary went to see what he was doing. Lizzie sat talking to the old people, thinking the children were all right, but when her father came in and called them, only the three from the cupboard appeared. The others were nowhere to be found ! Could they be gone to the bog ? Fred started to look, but met Arthur, who said he had seen nothing of them. Arthur had found no special amusement in plunging ankle-deep into soft mud, with no one to share the fun. He did not look much less sullen than when he had started, and refused to believe there was any occasion to make a rout about the others. Of course they would turn up all in good time !

'Only as I want to be home in good time, it does not suit me to wait,' said his father, 'so go and look for them, and don't leave it all to Fred.'

Up and down, round about, did they search, and nothing was to be found! The sun was getting low, and they began to be uneasy. At last Fred, having hunted everywhere else, made his way to the river, and then, as he pushed through the bushes, he saw a little figure capering wildly about, and gesticulating in a way that left no doubt it was Julia. But where were the others?

The young Restryfes were so used to the weird look of the old house, with the flooring half gone and the cobweb tapestries, that they never thought of anyone being frightened, but Grace did not like it at all, and when Fred had vanished into the cupboard, and the others had run along the gallery, just as Julia was beginning to hold forth on some romance she had made up, a cry of terror startled them, and they looked back and saw Grace standing with her hands over her eyes, sobbing, 'A ghost! a ghost! I'm sure it was!'

'Oh, what fun!' cried Julia. 'What was it like? I should so like to see one!'

'Oh, it was all flappy and fluffy!—Oh! oh! oh!—I can't stay here!'

'Flappy and fluffy! It must have been the owl! What fun!'

'No, it was white and glaring. It came out of the roof and went out of window.'

Julia and Tony were sure it was the owl, and climbed up the wainscot to look for it in the rafters; but Grace persisted it was a ghost, and she could not stay where such boggyish things flew about. She really was frightened, and when Julia suddenly declared she had found the very place where the 'Mistletoe Bough' happened, and began spouting the poem in a way that was enough to make any one feel creepy, her alarm reached such a pitch that she began to cry, and protested she was sure they would be lost, and she must and would get out of the house directly. There was enough reality in her alarm to recall Julia to her resolution of not teasing her, and she persuaded Tony and Herbert that they would all go out and have some fun in the garden. They never thought of being missed, and played about for some time, but Grace kept on edging away from the house, and the boys continually recurred to the bog grievance, till Julia began to feel ill-used for company, though she said—

'I shan't go without Lizzie knowing. If I go at all I shall tell her it's all humbug about shoes, and we won't put up with it.'

'Oh, don't go to the bog!' said Grace, 'I'm sure that isn't nice. I'll tell you what—I want to go to the river. Nobody told us not to do that.'

'The river? Yes,—it would be fun!—but Lizzie——'

'Oh, I dare say she wouldn't mind,' said Grace. 'Let's run down. It would be so nice!'

‘Let’s go!’ cried Tony. ‘I went once with papa and Arthur fishing, and it was jolly! Nonsense about Lizzie! What is it to her? Arthur went to the bog; why shouldn’t we go to the river?’

Julia knew what Lizzie would say; but what fun it would be, and what harm could they come to? They were too big to tumble in, and it was not beyond the grounds of the house. While she was thinking about it the others ran on, and she said to herself—‘Well, I must go and keep them out of mischief! Arthur said Lizzie was a fidget, and mamma lets us run about as we like, and never told us not to go to the river.’

The run through the cool grass was pleasant in the lengthening shadows, and the river was delicious! The bank was low, and they could dabble and amuse themselves delightfully. Best of all a boat was moored close by, and Grace jumped in, followed by the boys. Julia felt herself in a sort of authority, and hesitated; but it looked so nice playing with the water over the side, that she could not resist it, and they were soon enjoying themselves to their heart’s content.

‘Ju-islanders lying off the shore of Gory-land!’ said Julia. ‘Look at the Gory-landers coming down with their bristling spears!’

But Grace had an objection to Ju-island, and exclaimed, ‘It’s very stupid lying here! Let’s put off. I often rowed at Mrs. Courtfield’s last summer. Don’t you know how?’

‘No! That I cannot sanction!’ said Julia, startled into one of her fine speeches. ‘I have made an effort to please you all, and stretched a point, and I cannot.’

‘Hold your tongue, Ju! Don’t come Lizzie over us like that!’ said Tony. ‘I can row as well as Grace! Why shouldn’t we?’

‘No! It would be mean and dishonourable, and a breach of trust, and putting ourselves in eminent danger,’ said Julia, brandishing a bulrush wildly round her head.

‘Lizzie never trusts us at all,’ argued Tony, ‘and it’s not a bit worse than coming down here on the sly.’

‘I did *not* come on the sly! All the world was welcome to see me, and I shall tell her where we’ve been. She’s a cross old fidget; but she sha’n’t say I do things on the sly.’

‘But, Julia,’ interposed Grace, ‘nobody told us not. Why shouldn’t we just paddle out—just far enough to get those beautiful water-lilies? It’s no more sly than sitting in the boat.’

‘And you know Arthur said Lizzie was a regular old maid of a fidget,’ added Tony, ‘and she worritted anybody’s life out.’

‘Yes, I know, and it’s all quite true; but she might worrit my life out myriads of time before I would stoop to doing what I know my parents would abstractedly probitate, and if you—Tony! Grace! Do you hear? If Lizzie was here I should not care; but I won’t do it unknownst, and if you do I shall breast the foam and dash ashore and bear the tidings immutably!’

‘Have done!’ cried Tony. ‘You’ve done so much behind Lizzie’s back, a little more or less can’t matter. Here goes!’ and he began to undo the fastening, while Grace seized an oar, saying—

‘It’s very cross of you, Julia, and if you tell, I shall tell that you called her a cross old maid!’

‘That will be no news to her! You may tell just what you like. I never shrink from having any of my sayings recapitulated. Now, Tony, I say? What are you doing? I tell you I won’t—won’t——’

The scuffle nearly upset the boat. Tony was actually pushing off. Julia made a desperate effort to seize the rope, and failing, sprang ashore, alighting on her knees, with both feet in the water. She scrambled up the bank by the help of the bushes, tearing her frock, and turned at the top to see what the others were doing. They were pushing into mid-stream, catching at the water-lilies, and calling out that it was jolly, and she was very stupid.

‘Wait till you are back!’ said Julia, drawing herself up. ‘Not for all the lilies of Ouse’s silver tide would I share your stolen pleasure!’

The others did not heed her, nor notice that as they cleared the weeds the current, which was very strong, owing to recent rains, took the boat and floated them quietly down stream. They leant over the side dabbling and splashing, and never thought of the weir just below, where the boat must be upset if it were not stopped first! The thought of danger did not enter their heads, nor indeed Julia’s she only thought they were doing what not only Lizzie, but her parents, would certainly forbid; but she did not like to run off at once and report them, so she stood watching, waving her bulrush, and haranguing—

‘“Merrily merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale!”

Sweeping proudly on like Lord Ronald’s fleet! But you know what the end of that was—

“All day with fruitless strife they toiled,
With eve the ebbing currents boiled.”

No, that wasn’t Lord Ronald, it was the Bruce. Never mind! It’s all the same model, and you’ll find it out presently to your bitter, bitter cost! And when you do get in you know what will await you, or if you don’t, I do! And it will serve you quite right, and I sha’n’t pity you a bit. Yes, there you go, “floating down the silent tide.” “Flow on thou shining river!” But when you get down to the ocean-main, what then? Why Fred! Where did you come from?’

‘What in the world are you about? You’ve been lost this hour! Where are the others?’

‘Ah! you may well ask! There goes the boat with its freight, out into the west as the sun goes down, and here stand I weeping like the three fishers’ wives Lizzie is so fond of.’

‘Nonsense, Julia! What do you mean? Hollo! They haven’t put off in that boat? I say! That’s past a joke. Tony! Don’t you know there’s a weir? You’ll get carried over as sure as you’re alive! Pull in this way! This side! Pull hard!’

‘Oh, it’s awfully jolly!’ called back Tony. ‘We’re going home this way!’

‘Awfully jolly! You’ll find it awfully jolly to be carried down the weir and upset in the water. Do you hear? You *must* pull in, Tony! I’m in earnest!’

Fred’s tone frightened Grace, who began to cry. Herbert sat staring, and Tony seemed to think he had better obey, and tried to pull towards shore, but the boat only went round and round, and Grace screamed and jumped up.

‘Sit still!’ cried Fred. ‘You’ll have the boat over. This way, Tony! Pull!’

But his directions were useless, Tony could not follow them.

‘Just as I told you,’ said Julia, coolly.

“Brother, how hopest thou to abide
The fury of this wildered tide.”

Why, they can’t hurt, can they?’ she added, with a sudden change of tone, as Fred gave an impatient exclamation.

‘Can’t they? I shall just have to swim out, I can see, that’s all! Here, Tony!—how stupid you are! Well, there’s nothing for it then!’

The weir was hardly a hundred yards off, and matters were really serious. Fred began pulling off his coat, and Julia screamed, ‘Oh, don’t! You’ll be drowned! Don’t risk your life!’ but was overawed by his sharply telling her not to talk nonsense, or they would all be drowned. He was a good swimmer, but the stream was very strong, and it would not be easy to reach the boat. However, he could see no other way of rescuing the children, and he was just going to jump in, when he spied a tree, with an overhanging branch, under which they must pass. He ran down the bank, swung himself into it, and watched as the boat floated down for the right moment to drop in. Julia stood with clasped hands, gazing breathlessly, saying to herself, ‘He’s going to rescue them all from a watery grave, just like a hero, I’m sure he is! Oh, I hope he won’t tumble in and get drowned! No, he can swim; but, perhaps, he’ll get a romantic fever.’

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, HIS FAMILY AND HIS TIMES.

BY LUCY PHILLIMORE.

VII.

VERY brief and scanty accounts of the building of S. Paul's have been transmitted to us. Sir Christopher has left as little written record about his greatest as about any of his lesser works; estimates and accounts are to be had, but descriptions very seldom. The quarries of Portland had been made over for the time to Wren, and the stone which previously had been wasted, was now regularly brought to S. Paul's. In 1676 the Bishop of London (Compton) issued an Address, urging the claims of the cathedral, not on the citizens alone, but upon the Country; he insisted with some eloquence that all churches should as much as possible imitate the 'exceeding magnifical' temple of Solomon in their beauty and grandeur, and especially the cathedral of wealthy London. His address, his warm interest in the work, and that of Dean Sancroft, brought many contributions, and though hampered often, the architect was never actually stopped by lack of money.

During this year Wren married a second time, and again neither the exact time nor place are known; his bride was Jane, daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam; her mother was an heiress, the daughter of an alderman named Hunter.

In the following year Sir Christopher completed the column generally known to Londoners as 'the Monument.' He began it in 1671; but the work had been much hindered by the difficulty of getting blocks of Portland stone of sufficient size. There had been great debate about the ornament for the summit. Wren wished it to be a large statue, as 'carrying much dignity with it, and being more valueable in the eyes of forreigners and strangers.' It was to be fifteen feet high, cast in brass, at a cost 1,000*l*. The expense was probably one reason why this was given up, and the present ornament, a flaming vase of gilt bronze, substituted. Cibber carved a basso-relievo on one side, representing King Charles, in a Roman costume, protecting the ruined city. The other three sides have Latin inscriptions, of which one is an account of the fire, accusing the '*furor Papisticus*' as its cause; a brief inscription in English, lower down on the pedestal, repeats the same charge against the 'treachery and malice of the Popish faction.' Sir Christopher had written one for the column, which left the origin of the fire unstated, but the accusation appealed to the inveterate prejudices of the multitude, and was accordingly put up. In James the Second's reign it was effaced

by his order; but in William the Third's it was re-cut deeper than before, and so remains to justify Pope's well-known lines—

‘— London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.’

It is a curious retribution that the Monument designed by so great an architect as Wren, to commemorate such an event as the burning of London, and the singular courage and energy of its citizens, is now more generally connected in men's minds with falsehood and calumny than with a great historical event.

In the course of this year a daughter was born to Sir Christopher, who was named Jane, after her mother. She grew up to be very amiable, lettered, and accomplished, and a very skilful musician, as her grandfather, Dean Wren, and his nephew Thomas, had been before her.

Sir Christopher continued to be in great request for buildings and repairs at Oxford and Cambridge, where most of the heads of houses were his intimate friends. The King had proposed to him a piece of work on which he entered with all his heart; the remains of Charles I. which had been hastily buried in S. George's Chapel at Windsor, were to be removed to what was known as the tomb-house at the east-end of the chapel, re-interred there with the solemn service that had been denied to them before, and a grand tomb built over them. Lord O'Brien proposed in the House of Commons a grant of money for the purpose, and the House voted 70,000*l.* to be raised by a two months' tax. The Bishop of Rochester (Sprat), preaching before the Commons on the following day, the anniversary of King Charles's death, alluded to the tardy honour done ‘by that much-desired, long-expected vote.’ Sir Christopher prepared designs for a splendid monument, and intended to employ Gibbons for the carving. He drew out the whole series of designs with extraordinary care in delicate pen and ink, and they yet remain with his note upon them. ‘Alas! for the state of the times!—not yet erected.’ The failure of his design was a great annoyance to Wren, who was most anxious to have paid this tribute to the King's memory. He had, however, the satisfaction of restoring Le Soeur's beautiful statue of King Charles to its place at Charing Cross. In the Rebellion it had been everthrown, by order of the Parliament, who directed that it should be broken up. John Rivers, a brazier at Charing Cross, purchased it, hid it in a cellar, and to divert suspicion, sold bronze medals and badges professedly made from its metal. After the Restoration, he produced it intact, and under Wren's direction it was placed on its present pedestal, which was carved by Gibbons.

Wren had been quick to appreciate the rare genius of the young carver whom Evelyn brought to him, and besides employment upon many other things, promised Gibbons work in S. Paul's. Accordingly,

the greatest part of the beautiful carving of the choir, with its festoons of flowers and fruits and its cherubims, is his work ; his flowers have a lightness, a grace, and a finish which no one else could attain ; no one but Gibbons could have reproduced, in wood-carving, ears of barley with 'beards' which it seems any breath of air would ruffle. The fame of the cathedral, its architect, and its carvings, were widely spread, and brought many from the country to seek for work on the new building. Of one of these a curious account remains. A young man, named Philip Wood, of Sudbury, Suffolk, who had great skill in carving, came up to London to make, if he could, sufficient fortune to enable him to marry the daughter of his patron, a retired London merchant named Haybittle. After long waiting in London, without work, till his money was all but spent, he bethought himself that in the cathedral, whose progress he daily watched, 'they would surely put carvings.' The foreman to whom he spoke repulsed him ; but the young man came again and again, till at length Sir Christopher noticed him, and learning from the foreman that he was 'a country fellow who troubled them to give him some of the carving work to do,' beckoned to Wood, and asked what he had been used to carve ? In this critical moment the poor youth lost his presence of mind, and instead of mentioning the 'sundry figures of lions and elephants' that he had carved for Mr. Haybittle's house, stammered out, 'Please your worship, I have been used to carve troughs.' 'Troughs !' said Sir Christopher ; 'then carve me as a specimen of your skill, a sow and pigs (it will be something in your line), and bring it to me this day week. I shall be here.' So he went away with a smile at the presumption which could aspire to step straight from such work to that of adorning S. Paul's. Young Wood, half maddened by the thought of his own folly, and the laughter of the workpeople, yet resolved to take Sir Christopher at his word. He spent his last guinea on a block of wood, and wrought with all his might to get it ready by the appointed day. Sir Christopher was showing the building to a party of friends, but as soon as he saw Wood with his carving hidden in an apron, he beckoned him forward. Wood produced his carving ; Wren looked at it a moment in silence, and then said, 'I engage you, young man ; attend at my office to-morrow forenoon.' Shortly afterwards he came to Wood again and said, 'Mr. Addison * wishes to keep your carving, and requests me to give you ten guineas for it ;' then with his gentle courtesy, he added, 'Young man, I fear I did you some injustice, but a great national work is entrusted to me, and it is my solemn duty to mind that no part of the work falls into inefficient hands. Mind and attend me to-morrow.' Wood was employed for seven years in the cathedral, and received considerable sums of money ; and it is pleasant to know that he did marry Hannah Haybittle.

Besides his London work, Wren was building a hunting-palace at

* Probably the father of the great writer.

Newmarket for the King. Almost the only anecdote which alludes to Wren's personal appearance is connected with this building. When it was nearly completed, the King looked round, and was well satisfied with the general effect, but said he thought the rooms were too low. Wren, who knew the King well, and could hold his own when needful, looked up to the ceiling, and said quietly : 'Sire, I think they are high enough.'

On hearing this, King Charles stooped till he was the architect's height, crept about the room in this attitude, and said laughing, 'Ay, Sir Christopher, I think *they are high enough*.' The building was afterwards destroyed by fire.

Another palace was being built at Winchester for the King, and one for the Bishop (Morley); it was finished at the expense of Sir Jonathan Trelawney, who became Bishop of Winchester in 1707,—as Bishop of Bristol he was one of the famous 'Seven Bishops.'

Winchester had many associations for Wren, to whom the name of Lancelot Andrewes must have been a household word from childhood, probably he at this time became acquainted with Ken, who was then a prebendary of the cathedral. The royal palace was never finished or used, either by Charles II. or his successors, and the one wing that was completed has been lately employed as a barrack.

In 1679 another son was born to Sir Christopher;—Evelyn and Sir William Fermor (created Earl of Pomfret by William III.), after whom the boy was named, and Lady Newport, wife of the Treasurer of the Household, were the sponsors.

Sir Christopher's city churches were rising steadily. He had had to undergo many disappointments about their sites, and had been obliged to put them in places very different from what he wished. If some are plain and bare, and have been disfigured by whitewash and the pews which he detested, others are uninjured and are works of real genius. S. Mildred's, Bread Street, hidden now by tall warehouses, is one of these, finished and perfected after his best manner.

The destruction of this church has actually been threatened, but it has been ably defended, and it is to be hoped it will not be sacrificed to an imagined 'improvement.' He finished S. Stephen's, Walbrook, in 1679, and so well pleased were the parish, that they ordered 'that a present of twenty guineas be made to the lady of Sir Christopher Wren, as a testimony of the regard the parish has for the great care and skill that Sir Christopher Wren showed in rebuilding our church.' S. Mary-le-Bow, another of his famous churches, was finished about this time; it has a beautiful, classical spire, containing the proverbial 'Bow Bells,' and a vane on the summit, the city dragon with a cross on either wing, curiously chased in copper gilt. Another work, finished in 1679, was S. James's, Westminster; it was built at the expense of Henry Jermyn, Earl of S. Alban's, whom Wren had known at Paris (after whom Jermyn Street, where the church stands, is named). Its proportions have been always considered singularly perfect, and Wren,

who was allowed but a moderate sum for the building, was proud of having combined beauty with 'the cheapest method of building he could invent.' When the church was newly finished, with all its decorations fresh—the east end richly adorned with beautiful carving by Gibbons, framing a purple velvet reredos, with a richly-embroidered I.H.S., a font at the west door, one of Gibbons's few works in marble, very finely sculptured, without the stiff pews which now disfigure it, and to which Wren always objected—it must have been very handsome. The organ, built by Renatus Harris, was made for King James's timber chapel at the camp at Hounslow (which was afterwards removed to Conduit Street, and called Trinity Chapel), and after the King's flight Sir Christopher obtained the organ from Queen Mary for S. James's Church.

While the choir of S. Paul's was slowly rising, all London was startled by the tidings of Charles II.'s sudden illness and death, when all the luxury of the Court was at its height. With all his faults, the King's death caused considerable grief throughout England; to both Wren and Evelyn he had been always kind and friendly, and both looked with great anxiety to the reign of his successor. Sancroft had been promoted from S. Paul's to the Archbishopric of Canterbury by King Charles, in succession to Sheldon; he retained his interest in S. Paul's; and, as long as his fortune allowed it, was a liberal contributor.

In the first Parliament called by James II. Sir Christopher was a member, sitting for Plympton S. Maurice, a small borough in Devonshire which then returned two members, where Sir Joshua Reynolds was born. In this respect, as in so many others, the records are meagre and give no clue to Wren's political views, or to any part he may have taken in debates, though he was a ready speaker and knew well how to manage his voice.

The trial of the Seven Bishops, which agitated all England, must have disturbed him greatly; the Archbishop was his personal friend. Ken he also knew, the Bishop of Ely (Turner) was on the S. Paul's Commission, and as he watched them pass to the Tower amongst the kneeling crowds of people, he could not but recall the days of Archbishop Laud's trial and Bishop Wren's long imprisonment. He watched over S. Paul's, of which the choir-walls and its aisles were finished, with increased anxiety, doubting what manner of service might be held there in the future. One incident which happened about this time was rather cheering: the circle of the great dome was being marked out with blocks of stone, and Wren called to one of the workmen to place a piece of stone to mark a particular spot. As he did so, Wren perceived engraved on the stone, the single word 'Resurgam.*' Probably it was a part of the gravestone of King, Bishop of London. It was generally accepted as a happy omen for the cathedral.

Cibber carved the phoenix rising from the flames which is over the

* I shall rise again.

south portico partly in allusion to this incident. The trial and triumphant acquittal of the Bishops which speedily followed on their imprisonment are too well known to need description here. What part Wren took in the subsequent events, what his opinions were about James II.'s flight and the arrival of William of Orange, or how far he agreed with the Nonjurors, there is nothing left to show. His commission was renewed by William III., so he must have taken the oath, holding with Evelyn and many other honourable men that King James had in fact abdicated, and that the throne was vacant.

Sir Christopher lost his sister, Mrs. Holder, in this year (1688) when she was sixty-one; she had been mother and sister both to him in the days of his sickly childhood, and they had always been linked together. Now her brother laid her first of all his family in the vault under the choir of his great work. Her husband, who was a canon of S. Paul's, survived her nine years, and was then buried by her side. How little could they have thought, as they watched over the delicate child to whom Mr. Holder first taught mathematics, what a genius the boy would develop, and to what magnificent purpose he would use his knowledge!

Both William III. and his queen were friendly to Wren. Queen Mary appreciated his genius and held many conversations with him about architecture. She employed him in alterations at Hampton Court, and had the wisdom to trust to his taste. Her husband was less prudent, and by insisting on his own ideas, considerably marred Wren's work at Hampton Court.

The Royal Society had sustained a real loss by Charles II.'s death; and if King James took little interest in their discussions, King William was utterly indifferent. Still it had a rank and a position of its own, and held on its steady course, in spite of all storms, with Wren as President. His post was no sinecure; he attended meetings constantly, and discussed—now the comet, that had recently alarmed many people; now an Italian book on minerals, which he promised to translate; now a theory of the undulations of water; now a method of making jessamine-scented gloves. He was twice elected President, and then resigned his post to Sir J. Hoskyns.

In 1694 the choir of S. Paul's was completed, and Evelyn witnesses to its beauty. The architect had been thwarted in two respects. He had designed a magnificent marble canopy, resting on four writhed marble columns, for the altar, to give it its due importance and height, and to be the culminating point of the interior,—the design still exists, but has not yet been executed. The other matter was the organ, which was put in a gallery across the choir instead of, as he wished, and as it now is, on either side, leaving the vista clear. The pilasters at the east end were painted in imitation of *lapis lazuli* to try the effect, but the real stone has not yet been substituted for the imitation. The choir was first solemnly opened for service on the thanksgiving day for

the peace of Ryswick, which, though it brought little gain to England, was yet welcome as the close of a long, bloody war.

The opening of the choir could not, one would have thought, but raise everyone's respect and admiration for the architect who had worked on unfaltering through all change and tumult; yet in his lifetime, as Steele said in his paper on Modesty, describing Wren under the name of 'Nestor' (in the *Tatler*), 'the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.' His name was never given to any of the streets which he raised from their ruins; nor has posterity yet paid him this small token of its gratitude and honour.

The care of Westminster Abbey was next added to his other offices, and he at once examined the grand building, where as a boy he had worshipped, with his wonted energy. He pronounced decidedly that a central lantern tower had been part of the old design; but there seems then to have been no intention that Wren should do more than repair what was already built, and he began the work. He has been often blamed for the western towers of the Abbey, but it seems that he required only the lower portion of them, faithfully adhering to the original plan where age and decay did not make it impossible to trace it; the upper parts were finished by his pupil.

On February 1, 1699, the Morning Prayer Chapel of S. Paul's was opened for service. Later in the same month a fire broke out at the west end of the choir, where the organ-builder was at work. It caused considerable alarm, but was got under with little damage, except to the decorations and gilding of one of the pillars. It may have been in consequence of this that Sir Christopher covered all the woodwork of the upper parts of the cathedral with 'a fibrous concrete' said to resist fire so well that faggots might be kindled below it with impunity.

In the same year he finished the steeple of S. Dunstan's-in-the-East, the spire of which stands on four arches on the high tower. This was an experiment whose success many people doubted, but Wren was too sure of his calculations to feel much anxiety, though he is said to have watched on London Bridge till a rocket was sent up to show all was safely done. When some time afterwards he was told that all the spires of London had suffered by a hurricane, he said instantly 'Not S. Dunstan's, I am sure,' and he was right.

He was again elected for Parliament, this time as member for Weymouth, and saw another reign begin. Queen Anne renewed his commission, and everything went on as usual, till he had the sorrow of losing his daughter Jane, and his constant friend Evelyn, who had been a S. Paul's Commissioner from the first, and Wren's most steady supporter.

The Act, known as 'Queen Anne's Act,' for building fifty new churches, was passed in 1708, and Wren was of course consulted on the matter. He took occasion to set out at length the fruits of his great experience in church-building in a remarkable Letter to the

Commissioners, but beyond doing this, he does not seem to have taken much share in the proceeding. Two years more passed by, and the last stone of the lantern of S. Paul's was laid by Sir Christopher, his son (just born when the first stone was laid), and Strong, the master-mason.

'All London had poured forth for the spectacle, which had been publicly announced, and were looking up in wonder to the old man, who was on that wondrous height setting the seal, as it were, to his august labours. If in that wide circle which his eye might embrace there were various objects for regret and disappointment; if, instead of beholding the various streets of the city, each converging to its centre, London had sprung up and spread in irregular labyrinths of close, dark, intricate lanes; if even his own cathedral was crowded upon and jostled by mean and unworthy buildings, yet, on the other hand, he might survey, not the cathedral only, but a number of stately churches which had risen at his command and taken form and dignity from his genius and skill. On one side the picturesque steeple of S. Mary-le-Bow; on the other the exquisite tower of S. Bride's, with all its graceful, gradually diminishing circles, not yet shorn of its full and finely-proportioned height; beyond, and on all sides, if more dimly seen, yet discernible by his partial eyesight (he might even penetrate to the inimitable interior of S. Stephen's, Walbrook), church after church, as far as S. Dunstan's-in-the-East, perhaps Greenwich, may have been vaguely made out in the remote distance; and all this one man had been permitted to conceive and execute;—a man not originally destined or educated for an architect, but compelled as it were by the public necessities to assume the office, and so to fulfil it as to stand on a level with the most consummate masters of the art in Europe, and to take his stand on an eminence which his English successors almost despair of attaining.' *

Yet this triumphant success was followed by a series of attacks on the great architect from his fellow-commissioners. But few of the original members were left, and the new ones were anxious to do something for notoriety; they accordingly made a cabal against Wren, accusing him of negligence, and his head workmen of dishonesty in respect to the materials and the men's wages. Jennings, the master-carpenter, was especially attacked; they even tried to dismiss him summarily, and put in some one else to be a check on the architect. This Wren would not endure, but gave Jennings a strong testimonial to show his accusers, and succeeded in defeating their design. A pamphlet, which repeated the accusations, called *Frauds and Abuses in S. Paul's*, was however printed, and some enemy discovered that a clause had crept into the Act relating to S. Paul's authorising the Commissioners to suspend the architect's salary until S. Paul's was finished 'to encourage him to complete it'! Upon this they acted. Wren appealed to Queen Anne and to the

* *Annals of S. Paul's*, Dean Millman.

Archbishop; the case was laid before Sir E. Northey, the Attorney-General, who pronounced it a hard one, but said that under the Act no payment could be made until the cathedral was finished. Wren then petitioned the House of Commons, who cut the knot by pronouncing, in 1711, that the cathedral *was* finished. The Commissioners revenged themselves by insisting on a heavy iron fence round the cathedral (now removed), and by putting a balustrade on the top-most plinth—which Wren utterly disapproved, saying ‘persons of little skill in architecture might expect to see it, and ladies think nothing well without an edging.’ In spite of these few blemishes, there the cathedral stood complete externally in its stately beauty, the work of one man, who it has been truly said ‘had the conception of a painter as well as an architect.’ View the cathedral when and where we will, with every disadvantage of smoky atmosphere and lack of space, it yet fascinates the eye by the perfection of its lines and the majesty of the whole effect, so as to leave no power of criticising petty defects. The sixth and last English reign which Wren was to see began with George I.’s accession in 1714.

The interior works of S. Paul’s were yet going on under Wren’s directions. In an evil hour, Benson, who is held up to scorn in the ‘Dunciad,’ ingratiated himself with the King’s German favourites, and though as ignorant as he was grasping and unscrupulous, obtained that Wren should be dismissed from his post as Surveyor-General, and he himself appointed instead! There was a general outcry from all but Wren, who quietly noted the date amongst his memoranda, adding two lines from his much studied Greek Testament: ‘Then another king arose who knew not Joseph;’ ‘And Gallio cared for none of these things.’ All that he said was, ‘Nunc me jubet Fortuna expeditius philosophari.’* It is some satisfaction to know that Benson so disgraced himself as in five years’ time to be dismissed, narrowly escaping a prosecution by the House of Lords.

Sir Christopher retired to Hampton Court, occasionally visiting his eldest son and his wife at Wroxhall Abbey in Warwickshire, the estate he had bought for them on their marriage.

The last years of Sir Christopher’s long, busy life ebbed peacefully away; he returned to his old studies in natural philosophy with an undimmed vigour of intellect, but his principal study and meditations were in the Holy Scriptures. Once a year he was driven to S. Paul’s, and sat for a while under the dome. It was on February 25, 1723, after one of these journeys, that his servant, thinking Sir Christopher slept longer after dinner than was his wont, came into the room and found his master dead in his chair, with an expression of perfect peace on the calm features.

They buried him by his daughter in the vault of S. Paul’s with this inscription: ‘Here lieth Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of this

* Now does Fortuna command me to apply myself more closely to philosophy.

Cathedral Church of S. Paul, &c., who died in the year of our Lord MDCCXXIII., and of his age XCI.'

Inside the cathedral, over the north transept-door, is the famous inscription, written by his son :—'Subtus conditur hujus Ecclesiæ, et Urbis conditor Christophorus Wren, qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi, sed bono publico. Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice.' *

(Concluded.)

CHRISTIAN ART SUBJECTS.

BY ELIZABETH GLAISTER.

I.—THE ANNUNCIATION.

RAPIDLY as the facilities for learning to draw and for acquiring a knowledge of art have increased of late years, people are still heard to excuse themselves for their want of interest in pictures and other art productions by saying that they know nothing about them. This may be true, so far as a knowledge of technical qualities or of art history is concerned, and there may be sufficient reasons in each case for this neglect of one of the main branches of modern culture; but there is one part of every work of art which appeals to all who can see—that is the subject or thing represented. This may be enjoyed by all, in proportion to the general information or special understanding that each can bring to it.

It is not intended to urge here the great value of some knowledge of art, even to those who do not practise any branch of it, but to suggest that a study of the subjects of Christian art is not only delightful but necessary to those who would illumine and consecrate all their culture by bringing some part of every acquirement, some exercise of every power, to bear on their religion.

To understand the subjects of religious art is to know something of the religious life of the time that produced it, and of which it is the record and expression. It is to understand also what in our own religious life and worship may fitly be expressed by art. It will enable us to read the meaning of the old pictures that we see either preserved in galleries to illustrate the art of those times when all art was religious, or fulfilling their original purpose in the places for which they were intended in foreign churches. Lastly, it will give us an intelligent appreciation of the works of art used in our own churches, which should receive, even from those ignorant of their art value, the same reverent attention that an unmusical worshipper will give to the words of an anthem.

* Beneath is laid the builder of this Church and City, Christopher Wren, who lived more than ninety years, not to himself, but for the good of the State. Reader, if thou ask for a monument, look around thee.

The old Puritan feeling that would have banished music from our worship was more successful with art, it must be admitted with better reason. It is now acknowledged that Church-music requires special study, and that only a certain kind of music is suitable for the service of God. The position of painting in our worship is somewhat different ; it has been greatly discredited from having so deeply partaken of the idolatry and superstition that corrupted the teaching and clouded the faith of the mediæval Church, and from this and other causes Christian art has all but disappeared.

The revival of Catholic teaching in a purer and more enlightened form gives hope of the revival of Christian art ; but the latter, produced from the minds of men, although from some of their highest faculties, has not the ready spring, the principle of freedom, the universal application, the eternal freshness of the God-given Truth.

That Catholic truth suffers for want of the services of the best art, no one can doubt who thoughtfully considers modern pictorial art in our churches or our galleries. Either the art is so bad that it is itself an irreverence, or the teaching conveyed, if not absolutely false, errs from its incompleteness. To take an example not likely to be repeated, who has not seen, in some church repaired and beautified early in this century, the Law exalted instead of the Gospel, Moses where Christ should be ? If Aaron be there, it is to balance the decoration, not to point to the offering of the One Sacrifice. Or again, for an easel picture or a popular print, we see the Nativity represented without one attribute of our Lord's Divinity ; no one worships, and even Mary's delight in her Child is not to be distinguished from that of any ordinary mother. Sometimes the error is on the other side, and the Virgin or a saint receives honour due only to the Godhead.

That art has suffered still more from this separation from religion may be seen in any collection of modern pictures. The so-called sacred subjects are either so feeble and sentimental as to be ridiculous, or so realistic in treatment as to cease to be religious. A Syrian mother and child, however true to Eastern life of to-day, or of 1,800 years ago, will not represent the Holy Child in the arms of His mother any better than an Italian, Spanish, or English mother and babe. Take away from the Madonna della Sedia the adoring figure of S. John, and the picture becomes no more than a lovely study of Italian peasants. Rebecca brought to Isaac will be a mere record of Eastern manners or of early Jewish history without some indication that she represents the Church, the Bride adorned for her Husband. Art suffers in another way in being dismissed from its best service. Year by year, excellence of workmanship increases, while almost more swiftly the character of the subjects represented, declines. Twaddling domesticity, maudlin sentiment, or theatrical—not dramatic—display divide the greater number of the canvases ; while the pictures that are best in point of art are lovely forms and exquisite

arrangements of colour, but can hardly be said to have any subject at all.

If we agree that art to be really religious must express both truth and worship, we shall secure a rule and standard by which to judge the Christian art subjects both of past and present time, and we shall find pleasure and instruction in the highest qualities of many beautiful works without necessarily understanding their technical qualities, or having any acquaintance with the laws of art.

This rule will show that Paul Veronese's magnificent *Marriage at Cana* is not made into a religious picture by the introduction of the figures of our Lord and His Mother into the scene of a Venetian feast; the miracle is not shewn, and our Lord's divine power is not felt. The same painter's *Adoration of the Magi*, in which, as in the former picture, the persons, dresses, and architecture are all of the painter's time and country, expresses reverence, worship, and a comprehension of the inner meaning of the subject.

In all the wide range of Christian art there is no subject so full of poetic grace, as well as of Divine mystery, as that of the Annunciation; none to surpass it in simplicity and unity of pictorial motive, nor in height and depth of religious significance. Surely there has been some neglect of the central doctrine of the Faith, some too abject fear of an opposite extreme when a subject that, even more than the Nativity brings before us the Incarnation, has so entirely failed of worthy representation in modern art. In sculpture and in glass painting there are signs of a revival, but few modern pictures give any satisfaction to a reverent mind. If, in mediæval art, doctrines are expressed, and attributes are given to the Virgin which do not accord with reformed teaching, in modern pictures the Incarnation is often deprived of the reverence and the fulness of expression that come within the proper limits of a painting.

There are two modes of treating this subject, the mystic and realistic. The first aims at the suggestion of the Incarnation, the announcement of the great pre-ordained mystery of redemption that influences all time, and will influence all eternity. The second shews the circumstances and suggests the feelings of Mary on hearing from the heavenly messenger the promise of the miraculous birth of her son. The latter goes no further than the understanding and feeling of the Virgin herself; the former would shew all that subsequent revelation has taught mankind of the tremendous meaning of the Incarnation.

The limited means of expression in early art caused very simple representations to be used as a record of the event. The mystic treatment prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, beginning with work of the eleventh century. Modern pictures of any merit as works of art are almost entirely realistic. Considering first the realistic treatment. Although an accurate representation of the Virgin as she might be at Nazareth must always have a deep interest for us, and though the

painter may spare neither thought nor research to shew the daily life and outward circumstances of the Hebrew maiden in Galilee; yet such a picture, however true to nature in one sense, must come very far short of even suggesting the Catholic—the universal—meaning of the subject.

A peasant maid, cowering against the wall in abject terror, no more represents the poetess who sang the *Magnificat*, the thoughtful woman, who pondered mighty things in her heart, the daughter of the House of David, the descendant of Sarah and Rebecca, the kinswoman of Manoa's wife and of Hannah, to whom the promise of a Son—long looked for—who was to be the Salvation of Israel, was neither new nor strange, but the very centre of her religion, than she does the dignity of innocence, the courage of faith, and the meek acceptance of high destiny that prompted Mary's answer, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according unto thy word.'

On the other hand, the mystic treatment, though capable of fuller expression, has often erred by keeping the lowly maiden altogether out of sight, forgetting that Mary's royalty, like her Son's, was hidden, and the kingdom was not of this world. A crowned queen on a royal throne, receiving the adoration of the angel, is as far from the truth as the realistic idea. Mary was no queen, in the sense of holding or sharing authority, but a daughter of the royal house, as was fitting for her who was to be the Mother of the King. In this last sense she wears the royal mantle—the clothing of wrought gold; but to give her crown, sceptre, or other emblem of government, is a distinct error.

Much of the character of representations of the Annunciation depends on the relative positions of Mary and the angel Gabriel. In early work, especially in figures that form part of an architectural decoration and require a certain symmetry, both stand or both kneel. It is only in work of the fourteenth century or later that the Virgin sits and the angel kneels.

Many of these later pictures are most beautiful, and very reverent in their feeling, but however we may and ought to admire them as works of art, we must not overlook the faults of doctrine they frequently contain. We shall probably find, in every age of Christian art, that the greatest painters are the most free from superstition, and have the clearest vision of the Truth.

That the angel should kneel as he delivers his message is not necessarily in worship of the Virgin; it is rather as acknowledging the work of the Holy Ghost, and in reverence for the Mystery he announces. His raised hand should emphasize this, as in the picture by Fra Angelico, which is given for an illustration in Mrs. Jameson's *Early Italian Painters*, perhaps the purest and most reverent of all the examples of this subject.

It is in very bad taste when the Virgin, seated, crowned, and enthroned, receives the angel with a smile of condescension; a treat-

ment too often found in later Italian work. In a picture by Filippo Lippi, in the National Gallery, the Virgin is seated, while the angel kneels, but her air of humility, and the book on her lap, make the attitude unobjectionable. A kneeling Virgin by Holbein is made less reverent by the signs of affected embarrassment.

A more natural treatment shews the Virgin seated, but with tokens of household occupation about her ; a distaff, a pitcher, or a workbasket. If her head be veiled it gives the Eastern, if uncovered, the Western sign of virginity. Perhaps the best arrangements are those which shew the Virgin kneeling, at a prayer-desk or with an open book, as if Gabriel had found her at prayers, while she bows her head, not only in dutiful submission, but in acknowledgment of the Presence of God. To mark this Presence of the Eternal Trinity, some early painters have the conventional representation of the Father as an old man looking from the clouds, while a pathway of light shews the angel's descent from Him. A more enlightened taste has abandoned this figure, understanding that the Father is only visible in the Son. In the picture by Filippo Lippi mentioned above, the Father is shewn by a hand stretched in blessing from the clouds.

The Dove is in almost all the mystic pictures ; the appearance of our Lord's Baptism warranting this symbol of the Holy Spirit. In Fra Angelico's picture the composition is evenly balanced ; the two kneeling figures, the two sides of the open cloister and the rows of cypresses beyond being almost symmetrical, while the Dove in the clear sky above is the centre of the picture, and brings the whole into unity. In a beautiful modern painting on glass, the wings of the Dove are fashioned like a scroll, or the leaf of a book. (S. John i. 14.)

The angel is often seen descending from above ; sometimes he kneels upon a cloud, not touching the earth. Later and worse taste makes him stand over the frightened maiden with an air of superiority, or shews him too like a half-draped Mercury, or even as a substantial female figure. Holbein and some other German painters give Gabriel a cope or priestly robe ; surely an error, as the angels have no priestly function. The more common and better custom is to give the heavenly messenger the closely-folded dress of an acolyte or server.

Some kind of building, from a thatched roof to a stately palace or an open cloister, is nearly always shewn, S. Luke saying that the angel 'came in unto her,' and also to symbolise a pure and guarded life. Sometimes the enclosure is a hedge or trellis of roses.

Mrs. Jameson, to whose works the reader is referred for further study, gives a long list of the accessories used in pictures of the Annunciation. The chief of these is the lily, either growing in a pot—Mary cultivates heavenly virtues—or as a branch in the angel's hand ; this fairest of flowers is the accepted symbol of purity and of the Virgin. The rose, the emblem of love and beauty, is also dedicated to her, and is frequent in this subject. The cedar, for greatness

and beauty, the cypress pointing to heaven, the olive of peace, and the plantain, which by its far-spreading boughs symbolises the kingdom reaching to the ends of the earth, have each their meaning as well as their beauty. A tree with golden fruit means the tree of life. If the Virgin or the angel bears a branch of palm, it is the sign of the victory won for us; the palm-tree itself, with its crown of green leaves on one straight stem, is the symbol of the Church—'the tree that does not wither'—the same leaves remaining on the tree as long as it lives.

GREEK POPULAR SONGS.

BY REV. J. M. RODWELL, M.A., RECTOR OF S. ETHELBURGA.

THE highest interest always and naturally attaches to the early songs, ballads, and lyrical productions generally, of any people. In these we often see distinct foreshadowings, on the part of ancestors, of what a nation descended from them has become in later days. We can trace back existing tendencies and characteristics, whether warlike, mercantile, pastoral, or intellectual, to traits which showed themselves, as if by a kind of prophetic instinct, in remote ages. The Hebrew, the Englishman, the Greek of to-day, may be discerned in what their fathers said and wrote many centuries ago. Quite independently of poetical merit, to which the earliest productions of a nation can make comparatively but a slight claim, these early efforts of the human mind towards a higher development and civilisation are in various points of view highly suggestive and instructive. The relics which we possess of the sagas of the ancient Northmen, the Nibelungen lays of the Germans, the *reliques* of old English song collected by Bishop Percy, to say nothing of the Vedic Hymns or the productions of the Arabian muse previous to the times of Muhammad, of which latter we have no inconsiderable number, offer a fruitful field for study to the historian, the philologist, and the observer of customs and manners, especially those of social life; not indeed so much in courts and palaces, and the castles of the great and powerful, as among those middle and lower orders, who, in all periods and lands, form the bulk of society, and are most conservative of its traditions. Of no nation are these remarks more true than of the Greeks. For more than 2,500 years has Greece been specially the land of song. The Homeric poems which meet us on the very threshold of their national history point back to a period in which the poetic art must have been extensively cultivated by popular Rhapsodists whose names are now unknown

and while we trace the existence of a stream of popular song existing side by side with the loftier flights of the Theban and Athenian muse, down to the times of the later Byzantine emperors, we are able, through the diligence of modern research and the inquiries of recent travellers, to point to a rich harvest of strictly popular song, in connection with every branch of common and every-day life, exhibiting moreover the same indomitable love of liberty and the same appreciation of natural beauty which distinguished their ancestors. The fact is that, like their predecessors of olden times, the Hellenic race, placed in the most brilliant and delightful climate, surrounded by the most romantic scenery, with every variety which mountain and valley, rock and coast and clustering island, can confer, and possessing in their temperament something of Oriental imaginativeness, inherited perhaps from the original forefathers of the Pelasgian and Doric races, seem to have a kind of natural vein of poetry, which, in their popular songs breaks out on all the occurrences of life in the most simple and unpremeditated style, and has been well characterised by Goethe as the most genuine poetry of artless feeling and unsophisticated nature in these our modern times. In the somewhat bulky volume of these songs recently published by Arnold Passow, extending to nearly 600 octavo pages; we find them arranged as historical Klepht and Armatole songs; songs having reference to the incidents of the Suliot War, and to the heroes and patriots who distinguished themselves in it; songs of farewell chanted by assembled families on the departure of any of its members to seek their fortune in foreign lands; songs connected with occasions of mourning and funerals; pastoral, amatory, marriage, and nursery or cradle songs. We are thus brought into contact with the joys of present, and the sorrows for absent love; with the feelings of fierce hatred for the detested Turk for so many centuries the tyrant of their oppressed race; in fact with the common life of the modern Greek on the coast and in the valleys, among the villages and mountains, of the land he so dearly loves. The reader of these songs—some of which are here presented to the English reader in the garb of verse, and it need not be said with as much fidelity as possible to the original text, while others are translated literally into prose—will not be surprised to find among them strange echoes of the old Greek life and of the ancient mythology, and sometimes, as might naturally be expected, strangely intermingled with ideas purely Christian. Thus Charon is still the ferryman across a river of forgetfulness, the Lethe of old; but now, as a kind of angel of death, meets the rustic, the soldier, or the mother, or the girl, in their respective avocations, or is seen sweeping over the mountains on his horse, like Death in the Revelation of St. John. The Parœ and Moirœ are still spoken of as powerful over the destiny of man; a Cerberus with three heads, eyes of fire, and menacing claws, is described as guarding the regions of Hades; Greek girls, crowned as of old with chaplets, go in the processions of the

Perperia to fountains, and implore rain for the fields and a blessing on the crops ; and Greek matrons still frequent the banks of the Ilissus and Callirhœe for lustrations, and for the same purpose in connection with childbirth, as did their ancestors. Genii and Demons are still believed to haunt mountains, trees, and bridges, as did the nymphs and monsters of bygone days ; and not only are horses constantly introduced as speaking with human voice like those of Achilles in the *Iliad*, but birds, whose voices and flight were so full of omen to the Greeks of old, are represented as endued with supernatural vision and knowledge, and conversing with man, as we find them doing in the comedies of Aristophanes.

Nor is this all. These songs are couched in a dialect which, while widely differing from the more classical Greek as now spoken and written at Athens and in Constantinople, and by men of education generally, presents the most striking affinities to the old Doric and Æolic dialects. Into this latter branch of the subject, however, it is not proposed to enter ; but the writer is convinced that this subject is one which deserves a careful investigation, and could hardly fail to yield rich philological results. Neither is this the place to enter into a disquisition as to the *date* of these songs. It will be sufficient here to state that while the great majority are of modern origin, and cannot claim an antiquity of much more than a hundred years, there are a few which can be traced to the close of the sixteenth century, while others may (such at least is the opinion of Fauriel, *Disc. Prelim.* p. xcvi.) be supposed conjecturally to be still more ancient. Anyhow it is a historical fact that songs similar in kind to those now before us were in existence in Byzantium in the reigns of Alexius and Anna Comnena. The difficulty, however, of settling the date of any of these songs may be judged of from the fact that many of them do not exist in writing at all, but have been taken down, as we learn from Passow, (p. vi.), and Schmidt (*Griechische Märchen*, &c. p. 41), from the lips of persons who could neither read nor write, and who professed to have learned them as a kind of tradition.

The following song, the scene of which is laid in Constantinople at the moment of its capture by Muhammad II., in 1453, is extremely popular in Greece, and is judged by Lüdemann in his *Geschichte* (p. 166) to be the oldest of the kind. The reader will recollect that on the day of the capture of the city, the conqueror entered St. Sophia and offered up prayer and thanksgiving 'on the great altar where the Christian mysteries had just been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars' (Gibbon xii. p. 200), and will observe the prophecy of the restoration of St. Sophia to the Christian rite at the close, a prophecy which perhaps some may judge to be not far from its fulfilment. After the sixth line the metre is changed : 'The Cherubic Hymn' is that part of the Greek Liturgy which commences with the Ter-Sanctus.

THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The God of Heaven—His Church—the Angel choir—
 With full accord in one behest conspire ;
 Saint Sophia's band of Deacon and of Priest,
 And Bells that summon to the Holy Feast,
 All bid ' the Hymn Cherubic ' to intone,
 That Christ may come and mount His Altar-throne.

When from Heaven there descends, with these words, a white dove :—

' Cease the chant, and yon Elements holy remove ;
 Bear hence all the vessels, ye priests of the Lord,
 Extinguish the tapers that gleam on God's Board !
 'Tis the will of that God Who by trials doth work
 That this city should subject become to the Turk.
 Send straight to the Franks—bid them swiftly prepare
 Three ships which in safety our treasures may bear :
 Let the first take the Cross, that great sign of the Lord ;
 The second His Gospels, the life-giving word ;
 Let the third, best of all, bear the Table of God,
 Lest those dogs should defile it with impious food.'

Mary trembled in Heaven, and her heart filled with fears,
 And even on earth the sad Icons shed tears ;
 Yet mourn not, O Lady, though this be the hour
 When the Infidel Moslem is strong in his power ;
 Yet a few fleeting years and our city shall be
 Restored to the Faith, and to God, and to Thee. '

Boukovallas, the hero of the following song, which is extremely popular in Northern Greece, was the captain of a band of Klephts who long maintained themselves in the mountains of Agrapha against the Turks. It will be remembered that the Klephts are a portion of the original population to whom the Turkish conquerors, from the first period of their invasion and occupancy, allowed the use of arms and the retention of their respective districts, upon the payment of a certain annual tribute, under the title of *Armatoles*. The Klephts are that portion of the *Armatoles*, or legalised militia of the country, who, unable to endure the exactions and tyranny of the Turks, revolted against them, and maintained their independency. Boukovallas is famous for a victory gained over Veli, the grandfather of the infamous Ali Pacha, in which, at the siege of Corfu in 1717, he lost his life.

The repetition (in the fifth and sixth lines), which is of constant occurrence in these songs, will remind the reader of the similar repetitions in the Homeric poems.

Dimos and Skylodimus were also Klephtic captains, famous for their *rencontres* with the Turks previous to the Greek Revolution. The latter escaped from Janina during the Muhammadan Baïram, when his Turkish captors were engaged in festivity or devotion.

BOUKOVALLAS.

(*Epirus, Thessaly.*)

' What means that tumult and that deafening roar ?
 Is it the moan of oxen 'neath the knife ?
 Are savage beasts in deadly struggle there ?'
 'Tis not the moan of oxen 'neath the knife ;

No savage beasts in deadly conflict fight ;
 'Tis Boukovallas in the mortal strife
 Of warfare : fifteen hundred are his foes,
 'Mid Kerasobos and Ceraunia's plains,
 Where thick as rattling hail the bullets fly.
 But hark ! a maiden from yon lattice cries,
 Her golden hair all streaming in the blast,
 ' Hold, Boukovallas, hold, thy fire restrain ;
 Let war's dark cloud of smoke all roll away,
 And yon thick dust of strife disperse and clear :
 Review thy host—number the fallen brave.'

Thrice did the Turkish foemen count their loss :
 Five hundred Turks that day had bit the dust !
 The Klephtic host three warriors only lacked :
 One to the fount his thirst to slake had gone,
 One faint with toil to seek fresh life in food,
 Fallen was the third—but, noblest warrior he—
 With death's cold grasp held fast his musket still.

SKYLODIMUS.

(*Thessaly.*)

As Skylodimus feasting lay
 Beneath a waving pine,
 He calls Irene, his fair slave,
 To fill his bowl with wine :

' Fill up the bowl,' said he, ' till night
 And darkness hence are gone ;
 Till in the East bright streaks of light
 Announce the break of dawn :

' And when Heaven's lesser fires grow pale
 Before the orb of day,
 Twelve soldier youths shall go with thee
 To guard thy homeward way.'

' No slave am I, that I should fill
 Thy bowl,' Irene cried ;
 ' I am a noble's only child,
 I am a chieftain's bride.'

Thus as he sat at early dawn
 Two men came by that way,
 Their beards were long, their visage dark,
 And travel-stained were they.

' Good day, friend Dimos,' thus they said ;
 ' I wish you, sirs, the same ;
 But tell, I pray you, how ye learnt
 That Dimos is my name ?'

' Thy brother sends to thee his love,
 With him we've lately been.'
 ' O tell me, strangers, where and when
 My brother ye have seen ?'

' We saw him in Janina's fort,
 In prison cell immured ;
 Iron fetters were upon his hands,
 Iron gyves his feet secured.'

Then Skylodimus rose in haste,
 Dash'd hot tears from his eyes,
 He wrung his hands, he beat his breast,
 And filled the air with sighs.

'Where, Brother Dimos, dost thou go?
 Oh, whither would'st thou fly?
 Thy brother, I—'tis he that speaks—
 Thy Brother dear am I.'

Then Dimos quickly recognised
 His brother lost for years;
 And, folded in his brother's arms,
 He smiled away his tears.

Then Dimos questioned him, and said,
 'Come, brother, sit by me:
 Relate thy story; how didst thou
 Escape captivity?'

'By night I freed my chainèd hands,
 Drew off my fetters harsh;
 Then, breaking through my dungeon bars,
 Sprang down into the marsh:

'Three weary days, three weary nights,
 Among the reeds I lay;
 Dearly to sell my life resolved,
 Like hunted stag at bay:

'At last a drifting boat I spied,
 May God be praised, I said;
 Then swiftly reached the other shore,
 And to the mountains fled.'

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER IN THE APENNINES.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

CHAPTER II.

OUT AND ABOUT.

It having been our fate, during the past winter in Florence, to dwell in a resounding street, where loud choruses habitually disturb the small hours; and market waggons, ponderous omnibuses, and shrieking vendors of lucifers, sheepsheads, and greenstuff break our morning rest, we were qualified to appreciate the novel boon of being lulled to sleep by no louder sounds than of gently-rustling trees and murmuring water. Early the next morning the glad sunshine tempted us out of doors and made us long to scale a mountain-top or plunge into the woods. But as duty stood in the way and plainly reminded us that we had promised to secure lodgings for some friends, the first thing to be done was to explore the material resources of S. Marcello. Our garden-gate

opened into the road opposite a turning leading to the convent chapel ; here mass was being performed, and groups of men were kneeling outside the door. The parish church is closed, for its foundations are in an unsafe condition, and this chapel of S. Catherine affords but scanty accommodation to the devout of S. Marcello. At the head of the turning, within a garden, was a long, low house, with a wide balcony ablaze with flowers. This was part of Casa Cini, a rambling building, composed of various houses connected by arched passages, and extending in some mysterious way round the corner on to the big Piazza. All the principal dwellings in S. Marcello belong either to a Cini or a Begliuomini, and until we discovered the fact of there being three families of the name of Cini, locally distinguished as the Cinoni (great Cinis), Cini and Cinini (little Cinis), we imagined that the first named, i.e., the great Cini of the great house, was the Marquis of Carabas of S. Marcello, and that nearly the whole place was his property.

It being market-day, the wide, irregular Piazza, surrounded by weather-beaten old palaces, was crowded and lively. The *cafés* and wine-shops were driving a brisk business. Trucks of gaudy woollen stuffs and flaunting handkerchiefs, of naperies and haberdasheries of the cheapest kinds, were surrounded by voluble, haggling purchasers. The fruit and vegetable stalls had been stripped hours before we left our beds, for these luxuries are only procurable twice a week, and so if your cook chance to oversleep herself you must be content to go without them till the following market-day.

Desirous to do the best for our friends, we now fixed approving eyes on a large house, with a southern exposure and a tempting flower-covered balcony, and asked a bystander if any lodgings were to be had there. 'Che,' was the contemptuous answer, 'that is Casa Cini.' 'And there?' we asked, pointing to a tall, gloomy house standing back from the Piazza. A broader grin at our astonishing ignorance, and we learnt that this also was Casa Cini. We began dimly to comprehend that Casa Cini was a sort of *Pieuvre* whose long arms extended all over the town. Turning our faces to the other side of the Piazza, we inquired sarcastically if yonder gamboge-coloured dwelling over a *café* also happened to be a Casa Cini, and were overwhelmed by the affirmative reply. 'But where then *can* we find any lodgings?' asked we desperately. 'Down there!' said our friend, condescendingly pointing a brown forefinger in the direction of a long building stretching down a turning at another angle of the Piazza. 'There are fine apartments to be had in that Casa Cini.' Another Cini house! It was too bewildering. So presently we found ourselves exploring a suite of low-pitched rooms, with little to recommend them as country quarters save the possession of a ravishing balcony, which, running round the back of the house, commanded the whole valley, and expanded at the corner of the Piazza into a spacious terrace, designed by nature for election

addresses. It was impossible to stand two minutes on that terrace without feeling an ardent longing then and there to harangue the populace.

Every house we entered heightened our satisfaction with our own pretty villa. Such gloomy entrances in vaulted stone passages leading to frowsy rooms with hideously-frescoed walls, such worm-eaten furniture, such dubious beds! Rooms, too, of the strangest shapes, with doors and windows placed exactly where doors and windows ought not to be. No country view whatever from any of them; some looked out on the Piazza, some on squalid back lanes swarming with pretty, filthy children and dishevelled women. Would not any degree of heat in a Florence home be preferable to life in such abodes? We wandered disconsolately from house to house, but at last remembering that our friend's tastes were less rural than our own, chose some apartments in the imposing-looking residence of the gentleman with the short pipe. At all events, these were spacious, and comparatively airy.

Living on this Piazza was attended, as we learnt later, with other disadvantages besides noise and stuffy rooms. As the place filled with strangers it became clear that the great occupation of the lodging-letting world of S. Marcello was to sit outside their doors, or at the several *cafés*, comparing notes on the manners and customs of the unlucky visitors. No one in those houses could go out, stay in, or so much as appear at a window, without running the gauntlet of sharp, inquisitive eyes, and affording food for the uncharitable comments of busy tongues. Naturally during the long mountain winter the S. Marcellini have more than enough time to pick holes in their neighbours' coats; their wits are keen, their minds unoccupied; every summer stranger brings them a fresh harvest of gossip, a wider field for the exercise of their ingenuity. We had a specimen of the flights of their imagination in the extraordinary statements made to us in every house we inspected regarding the sun. Never was there so obliging and fantastic a luminary. Did we object to north rooms as gloomy, we were gravely assured that they were enlivened by sunshine throughout the day. Did we hint that certain shutterless westerly windows would heat other rooms unpleasantly in the afternoon, the saints were invoked to bear testimony that the evening sun of S. Marcello scrupulously refrained from beating in at those windows, and always sent its rays high over the roof.

The lodging question settled, and after a passing glance at the two great institutions that flourish under the auspices of the Cini—the Savings Bank and the *Bottegone*, or big shop, where you can buy almost everything, from crockery to blotting-paper—we were glad to turn our backs upon the town and betake ourselves to the quiet chestnut woods. We followed for a time the enchanting road we had trodden the night before; now sunlight was dancing among the leaves, we beheld pleasant uplands, and steep forest-grown slopes, while high above them bare crags were to be seen in all directions. The grey

crests of Lucchio were shimmering in the noonday heat ; each turn of the road brought fresh summits into view. Here in the ravine, by the side of the waterfall, women are filling their pretty copper water-pitchers, mules are drinking at the wayside fountain, great patient-eyed oxen, drawing a timber-cart, lumber slowly along.

A sturdy, brown-faced baby-girl comes toddling through the doorway of an untidy cottage, presses a bunch of wild flowers into our hand and then stands gazing at us with mutely pleading eyes, too timid to ask for the soldo (halfpenny) she desires. But she shouts for joy as we give her the coin, and runs off to show it triumphantly to some bigger girls lounging near. They proved less timid than their tiny sister, and a few questions soon elicited a story as pitiable as it was commonplace. They had lost their mother recently ; their father was very, very poor ; the elder ones had gone to school before their mother's death, but had to stop at home now. They never tasted meat, seldom bread, and lived chiefly on *necci*—thin flat cakes of chestnut meal, baked between hot stones. This sickly food is the great staple of this part of Italy ; and dire is the distress of the peasantry when the chestnut crop fails. The doctor of S. Marcello afterwards told us that it is extremely difficult to persuade a sick mountaineer to swallow any broth, and that he generally had to administer it as medicine.

Yet the S. Marcellini are on the whole a healthy race, and these dirty, uncared-for children had no starved look ; indeed, the younger ones were fat, rosy, and merry. Later we grew quite intimate with them. The wood behind their house was a favourite encampment, and they were delighted to do all kinds of odd jobs for us, whether to stand as models, or to help our children to collect flowers, and hunt for strawberries. Let us hope that the pence they earned in this way went to procure some variation from their usual diet.

But now crossing the road, we turned down a steep, winding track among the chestnuts, and plunged deeper and deeper into the valley. What lovely glimpses of mountain peaks did we have between the framework of sun-glinted boughs ! what stores of fragrant violets and dwarf forget-me-nots were collected at every halt, on the moss-covered rocks ! Presently crossing the tiny torrent, whose course we have been following, we reached the edge of the wood and came upon a lonely farmhouse, renowned for its excellent cream. A huge stone-pine—the only one for miles around—grew in front of it. Behind, steep, flower-spangled meadows stretched upwards to the road we had left ; beyond, a mass of enormous chestnuts closed in the turn of the valley. Before the farm lay a sunny patch of level cornfield in which a man and a boy were at work. They looked up and greeted us with the smiling courtesy universal in Tuscany as they saw us coming down the grass path, followed by a sharp-nosed dog who thought it his duty to protest loudly against our intrusion. At the extremity of the field a belt of brushwood grew at the edge of the cliff, and here at last was the river

we sought, rushing round a sharp corner of the opposite bank—a noisy little stream, clear enough now, and with many delicious dark green pools in its rocky bed, but apt to be troublesome in rainy seasons, and to sweep away bridges with its foaming yellow flood. *À propos* of bridges, we now caught sight of a narrow, sharp-peaked one lower down the stream. The odd thing about it was that it seemed to lead nowhere, for stare as we would at the opposite bank, not even a sheep-track could we distinguish up that precipitous cliff. But oh! the view we had when resting on the peak of that fascinating little bridge! In the direction of S. Marcello, the enchanting perspective of the many windings of this capricious Limestone; and, on the other side, the bold opening of the gorge into the wider valley of the Lima beyond the tower-crowned spur of Mammiano.

This Mammiano will often be mentioned in these pages, for, from every point of view, it was always a prominent and picturesque feature. There was, too, some mystery about it. From a distance you could see that it was a good-sized village, clustered round a thirteenth-century church tower; but when you passed it on the high road, it seemed to consist of five or six houses with no visible approach to any others. Only at last you find out that yonder small archway, in the side of one of the cottages, where a cart of household goods is being unladen, is the way into the street; and, diving under this, carefully holding both nose and skirts, you go up a few steps and find yourself in a labyrinth of squalid stone houses. A few turns and a sharp descent lead you to a tiny grass-grown space in front of the church, where a few cats and whirling swallows are the only living things to be seen. Hard by is the priest's house, and through a gate you can see the priest's strip of flower and fruit garden, and the white-washed loggia (covered balcony) overhanging the valley, which you have so often admired from a distance. If it be towards evening, you may see the male inhabitants of Mammiano toiling up the hill with grimy, worn faces from the ironworks below. But in this first ramble we made none of these discoveries, and by the time we had clambered up a goat-track among the steep crags, and through a dark wood—scene of many future strawberry hunts—we were too tired to do anything but trudge wearily homewards. For all blessed with good lungs and strong ankles, there are numerous delightful mountain walks about S. Marcello, and some of our friends were amused with the ardour with which we explored the neighbourhood. But we knew well that as the summer advanced, mountaineering would be impossible, and we wished to see everything before settling down into dog-day idleness. The country here is very beautiful, though it is nonsense to call it the Italian Switzerland. The Apennines have none of the characteristics of Alpine scenery, but they have a *cachet* of their own, and compensate for lack of grandeur by an infinite charm of detail.

(To be continued.)

THE HEARTSEASE COT.

S. LUCY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, KINGSHOLM, GLOUCESTER.

THERE has been a Daisy Chain Cot in one hospital for children a good many years, and now, with equal if not greater appropriateness, it is proposed to found a Heartsease Cot in another, and thus to twine in pleasant memories of Violet and her children (especially that charming and precocious Johnnie, who, to our great joy, was not sacrificed to the 'too-good-for-this-world' theory, but allowed to live and grow up) with thoughts of the relief which may be given to one little occupant of the cot after another, and the real ease of heart that will be brought in consequence to many an anxious mother at home. Readers of *The Monthly Packet* already know a good deal about S. Lucy's Hospital, but they may like to be reminded that it is entirely free, exclusively for children between the ages of two and ten, and open to child-patients from all parts of the country, whose poverty and suffering are great enough to make them eligible; also, that it stands in a healthy suburb of Gloucester, with fresh, sweet air coming in at the windows and a pleasant garden round it, where the little ones who are well enough to get out at all can take their small daily walk, or bask for a while in the sunshine. Such pale little people they are when they come into hospital! and I never shall forget the drawn, suffering faces in some of the cots; but often the roses come back to their cheeks before they leave it, and the natural smile of childhood to their lips and eyes. Of the 135 patients who were treated in the hospital last year, 59 were discharged *cured*, 47 were more or less relieved, 22 remained in the wards when the new year began, to be further nursed and doctored, and only 7 died, though many of the cases were of the most serious description. No less than 431 children also received advice and medicine as out-patients; so that the benefits of the hospital are by no means confined to the inmates alone.

It is, however, for the power of keeping up the number of *in*-patients that we plead, and, as the general funds are over-taxed, this can perhaps best be done by founding a special cot, with a special income guaranteed to it, so that its annual support may be assured. One such, called the Children's Cot, and supported entirely by the offerings of children, was started last Christmas, and it is proposed to found the Heartsease Cot this summer, hoping that the friends of children will come forward to keep it up, by subscribing steadily towards it, if but a penny a week each. Might it not bring heart's ease to some sorrowing mother, who is watching beside the bed of a suffering child, or tending with unforgetting love a little grave, to take this opportunity of helping to save some other mothers' hearts from desolation by bringing within

their reach the opportunity of cure for their darlings? Nay, is it not a great ease of heart to us *all* to be permitted to offer something towards relieving the abundant misery of the world, especially that *child-misery* which it pains us the most to think of?

There are three wards in the hospital, each containing eight cots; the expense of every such cot is 30*l.* per annum, and for that sum medical attendance, nutritious food, the best of nursing, and tender care, both spiritual and temporal, may be secured to the little sufferers who will in turn occupy the bed, for all these are to be found at S. Lucy's. Such a nice description of the bright airy wards, the cribs with their little movable trays, the reverently-kept chapel, and the garden with its green lawns, was given by Mrs. Marshall in *The Packet* for March 1876, that I must not attempt repetition; but will only say that to those who have seen it the mere mention of this hospital calls up a vision of orderliness and peace, of suffering it is true, but suffering soothed and brightened by kindness and skill. It may be as well to mention, however,—as I think that has not been already stated—that young women who desire to be trained as sick nurses are gladly admitted, and that ladies are also received for training and to help in the work.

Presents of toys and books for the patients are invited, as well as of clothing, table and bed-linen, both old and new, and other useful articles. Donations, and still more *subscriptions*, however small in amount, are gratefully received, and a recent gift of money from the Princess of Wales was welcomed as a great encouragement,—the day on which it came being made a sort of festival to the little people for whose benefit it was intended. An account of the children who occupy the Heartsease Cot will be sent from time to time to its supporters, and offerings for it will be gladly received by Miss Tinling, 18, Cranley Place, Onslow Square, S.W.; Miss Burlton, Otterbourne Grange, Winchester; the Misses Maude and Violet Barrington, Brackley, Northamptonshire; or the Sister in Charge of the Hospital, Kingsholm, Gloucester. Money Orders made payable to A. Tinling, Brompton, S.W.; E. Burlton, Winchester; M. Barrington, Brackley; or A. Hardy, Gloucester. Those who contribute may rest assured that nothing will be wasted or spent in idle show, but, on the contrary, all that is given ministers to *real* necessities and is dispensed with wisdom and care.

FLORENCE WILFORD.

Spider Subjects.

Of the eighteen Fisher-boys, Germania is best; Spinning-Jenny, F. M. L., Grizel, parsing very good, translation too free; Bath-Brick, translation good, but she and The Muffin-Man have only parsed their own English; Lady of the Lake took 'lust' for 'luft,' she, with Brown Spider and others, did not notice the impersonal; Lambda, Mary C. K., M. B., good; Tarantula, Florence, no translation; Don Quixote, Inez, Sewing-Machine, Cape Jasmine, Quilly, A. D.

FISHER-BOY (*singing in the boat*).

'The lake is so smiling, inviting to bathe;
The boy fell asleep on the lovely green bank.
He hears a faint echo, so sweet as from flutes,
Like angels' soft voices in Paradise.
And as he awakes in blissful delight
The waters are playing all round him so bright,
And he hears from the depths: "Dear boy, mine art thou;
I call for the shepherd, I draw him below."'

Fischerknabe—zusammengesetztes concretes Substantiv, Singular Masculin, Nominativ, schwache Deklination, Subject von *singt*.

singt—intransitives Verb, 3 Person, Singular, Indicativ Präs., starke Konjugation, Prädikat zu *singt*.

in—Präposition mit Dativ (auf die Frage *wo?*)

dem Kahn—concr. Sub., Sing., Masc., Dat., mit dem bestimmten Artikel, starke Dekl.

Es—substantiv'sches Personalpronomen, 3 Pers., Sing., Neuter, impersonales Subj. von *lächelt*.

lächelt—intrans. V., 3 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., schw. Konj., Präd. zu *es*.

der See—concr. Subst., Sing., Masc., Nom., st. Dekl., Wirkliches Subj. zu *lächelt*.

er—subst. Pers.-Pron., 3 Pers., Sing., Masc., Nom., Subj. von *ladet*.

ladet—indirect trans. Verb, 3 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., st. Konj., Präd. zu *er*.

zum—Zusammenziehung der Präp. *zu* mit dem def. best. Art. *dem* im Dat.

Bade—concr. Subst., Sing., Neut., Dat., st. Dekl., Präpositionalobject zu *ladet*.

der Knabe—concr. Subst., Sing., Masc., Nom., schw. Dekl. Subj., von *schief ein*.

schlief ein—intrans. Verb, 3 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., st. Konj., zusammengesetztes trennbares Verb, Präd. zu *Knabe*.

am—Zusammenz. der Präp. *an* mit dem best. Art. *dem* im Dat.

grünen—Adjectiv, Sing., Dat., schw. Dekl., attributiv zu *Gestade*.

Gestade—concr. Subst., Sing., Neut., Dat., st. Dekl., Adverbiale des Ortes zu *schlief ein*.

Da—Pronominaladverb des Ortes.

hört—direct trans. Verb, 3 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., schw. Konj., Präd. zu *er*.

er—subst. Pers.-Pron., 3 Pers., Sing., Masc., Nom., Subj. von *hört*.

ein Klingen—abstractes Subst., Sing., Neut., Accusativ, st. Dekl., directes Obj. zu *hört* mit dem best. Art.

wie—unterordnende Konjunction.

Flöten—concr. Subst., Plural, Feminin, Acc., schw. Dekl., Attribut zu *Klingen*.

so—Pronominaladverb der Art und Weise.

süss—attrib. Adj., Plur., Acc.

Wie—unterord. Konjunct.

Stimmen—concr. Subst., Plur., Fem., Acc., schw. Dekl., Attribut zu *Klingen*.

der Engel—concr. Subst., Plur., Masc., Genitiv, st. Dekl., mit best. Art., Attr. zu *Stimmen*.

im—Zusammenz. der Präp. *in* mit dem best. Art. im Dat. (auf die Frage *wo?*).

Paradies—concr. Subst., Sing., Neut., Dat., st. Dekl., Adverbiale des Ortes zu *Engel*.

Und—coordinirende Konjunct.

wie—subord. Konjunct.

er—subst. Pers.-Pron., 3 Pers., Sing., Masc., Nom., Subject zu *erwacht*.

erwacht—intr. Verb, 3 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., schw. Konj., Präd. zu *er*.

in—Präp. mit nachfolgendem Dat. (rest).

seliger—Adj., Dat., Sing., Fem., st. Dekl., Attribut zu *Lust*.

Lust—abstr. Subst., Dat., Sing., Fem., st. Dekl., Adverbiale der Art und Weise.

Da—Pronominaladverb des Ortes.

spülen—indir. trans. Verb, 3 Pers., Plur., Ind. Präs., schw. Konj., Präd. zu *Wasser*.

die Wasser—concr. Subst., Nom., Plur., Neut., st. Dekl., mit dem best. Art., Subj. von *spülen*.

ihm—subst. Personalpron., 3 Pers., Sing., Masc., Dat., indir. Obj.

um—Präp. mit Accus.

die Brust—concr. Subst., Acc., Sing., Fem., st. Dekl., Adverbiale des Ortes zu *spülen*.

Und—coord. Konjunct.

es—subst. Personalpr., 3 Person, Sing., Nom., Neut., Subj. zu *ruft*.

ruft—intr. Verb, 3 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., st. Konj., Präd. zu *es*.

aus—Präp. mit Dat.

den Tiefen—abstr. Subst., Dat., Plural, Fem., schw. Dekl., Adverbiale des Ortes zu *ruft*.

Lieb'—Adj., Nom., Sing., starke Dekl. (Endung hier nicht ausgedrückt), Attrib. zu *Knabe*.

Knabe—concr. Subst., Nom., Sing., Masc., schw. Dekl., Apposition dem nicht ausgedrückten Subj. *du* (Personalpr., 2 Pers., Sing., Nom., Masc.).

bist—Verb, hier indirect transitiv gebraucht, 2 Pers., Sing., Indic. Präs., Präd. zu *du*.

mein—Possessivpron., Sing., Neut., Dat., indir. Obj. zu *bist*.

Ich—subst. Personalpr., 1 Pers., Sing., Neuter, Nom., Subj. zu *locke*.

locke—direct-trans. Verb, 1 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., schw. Konj., Präd. zu *ich*.

den Schäfer—concr. Subst., Sing., Masc., Acc., st. Dekl., dir. Obj.

ich—subst. Personalpr., 1 Pers., Sing., Neuter, Nom., Subj. zu *zieh hinein*.

zieh hinein—direct-trans. Verb, zusammengesetzt und trennbar, 1 Pers., Sing., Ind. Präs., st. Konj., Präd. zu *ich*.

GERMANIA.

There are four Pragmatic Sanctions, all careful, though nobody has given the derivation of the word, from the Greek *Pragma*, an action. Roma's is the most concisely good; Stickleback, good, but long; Cape Jasmine and Alert, good.

WHAT IS A PRAGMATIC SANCTION?

A PRAGMATIC SANCTION is an ordinance, whereby the decree of a sovereign is conveyed by his council to any particular body, or people. The term was used in France from a very early date, and is of Byzantine origin.

The Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VII. was drawn up at Bourges, to regulate ecclesiastical discipline, on account of a disagreement between the Council of Basle and Pope Eugenius IV. It consisted of twenty-three articles, and was designed to establish the supremacy of the Council over the Pope; to allow to every monastery its own choice of an abbot, and every Church that of its Bishop.

Pope Pius II. obtained an abrogation of it from Louis XI.; but he, afterwards perceiving he had been made the tool of Geoffrey, Bishop of Arras, made no effort to have it executed, but published a new edict against the Court of Rome. It was finally abolished in 1517.

Perhaps the most famous Pragmatic Sanction is that of Charles VI. of Germany, who, in 1722, endeavoured to secure the possession of his vast hereditary dominions to his daughter, Maria Theresa, wife of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and to which he obtained the acquiescence of all the chief sovereigns of Europe.

This however later on, led to what might almost be termed a European war; and in 1740, the Elector of Bavaria, the King of Prussia and the King of France, offered serious opposition to her accession, and upon the King of Prussia obtaining a signal victory at Molwitz, other Powers became emboldened, and very soon Spain, Poland, and Saxony were enlisted against her. England alone took part with the unfortunate Queen, and she at last was obliged to cede Silesia. She then appealed to the Hungarian nobles, and her appearance in their midst, accompanied by her little son, and claiming their protection, so roused their loyalty

that they rose at once in her defence, and forming an army from some wild hordes scarcely known in Europe, in a short space of time freed the whole of Upper Austria. George II. of England defeated the French, and the war between Prussia and Austria was terminated by the Peace of Dresden. Upon the death of Charles, Maria Theresa's husband, Francis I. succeeded. In 1748 a general peace was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, whereby all the Powers of Europe agreed to secure to Maria Theresa the undisturbed possession of her dominions, as they were originally secured by her father, in the Pragmatic Sanction of 1722.

ROMA.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

What is Poetry ?

Why was England the chief wool-breeding country of the Middle Ages, and how did this fact affect her alliances ?

Stamps received : Lambda.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

K. C.—

‘They also serve who only stand and wait.’

From Milton’s *Sonnet on his Blindness*.—ED.

The lines—

‘O for an heart to praise my God,
An heart from sin set free!’

form the commencement of a hymn by Charles Wesley.—C. F. P.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

‘Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,’
‘And fade into the light of common day.’

—An Old Subscriber.

Elizabeth’s quotation is from the *Prière de Mde. Elisabeth de France*:—‘Que m’arrivera-t-il aujourd’hui, O mon Dieu? Je n’en sais rien. Tout ce que je sais c’est qu’il ne m’arrivera rien que vous n’ayez prévu, réglé et ordonné de toute éternité.

‘Cela me suffit, O mon Dieu, cela me suffit; j’adore vos dessins éternels et impénétrables, et je m’y sou mets de tout mon cœur pour l’amour de vous. Je veux tout, j’accepte tout, je vous fais un sacrifice de tout, et j’unis ce sacrifice à celui de Jésus-Christ, mon divin Sauveur. Je vous demande, en son nom et par ses mérites infinis la patience dans mes peines et la parfaite soumission qui vous est due pour tout ce que vous voulez ou permettez. Ainsi soit il.’—E. [*Acte d’Abandon*, answered also by F. E. C. D.]

ANSWERS.

A. S.—The origin of ‘showing the white feather’ is that such a feather is an imperfection in a game-cock, and denotes want of spirit.

A. B. C.—There is a picture of the Crucifixion by Velasquez, with the face of our Lord hidden by the fallen hair, described and (I think) drawn by Mrs. Jameson in her *Sacred and Legendary Art*. She remarks upon this detail as an indication of the intense feeling of the great Spanish master. But it is surely not ‘the wind,’ as A. B. C. supposes, which thus veils the sacred features! ‘He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost,’ S. John, xix. 30.—E. C. [Answered also by L. C.]

M. S.—‘Last Links of the Daisy Chain,’ in *The Trial*, published by Macmillan. *Dames of High Estate*, published by Marcus Ward

—but there is no story of the Children of the Blind King of Bohemia. Rivington's series of *Life of Raleigh, Simon de Montfort, &c., Life of Fenélon, A French Painter.*

Plume.—English and Foreign Reading Society. Secretary, Miss Macaulay, 3, Belmont Villas, Leicester.

QUESTIONS.

A Clergyman will be thankful to any one who will recommend him suitable tracts to distribute among his new parishioners, who, from long neglect, are wholly alienated from the Church. Does any Society make a grant for such cases, as constant distribution entails great expense?

Is Confirmation as practised in the Swiss Reformed Church recognised by the Church of England? [If it be meant, would the having received so-called Confirmation from Calvinist ministers be esteemed a hindrance to admission to Communion in the English Church, probably not. But the English Church would not consider Confirmation to have been received at all except through a Bishop, and it would be wilful contempt of her rules to seek it from any other.—ED.]

M. S. (1) asks where to find a simple account of the Iron Crown of Lombardy.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Window.—Miss L. Phillimore, *The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames*, begs to acknowledge, with best thanks, for the above:—Per Canon Wilberforce, 1*l.*; the Misses C., 5*l.*; J., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Bath, 1*s.*; London, S.E., 1*s.*; M. L. S., 1*l.*; Jenny, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Two whom the Bishop confirmed, 10*s.*; Wimbledon, 2*s.* 6*d.*; A. L., 5*s.*; E. J., 5*s.*; K. M. F., 1*s.*; per Mrs. Stenning, 1*l.* 16*s.*—336*l.* received, 129*l.* still required.

Several correspondents are very anxious for *E. J. H.*'s address.

CHARITIES.

T. M. H., 16, *Park Crescent, Oxford*, will be glad to send *The Guardian*, the Tuesday after publication, to any place where it will be a charity—postage not paid.

The *Rev. A. Newcombe* wishes cordially to thank the donor of a pretty pair of slippers; and to acknowledge, with many thanks, useful parcels of materials for work, from *Miss Ellison* and from *E. M. T.*, sent in answer to his appeal in *The Monthly Packet* for help in collecting for a sale of work in aid of the restoration of a parish church in an agricultural village. The sale is not to be held till August, and he will be very grateful for any further contributions. Postal address, *Steeple Claydon Vicarage, Winslow, Bucks*; railway address, *Claydon Station, Bucks*.

S. Michael's Home for Motherless Girls, Shalbourne, Hungerford.

This little institution deserves to be more widely known than it is, as its object is somewhat unique, differing in some respects from most Orphanages.

Primarily it is intended for the *motherless* ones whose fathers are

living, and therefore are not usually eligible for orphanages. Besides the fathers may be, and sometimes are, comparatively well off, whereas the purpose of most Orphanages is to help the poor and destitute, and where this is the case the moderately well-to-do tradesman, servant, or workman, should he wish to place his child in such an institution, would find the poorer and more urgent cases admitted before his own.

Yet how often a father, lately become a widower, may find a want of money to be among the least of his difficulties! He has perhaps several children, all young, one or more girls; he can earn money enough to support them, but this is all. While he is away, during the day, who is to look after them, take care of them, keep them out of mischief, train them in good habits? Of course some men are fortunate in having an unmarried sister or other relation able and willing to devote herself to his children, but how often this is not the case! How often all the perplexed father can do is to hire a neighbour "to do for the children" while he is out—an unsatisfactory plan at the best.

This Home is intended to meet such cases. To be a place where a father who can contribute something towards his little daughter's support may send her, feeling sure that, so far as possible, her mother's loss will be made up to her; that she will be cared for, watched over, taught and trained—in short, *educated* in the proper sense of the word—to do her duty in that state of life to which God may call her. Most of the girls are trained for domestic service, but this is not always or necessarily their after lot.

The small number received (about twenty-six) also renders it possible to make it really a "Home" to these poor motherless little ones, not a mere school or institution. They can receive that individual care and attention so necessary to children and young girls, and which is unavoidably apt to be lost sight of where large numbers are collected together, and which makes all the difference between their growing up loving, affectionate women or cold-hearted machines.

The locality of the Home, too, is much in its favour, being in a singularly healthy village close to the Wiltshire Downs, where children's epidemics are of rare occurrence, and where a fresh, bracing air, with plenty of milk, soon works wonders in the delicate little creatures who have been only badly cared for or neglected since "mother's" death.

Should any one feel inclined to help forward this work for Christ's little ones, or desire further information on the subject, the Lady Superintendent will gladly answer all inquiries.

The Childrens' Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

We have long ago mentioned this excellent hospital, and indeed we think it must be universally known and appreciated. We are sorry however to learn that it is in great need of support, and that it may even be necessary to close one whole wing.

HINTS ON READING.

It is long since we have seen a prettier book than *Topo*, by Miss Bruneille (Marcus Ward). *Topo* is the pet name of a little girl in an English family resident in Italy, a charming little pickle, whose adventures are very cleverly illustrated in some capital little woodcuts.

The House in the Glen, and the Boys that Built it.—Another book that enchains little children by its pleasant circumstantial narrative, teaching some excellent lessons by the way.

We are delighted to welcome another edition of *Rosamond Fane*, by Miss Lee (Griffith & Farran), a capital historical tale on the escape of James, Duke of York, in the time of the Great Rebellion.

Two beautiful books have been put forth by Messrs. Ward: *Wood Carving*, by Edward Hulme, and *Art Embroidery*, by Miss M. Lockwood and Miss E. Glaisher, both full of patterns, well-drawn, and likely to be a great prize to workers in those lines, especially as they go into the principle so as to enable their students to go on and draw fresh patterns for themselves.

Bards and Blossoms is a collection of some of the choicest poetry illustrative of the flowers whose likenesses are charmingly given, and is, in fact, a sort of a permanent Christmas card-book with much pleasant reading in it, just fit to lie on the drawing-room table and be dipped into.

Miss Bramston has likewise given us two excellent novelettes: *Em* (Ward) and *Bluebell*, the first of which we are glad to see has reached a second edition, while the other, a most high-minded little story, is the first of a series of two shilling novels promised us by Messrs. Ward. *Summer Snow*, the second of these, by Sara Tytler is good and clever, in spite of that lady's cumbrous sentences, and we hope that the third, *A Little Western Flower*, by Miss Helmore will be improved upon by its successors, for it falls below the high level of the other two.

Bonnie Lesley (Griffith & Farran) contains the adventures of a lady-help. It is a pretty story in itself, but the experiences are hardly likely to befall other lady-helps, so it does not throw much light on the question. We are sorry, too, for the hint of sceptical opinions brought in quite needlessly in describing the clever man.

We have been much pleased both with Ennis Graham's *Hathercourt Rectory* and *A Lost Battle* (Douglas), both of them sound-hearted and thoroughly lady-like novels, with cleverness in some of the characters, and enough plot to make them very interesting. We heartily recommend them.

Three more useful and well-illustrated books on *Heroes of North African Discovery*, *Heroes of South African Discovery*, by N. D'Anvers, and *China and the Corea*, by Charles Eden, have been put forth by Marcus Ward. They are just what are wanted to bring up the younger generation to the present level of knowledge about these countries, being a *résumé* of various books of travels which their elders have read in their day.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

THE LESSON OF THE SUMMER WINDS;
OR,
FIELD WAVES.

I.

I LOVE the golden waves that fleet
Across the bright broad fields of wheat,
When all the corn is yellowing ;
When the scent of the gathered hay is sweet,
And the sunny plain is faint with heat,
And the happy year is mellowing.
When from the round hills fleck'd with sheep
The pure swift winds arise and sweep
Over the land refreshingly ;
Sweet winds that purify and clear,
And bring the longed-for rain-clouds near,
And wave the corn-fields like the sea.

II.

I love the silver waves that pass
Over the bright broad fields of grass
In summer when the grass is long ;
When the wind blows refreshingly
Over the hills so free and strong,
And waves the meadows like the sea.

III.

These are the waves I love the best,
The great white daisies are their crest,
Their sea-birds butterflies and bees ;
And the young skylarks have their nest
Far down in the depths of these harmless seas.

These gentle waves have caused no fears,
 And filled no eyes with bitter tears—
 They come and fall at the children's feet,
 Where they lie and dream in the summer heat
 And from the bright blue deeps on high
 The soft cloud-shadows o'er them fly,
 And make the sunshine seem more sweet.

IV.

O what a blessed word was Thine,
 Teacher and Husbandman Divine,
 That, as the wondrous wind that bloweth,
 So is Thy Spirit as it goeth,—
 And bringeth in the time of need
 The rain and dew upon the seed.
 With clouds that shade and suns that shine—
 And swells the clusters of the Vine
 Till the full chalice overflows—
 Until the Day—that Day of Thine,
 Which only the Lord of the harvest knows.

V.

O Winds of God, too long delayed,
 Come, from 'the Hills whence comes our aid.'
 O Winds of God, blow soft and slow,
 And make our summer fruits to grow,
 And bring the full-corn in the ear,
 Against the harvest drawing near.

J. RUTTER.

CROWN PITS, GODALMING,
All Saints', 1877.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the persecution which was set on foot by the Emperor Severus, five catechumens were apprehended at Carthage for the faith, namely, Revocutus and his fellow-slave, Felicitas, Saturninus, Secundulus, and Vivia Perpetua. The last was of a good family in the town, and married to a person of condition; she had also a father and mother, and two brothers, one of whom was also a catechumen, and was the mother of a little baby, whom she nursed. The history of her confession, which we will now give, is of her own writing.

‘We were yet in the hands of our persecutors when my father, out of the affection he bore me, began to make fresh efforts to shake my resolution. “My father,” I said to him, “do you see that vessel of earth; can it change its name?” He answered, “No.” I replied, “Nor can I call myself anything else but what I am, which is a Christian.” At this moment my father looked at me as if he would have put my eyes out, but he contented himself only with ill-using me, and went away in confusion at seeing me invincible.

‘It was during this little interval that we were baptised, and the Holy Ghost inspired me, on coming out of the water, not to ask for anything but patience in my sufferings. A few days after that we were put into prison; the horror and darkness of the place shocked me much, for until then I did not know what this sort of place was like. I suffered much that day, chiefly owing to the great heat and the ill-treatment we met with from the soldiers who guarded us. But what caused me the greatest pain was that I was without my child. But Tertius and Pomponius, two charitable deacons, by dint of money, enabled us to pass some hours in a larger place where we began to breathe a little more freely. My infant being brought to me in an almost famished state, I gave it some nourishment. All my anxiety was about him. I recommended him afterwards to the care of my father and mother, and I encouraged my brother, but was much distressed to witness their anxiety for me. However as I was allowed to keep my infant I was consoled.

‘One day my brother said to me, “My sister, I am persuaded that you have much power with God—ask of Him to make known to you in a vision, or in some other way, if you must die by martyrdom, or if you will escape.” Knowing very well that God gave me frequent marks of His favour, I answered with confidence, “To-morrow you shall know what will happen.” I then asked of God to send me a vision, and this is the one I had: I saw a golden ladder which reached from the earth to heaven, but so narrow that only one could mount it at a time. On the two sides were fastened all sorts of iron instruments, such as swords, lances, hooks, and knives, so that if any one went up carelessly he was in great danger of having his flesh torn by these weapons. At the foot of the ladder lay a dragon of enormous size, who kept guard to turn back and terrify those who attempted to ascend.

‘Saturninus was the first that went up: he was not apprehended with us, but voluntarily shared our fortunes afterwards. Having arrived happily at the summit of the ladder, he turned towards me and said, “Perpetua, I wait for you, but take care that the dragon does not bite you.”

‘I answered, “I do not fear him, but shall ascend in the name of Jesus Christ.” Then the dragon, as if afraid of me, gently turned his head from under the ladder, and I, having got my foot upon the first step, placed it on his head. Having arrived at the top of the ladder, I

found myself in a spacious garden, in the middle of which I saw a man dressed as a shepherd ; his hair was as white as snow. He was milking the sheep, surrounded with many thousands of persons clad in white. On perceiving me he called me by my name and said, " Be welcome ; " and gave me some curds of milk which he had drawn. I placed my hands together, and took them and ate them, and all that were present said, " Amen." Methought I was eating something very sweet, when the noise awoke me.

' When I saw my brother, I related the dream I had to him, and we concluded from it that we must both soon suffer martyrdom. We then began to detach ourselves entirely from the things of earth, and to turn our thoughts towards eternity.

' After some days, a rumour having spread that we were about to be examined, my father came to see me, with sadness depicted on his countenance. He came up to me, and said, " My daughter, take pity upon your father's grey hairs, if I yet deserve to be called your father. Have compassion on your mother, and on your aunt, on your child that cannot survive you. Lay aside this resolution, this obstinacy, lest you ruin us all, for not one of us will dare open our lips any more if any misfortune befall you." He took me by the hands at the same time, and kissed them. He threw himself at my feet in tears, and called me no longer " daughter," but " my lady." I confess that I was pierced with sharp sorrow when I considered that my father was the only person of our family who would not rejoice at my martyrdom. I endeavoured to comfort him, saying, " Father, grieve not, nothing will happen but what may please God, for we are not at our own disposal."

' The next day, when we were at dinner, a person came all of a sudden to summon us to examination. The report of this was soon spread, and brought together a vast crowd of people into the audience chamber. We were placed on a sort of scaffold before the judge, who was Hilarian, procurator of the province, the pro-consul being lately dead. All who were interrogated before me boldly professed Jesus Christ. When it came to my turn, my father instantly appeared with my infant. He drew me a little aside, conjuring me in the most tender manner not to be insensible to the misery I should bring on that innocent creature to which I had given birth.

' The President Hilarian joined with my father and said, " What, will neither the grey hairs of a father, nor the tender innocence of a child which your death will leave an orphan, move you ? Sacrifice for the prosperity of the emperors."

' I replied, " I will not do it." " Are you then a Christian ? " said Hilarian. I answered, " Yes, I am." As my father attempted to draw me from the scaffold, Hilarian commanded him to be beaten off, and he had a blow given him with a stick. Then the judge pronounced our sentence, by which we were all condemned to be exposed to wild beasts.'

After relating another vision, S. Perpetua continues: 'On the eve of the shows I was favoured with the following vision: The Deacon Pomponius, methought, knocked very hard at the prison door, which I opened to him. He was clothed with a white robe, embroidered with innumerable pomegranates of gold. He said to me, "Perpetua, come along, we wait for you." Leading me by the hand, he conducted me through very rough places into the middle of the amphitheatre, and said, "Fear not." And leading me, he said again, "I will be with you in a moment, and bear a part with you in your pains."

'I was wondering that the beasts were not let out against us, when there appeared a very ill-favoured Egyptian who came out to encounter me with others. But another beautiful troop of young men declared for me, and anointed me with oil for the combat. Then appeared a man of prodigious stature, in rich apparel, having a wand in his hand like the master of the gladiators, and a green bough, on which hung golden apples. Having ordered silence, he said that the bough should be my prize if I vanquished the Egyptian, but that if he conquered me he should kill me with a sword.

'After a long and obstinate engagement I threw him on his face, and trod upon his head. The people applauded my victory with loud acclamations. I then approached the master of the amphitheatre, who gave me the bough with a kiss, and said, "Peace be with you, my daughter." After this I awoke, and found that I was not to combat with wild beasts so much as with the devils.'

Here ends the narrative of S. Perpetua.

On the day of their doom the martyrs left their prison for the amphitheatre as victors rather than victims. Triumphant joy sparkled in their eyes, and shone in all their gestures and words. The men headed the procession; Perpetua, with Felicitas at her side, following them cheerfully with composed countenance and joy. At the amphitheatre they were exposed to a wild cow.

Perpetua was first attacked, and the cow having tossed her, she fell on her back; then sitting up, and perceiving her clothes were torn, she gathered them about her as best she could, and tied up her hair which was fallen loose. Then perceiving Felicitas on the ground, much hurt by the cow, she helped her to rise. They stood together expecting another assault from the beasts, but the people crying out that it was enough, they were led to the gate, where those that were not killed by the beasts were despatched at the end of the shows by the *confectores*.

Perpetua was here received by Rusticus, a catechumen, who had formerly attended her. Calling for her brother she said to him and Rusticus, 'Continue firm in the faith, and love one another, and waver not because of our sufferings.'

All the rest of the martyrs who had survived the attacks of the

wild beasts were now brought to the usual place of execution, but the people, not yet glutted with blood, cried out to have them brought into the middle of the amphitheatre, that they might have the pleasure of seeing them receive the last blow. Upon this some of the martyrs rose up, and having given one another the kiss of peace, went of their own accord to the middle of the arena; others were despatched without a cry where they lay.

S. Perpetua fell into the hands of a very timorous and unskilful apprentice of the gladiators, who, with a trembling hand, gave her many slight wounds, which made her linger a long time. 'Thus,' says S. Augustin, 'did two women, amid fierce beasts and the swords of the gladiators, vanquish the devil and all his fury.' The day of their martyrdom was the 7th of March, as the Kalendar reminds us.

Fierce though the persecution was, it did not succeed in checking the advance of the faith; on the contrary, men and women rejoiced to suffer, and to be told that they must die for Christ. When the heathen reproached them for dying such an infamous death as that of the cross, and in derision mocked them for being burnt upon a little stake to which they were tied with twigs, Tertullian expressed their feelings when he said, 'This is the habit of our victory, this the embroidered garment of our conquest, this is the chariot wherein we ride to heaven.'

S. Chrysostom says, 'the blessed martyr Babylas gave orders, when he was dying, that his bonds should be laid on his body, and that the body should be buried bound, and to this day the fetters are lying mingled with his ashes; so devoted was his affection for the bonds he had worn for Christ's sake. 'The iron,' as the Prophet said of Joseph, 'entered into his soul.' Such were the strains of ecstasy with which the martyrs welcomed torments and death.

Among the disciples of S. Irenæus (who, as we know, was the disciple of Polycarp) was S. Hippolytus, a doctor of the Church, Bishop, and martyr. It is probable that he was born about the year 173, at Alexandria, where he was educated, applying himself especially to mathematics. In the year 188 Hippolytus made a pilgrimage to Rome, and, attracted by the reputation of S. Irenæus, went as far as Lyons to hear him. Returning to Rome, he became incorporated with the clergy of its chief church. He received there, in the year 190, the first three books of S. Irenæus against heresies, and in the year following the two others. In 251 he was made the first Bishop of Portus, near Rome, by the Pope Cornelius, and suffered martyrdom there in 269, with a number of other Christians.

Portus, or as it is now called Porto, became a bishopric distinct from that of Ostia, on account of its importance as the real harbour of Rome, and the place of abode for all the foreigners whom commerce and trade brought across the seas to the banks of the Tiber.

A priest of the Church of Rome at the same time as Tertullian, Hippolytus wrote, like him, a great many works against the errors of that time. The authority of his refutation of all heresies is much enhanced by the proximity of the author's epoch to the apostolic age. These heresies he reduces to one common ground of condemnation—that of antagonism to Holy Scripture, and having branded them with this stigma, he leaves them to wither under the Church's ban. One of his works, containing the titles of the others, was found in a curious way enough.

After being buried for many centuries, the whole of 'The Refutation of Heresies,' with the exception of Book I., was discovered in MS. in a convent on Mount Athos, by a learned Greek named Minoides Mynas, as recently as the year 1842. He visited his native country by order of the Minister of Public Instruction under Louis Philippe, and the treasure which he was successful in finding was given to the world by the Clarendon Press at Oxford in 1851.

The book thus resuscitated from its long oblivion imparts the most valuable information as to the early history of the Christian religion; especially the latter part of the volume, which gives an account by an eye-witness of important events which took place in the second and third centuries after Christ, of which we have no previous notice. In the last book S. Hippolytus gives us a Confession of Faith, which may be accepted as a representation of the Creed of the Christian Church one hundred years before the Council of Nice delivered their authoritative definitions of the doctrines of Christianity.

In 1551, when the ground was being trenched near the church of S. Lawrence, out of Rome upon the Tivoli road, there was found, upon the site of what was once a chapel erected in honour of S. Hippolytus, a statue of marble, representing a man sitting in a chair. On the side is engraved a catalogue of S. Hippolytus's works. This statue is now in the Vatican Library at Rome. It is supposed to date from the time of Constantine. As a learned writer* on the subject says: 'In the statue of Hippolytus we have the most ancient Christian portrait of an historical person, a very respectable work of ancient art, and a venerable Christian monument representing the most eminent writer of the Roman Church in his times.'

Among the writings of S. Hippolytus is a letter of exhortation to the Empress Severa, who, it is believed, was the wife of the Emperor Philip. As this letter, according to a fragment which has been preserved to us by Theodoret, treats of the Mystery of the Incarnation and the Resurrection of the dead, it confirms the ancient belief that the Emperor Philip and his family were Christians. There was found in parts a demonstration against the Jews, wherein S. Hippolytus proved that they ought not to boast of having crucified Jesus of

* Bunsen.

Nazareth, and of giving Him vinegar and gall to drink—because the terrible chastisements which had overtaken them since that time proved to them that this Jesus whom they had put to death was the Christ announced by the Prophets, the true God and co-eternal with the Father.

Hippolytus suffered martyrdom under Maximus in the first year of his reign, either 236 or 238. He is known by historical testimony to have been thrown into a canal and drowned; but whether the scene of his martyrdom was Sardinia, to which he was banished with the Roman Bishop Pontianus, or Rome, or Portus, has not been definitely settled. His chapel, or *memoria*, was found by Prudentius in the catacombs of an ancient cemetery, but although the place was a spacious cavern, it was too small to contain the throngs which used to visit it on his festal day. Even in the time of Theodosius there was a story extant that the wicked prefect, hearing that his name was Hippolytus, ordered him to be torn in pieces by horses, as Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was of old. Prudentius found this legend painted on the walls of the sanctuary of Hippolytus, by the side of the basilica of S. Laurentius.

Of the particulars of the life of S. Hippolytus little is known, but an idea of his character may be gathered from his writings, and from the esteem in which his name was held in the East and West. He is generally allowed to have been the most gifted and diligent inquirer in the Western Church of his time, and a worthy disciple of Irenæus. He surpassed his master both in method and knowledge, being at the same time a follower of his gentleness and charity, and his zeal for the glory of God, while his life at Portus, at the gates of the empress city, daily added to the learning, and intensified the earnestness and fervour which characterised his earlier years.

Besides having a reputation for mathematics, physical science, and astronomy, S. Hippolytus marks an epoch as being the first preacher of note whom the Roman Church produced. By making Greek thought and science popular in Rome, Hippolytus raised the ordinary sermon to the level of a learned homily. Hence probably the story that he preached a sermon in the presence of Origen, who was one of his most celebrated disciples or auditors.

Both as a student and a teacher, Hippolytus lived a laborious life for his fellow-men, becoming eventually a martyr for his faith.

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

II.

‘Prayer shall be made ever unto Him, and daily shall He be praised ; there shall be an heap of corn in the earth, high upon the hills.’—Psalm lxxii. 15, 16.

‘I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do.’—S. John xvii. 4.

O FOR a tongue made musical
His Goodness to declare,
Whose is the Feast we celebrate,
Whose is the Food we share !
The soul enamoured and entranced
Falls prostrate at His Feet,
Whose work of Sacrifice endures
Because it is complete.

‘I will not leave you comfortless ;’
That was His Promise true,
Preluding this—‘I do the thing
My Father bids me do ;’
Forthwith upon the Bread and Wine
His priestly Hands He laid,
And with divine creative words
The Pure Oblation made.

Communion follows ; and the while
Their hearts within them burn,
He bids His children do the same
Awaiting His Return.
Then speaks He of a finished work ;
That work abideth still,
The world-redeeming Sacrifice
Of His surrendered Will.*

Rejoice we in this work complete ;
All that was lost is found,
We live beneath the Smile of God,
We tread on holy ground ;
The earth His Mercy has redeemed
Is Paradise restored ;
O be His Clemency confessed,
His Majesty adored !

* ‘Non mors sed voluntas placuit sponte morientis.’—S. BERNARD

All sacramental ministries
 Bring comfort to the soul,
 The leper is made clean thereby,
 The sick man is made whole ;
 The Eucharist surpasses all,—
 Life's ever-fruitful Tree,—
 The glory of Christ's Presence makes
 Its dear supremacy.

Upon the holy mountains stands
 The City where we dwell,
 Raised high above the shifting sands,
 A rock-built Citadel.
 Long since the Psalmist-seer foretold
 That high upon the hills
 God's Corn should grow, and now, behold,
 His Promise He fulfils !

A. G.

PITLOCHRIE, *September*, 1877.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CL.

THE O'NEIL.

1558—1567.

WHEN Queen Mary's death took place, the chief war in hand was with Shan O'Neil, in his fortress island in Ulster. So entirely had this chieftain gained the hearts of his people, that one of these Irish, hearing him proclaimed as a traitor, said, 'Is traitor a higher title than O'Neil ?—for if so I will henceforth so call him.'

The Lord Deputy deemed it well to see Queen Elizabeth himself, and take her instructions in person ; so he left in charge Sir Henry Sydney, with orders to march to Dundalk, and call O'Neil to account. In answer to his summons, Shan replied that he could not leave home as he was holding a great feast for the christening of his child, but that he invited Sydney to come and stand sponsor and join in his feast, when no doubt they would come to a good understanding.

The persons about the little Court of Dublin who wanted to destroy O'Neil and divide Tyrone, Tyrconnel and Ulster, as Leix and Ofally had been divided, tried to persuade the vice-deputy that the invitation was a snare ; but Sir Henry Sydney was one of the able men of the time. He was an amiable man, who had managed to keep well with all varieties of government. He had married the daughter of Northumberland, and she, at least, had attended Jane Grey during her brief

royalty. Yet he had so made his peace with Mary, that Philip of Spain had stood sponsor to his eldest son, and he was so firm, and yet so gracious, as to be popular among both English and Irish within the pale.

Shan received him with all the wild grace of a hospitable Irish chieftain: The christening was a splendid one, the feasting was royal; the host, who had been described as a mere savage, showed all the lofty courtesy worthy of the descendant of the great Neil of the Nine Hostages, the friend of St. Patrick; and, with all the fascination of his people, he won the ear of Sir Henry. It was quite true that he was a much-wronged man, driven into rebellion by the flagrant injustice of his father and of King Henry. The only son born in wedlock was, by all laws, the only heir to the Earldom of Tyrone, or the old chieftainship, which last he held besides by the election of all the O'Neils. He had only taken up arms to protect his right. Sydney was convinced, and advised Shan to come to Dublin to plead his cause with the Lord Deputy, promising him safety and his own assistance.

The Lord Deputy came back to Dublin, Earl of Sussex, and was received at Christ Church Cathedral with a Litany and a *Te Deum* both in English. He brought orders that the English services should begin again; but, during the singing of the Litany, the congregation at Christ Church were astonished by seeing blood oozing from under the Crown of Thorns of a great marble crucifix which had once been removed, but had been restored by Archbishop Curwen. There was a general cry; some fell on their faces, others knelt thumping their breasts, the aldermen and mayor among them. A man cried out that it was because heresy had come in, and the Lord Deputy and his suite made haste out of the choir, fearing mischief.

Archbishop Curwen kept his head, and bade the sacristan mount on a form and examine and wash the image. The sacristan found a sponge saturated with blood, hidden behind the head, and close inquiry traced the profane trick to one Leigh, a monk, and a few others, whose attempt to promote their cause by a fraud, turned out to its great injury, for it utterly disgusted the Archbishop, nominee of Mary as he had been. The next Sunday he preached on the text, 'God shall send them strong delusion that they shall believe a lie,' while below him, on a table, stood Leigh and his confederates, with their hands and legs tied, and papers on their breasts declaring their crime.

It is on the authority of a letter from Curwen himself to Archbishop Parker, and it seems to have had some effect in deciding both the Queen and the Primate on clearing away those images which had been put to a superstitious use. The Irish Parliament adopted the Act of Uniformity, but with the curious permission that where the people understood nothing but Irish, the Latin might be used. The native

tongue, it was said, could with difficulty be printed, and few in the whole realm could read the letters, nor had anybody at that time missionary spirit enough to learn the language. Archbishop Dowdal, who had been one of Mary's many episcopal attendants to the grave, and seventeen out of the nineteen surviving Irish Bishops conformed ; but Bale would not return to his unwilling flock at Kilkenny, and resigning the See of Ossory, retired to a Canonry at Canterbury.

Armagh remained vacant till 1563, when Queen Elizabeth gave the primacy to Adam Loftus, a young Yorkshire gentleman, who, on her first visit to Cambridge, had pleased her by the graces of his person and oratory in some of the speeches with which the students were wont to receive her. He went to Ireland as Chaplain to Sussex, was made Dean of St. Patrick's, and then Archbishop of Armagh, though he was only twenty-eight when he was consecrated, and could not take his degree as Doctor of Divinity till four years later, since he had not till then been twenty years a student of theology. Nobody in his See understood English, and the lands had been horribly wasted by O'Neil's inroads, so that there seems to have been nothing to live upon ; and as the elegant Cantab had no missionary spirit, he procured his translation to the somewhat more comfortable See of Dublin, upon the death of Curwen.

Thus were the opportunities let slip ; through the neglect and contempt of these English clergy was missed the opportunity, never to be recalled, of winning to the Church those Irish spirits, always fervently devout amid all their contradictory qualities. Many of the priests had refused to conform, and the parishes were filled up by the dregs of the English Church. Men who could not get ordained in England came to Ireland and got preferment, while their flocks resorted to the ousted priests. One of the statutes of the Parliament enacted that every parish priest should establish and support a school for the poor, where they might learn the English language, and be instructed in religion. Every one took this oath when inducted to a living ; but with very few exceptions it remained a dead letter till the last generation of clergy began to wake to an understanding of their duties, when it was too late.

Meantime Sussex had marched against O'Neil, and Shan had collected all the forces of Ulster, but again he listened to terms. The Earl of Kildare came to visit him, and held out to him hopes of obtaining recognition from the Queen if he would lay his statement before her in person. Shan made up his mind to the attempt, and came to Dublin with his train, when Sussex received him kindly ; but the lords of the English pale were mortally offended. They felt as, may be feared the English colonists would feel if the Maori King were received at Auckland as an English earl, and they did worse than the New Zealand settlers would do, for they formed a plot for murdering him.

Sussex and Kildare could hardly have prevented it, but they took

care that the chieftain should have timely warning, and he embarked at once for England, together with a band of his choicest galloglasses. He walked through the streets of London, to visit the Queen, at their head. They were fine, tall men, the grandest type of the Irish, and they wore linen vests, deeply-dyed with saffron, with wide open sleeves, displaying 'the brawny arms that carried a broad battleaxe over one shoulder. A short sword was girt to each man's thigh over a light coat of mail, and his head was bare of all but his flowing tresses. London was enchanted with the spectacle, and Shan and the Queen were delighted with one another. She was a stately and queenly lady, well able to be winning, and he vowed allegiance to her with all the warm-hearted fervour of his nation, showing himself as simply graceful and chivalrous a gentleman as any who stood around her. Convinced that he was no savage, and perceiving the justice of his claim, Elizabeth confirmed him in the rank of Earl of Tyrone, and sent him home enthusiastic in her cause, like most of the men who came in contact with her. He was thought even to be inclined to the English Church.

Scots from the Hebrides were wont to descend and plunder Ireland, and O'Neil had hitherto used them as his allies, but by way of proving his affection for the Queen, he attacked them immediately on his return, and entirely defeated them. Elizabeth wrote him a letter of thanks; but nothing could exceed the hatred and jealousy of the Lords of the Pale at the manner in which this native Irishman was treated as their equal. Unable to believe in his good faith, they declared that his attack on the Scots was only a blind to enable him to raise an army, and letter upon letter, full of accusations, was poured upon Elizabeth, till, becoming a little ashamed of having yielded to the "blarney" of the brilliant Irishman, and impatient of the reiteration of his supposed intentions, she exclaimed that after all, if he did revolt, they would be satisfied, for there would be enough for them all.

Sussex went home in 1565, and Sir Henry Sydney came out as deputy. The universal outcry against O'Neil led him to decide on placing a fort with an English garrison at Derry, in the heart of Ulster; a very foolish measure, since the country was quiet, and it not only showed distrust towards O'Neil, but was an insult that lowered him in the eyes of his own followers. Most likely the Council took advantage of Sir Henry's recent arrival to force on him the measure on purpose to affront the object of their hatred.

Shan was offended, but he was too cunning to strike the first blow. He only paraded a band of men in front of the new castle so provokingly that the garrison broke forth and attacked them, not without severe loss. O'Neil sent a complaint to Sydney, offering to meet him at Dundalk, expecting no doubt that another personal conference would establish his rights again. Before the meeting could take place, however, the Church, which served as a powder magazine for the castle

at Derry, caught fire, the powder exploded, and so much harm was done that the garrison had to make the best of their way back to the pale.

The Church had been sacred to St. Columb Kill, and it was reported all over Ulster that the saint had sent a huge she-wolf with a flaming firebrand in her mouth to drop into the heretic arsenal. The story was firmly believed in the early part of the present century, and the immediate effect was a universal rising of the people, thinking the time of vengeance come. O'Neil was carried along by it. He refused to meet Sydney, and set up the red hand, disowning his allegiance to Elizabeth, and giving up his earldom.

‘ Can aught of glory or renown
To thee from Saxon titles spring?
Thy name a kingdom and a crown,
Sir Owen's chieftain, Ulster's king.’

So cried his clansmen, so they said the spirits of their forefathers cried. At any rate O'Neil, tired of his attempt to be a peaceful earl, and harassed by universal distrust, relapsed into his native ferocity, raised the Bloody Hand, declared himself the defender of the old religion, burst upon Armagh, took the city and burnt the Cathedral because it had been used for the Reformed service. He professed to hold the castles for Mary Stuart as rightful Queen, and she sent two Highland gentlemen as ambassadors to him. He was known to the French at her court as ‘le Grand Honvel.’ He ravaged Fermanagh, and attacked Dundalk, but was repulsed, and he found that the O'Donnells and other of his Ulster allies were in correspondence with the Deputy. He sent messengers into Connaught entreating the Geraldins of Desmond to join him in restoring the old faith, but all in vain. He besieged Drogheda, but Lady Sydney, in her husband's absence, sent reinforcements, and he was again defeated. His faithful clansmen perished round him, those of other septs deserted him. Sir Henry Sydney pressed him hard, and after living a hunted life in the mountains and bogs, the unhappy chief consulted his secretary, Neil MacCommar whether he should give himself up to the Deputy in submission with a halter round his neck.

The secretary reminded him how it had fared with O'More, and he decided on the far more perilous measure of seeking protection from a band of 600 of the island Scots, his former allies, who had lately landed in Clondeboy, and set up a camp there. He had, however, attacked and driven a party of them away when he had been fighting in Elizabeth's cause, and the nephew of one of them, MacGilly Aspuck, nourished plans of revenge.

O'Neil arrived with fifty ‘horse, and was well received; but while feasting, a quarrel was raised by some of the Scots with O'Neil's secretary, and at a signal given, Aspuck burst in with a band of armed

men, killed O'Neil, slaughtered all his troop, and threw the bodies into a pit within an old chapel. Four days later an English officer, Captain Pierce, to whom the Scots sent to claim the reward of their treachery, arrived, disinterred Shan, cut off his head, and sent it to Dublin. Sydney marched through Ulster without opposition, and procured the election of a feeble member of the clan as Tanist, while Dungannon was given to Hugh, the son of Matthew. So ended one of the best of the few hopes of conciliating the Irish—chiefly from the meanness and spite of the Council at Dublin and the Lords of the Pale. They, however, were hotly quarrelling among themselves. The Earl of Kildare was a peaceable man, but the Geraldins of Desmond, and Butlers of Ormond, hated each other furiously, and were always at war.

The Earl of Desmond was wounded and made prisoner. 'Where is the great Desmond now?' he was insultingly asked when he was borne from the field.

'In his fit place,' he answered, 'on the necks of the Butlers.'

Ormond visited the Queen and gained her ear. She bade Sydney judge between them, and when he was in favour of Desmond, she sharply bade him revoke his decision. Desmond took up arms, but was defeated, and begging to be sent to London to plead his cause with the Queen, was immediately committed to the Tower and remained in prison for several years.

There still remained living Kathleen Fitzgerald, widow of that Earl of Desmond who had only burnt the Cathedral because the Bishop was in it. She had been married when Edward IV. was on the throne, the Duke of Gloucester had danced with her as a bride, and she maintained that he had been a very graceful, well-shaped man.

She retained an old castle at Inchquin, and there lived on till the English settlers so enroached on her lands that her maintenance was taken away, and she came in a sailing vessel to Bristol to petition the Queen with her daughter.

The daughter was so infirm with age that she had to be brought in a little cart, but the mother, though a hundred years old, trudged the whole way to London and presented herself to the Queen.

Her portrait was taken, and represents her in a hood and lace collar. It seems to be uncertain whether this journey was made in the time of Elizabeth or of James I. She lived long enough for this last, for she remained vigorous, cut a new set of teeth, and at last died of a fall from a nut-tree in 1604, at the age of 140!

The English had a much more wild and formidable enemy in the south, in Connemara, a name which means the 'bays of the sea'—in the 'Sea Queen' or piratess—Graithne O'Mailhe, by translation, Grace O'Malley.

She was the daughter of Owain O'Mailhe Dubdhara, or of the Black Oak, Lord of Murrisk and Borrishoole and likewise of the isles of

Arran ; and the saying went that, ' Never was there a good man of the O'Malleys, but a mariner,' and Dubdhara was not behind his ancestors, but was a terror to the Spaniards and French on the western seas. His daughter, a dark-browed, dark-haired girl, sailed with him and joined in his piracies, and at his death, being then nineteen, and her brother an infant, she became leader of the sept, and was the ruler of all the coast of Connemara, where in the deep gulfs her ships and boats found shelter and lay in ambush for the galleons. Her stronghold was Carrigahooly Castle, on Clare Island, in Newport Bay, where her flotilla of coracles were moored together by a rope, the end of which was passed through a hole, and wound round her arm at night in her bed.

She married O'Donnell O'Flaherty, and the day her first child was born, she assisted in discomfiting a Turkish corsair which had attacked her fleet, firing two ' blunderbushes,' which killed their chief officers. She was a dangerous foe to English ships. She was proclaimed an outlaw, and a price of 500*l.* set on her head, and an attempt was made to besiege her castle of Carrigahooly, but she repulsed it, and reigned prosperously in her own way till her husband died.

Then she lost all claim to his lands, and, her brother having grown up, she was left to subsist solely by her piracies until she married Sir Richard Burke of Mayo, called by the Irish Richard-in-Iron, because he wore plate armour. He was on better terms with the English, and introduced Graithne to Sir Henry Sydney, who seems to have persuaded her that if she would confine her piracies to Spanish ships, she would be esteemed an ally by the Queen.

Forthwith she set sail for the Thames to visit Elizabeth, and on the way gave birth to a son, who was christened Theobald, and commonly called Toby of the Ship.

The Queen seems to have been rather taken with the wild chieftainess, and offered to make her a countess ; but Grace declared that this could not be, for she was the Queen's equal in rank already, being the child of Irish kings ; but she would accept a title for her baby, who was accordingly created Viscount Mayo, and became the ancestor of the present earl. When Queen Elizabeth offered her a lap-dog, she said it was a useless beast, but offered the child in return, saying that she should never make a man of him, for his father came of a bad stock. Altogether the wild woman seems to have looked down on the civilised Queen as a helpless being, who could not steer a ship or fire blunderbusses at a Turk, and wanted crowds of people to wait on her, all unconscious what a mighty vessel Elizabeth was steering and through what a tempestuous sea.

On her way home Grace touched at Howth to ask hospitality, but the castle gates of the St. Lawrences were shut, the family being at dinner. In her anger she helped herself from the farms around, and finding the young heir at nurse in a cottage, she carried him off in her

ship, and only restored him on a promise that thenceforth the castle doors should always be open at dinner-time and a place left vacant. The custom is still faithfully kept up at Howth.

Piracy was, as Grace wrote it, her 'trade of maintenance,' and she pursued it for forty years ! She remained a friend to the English, and maintained a nunnery in Clare Island, where she was buried. Her history is undoubted fact, but the dates are uncertain.

MAGNUM BONUM ; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ACT OF INDEPENDENCE.

MARMADUKE ALWYN EVELYN, Viscount Fordham, was the fourth bearer of that title within ten years. His father had not lived to wear it, and his two elder brothers had both died in early youth. His precarious existence seemed to be only held on a tenure of constant precautions, and if his mother ventured to hope that it might be otherwise with the two youngest of the family, it was because they were of a shorter, sturdier, more compact form and less transparent complexion than their elders, and altogether seemed of a different constitution.

More delicate from the first than the two brothers who had gone before him, Lord Fordham had never been at school, had studied irregularly, and had never been from under his mother's wing till this summer, when she was detained by the slow decay of his grandmother. Languor and listlessness had beset the youth, and he had been ordered mountain air, and thus it was that Mrs. Evelyn had despatched both her sons to Switzerland, under the attendance of a highly recommended physician, a young man bright and attractive, who had overworked himself at an hospital, and needed thorough relaxation. Rightly considering Lucas Brownlow as the cause of most of Cecil's Eton follies, she had given her eldest son a private hint to elude joining forces with the family, and he was the most docile and obedient of sons ; yet was it the perversity of human nature that made him infinitely more animated and interested in John Brownlow's race and the distressed travellers on the Schwarenbach than he had been since—no one could tell when.

Perhaps it was the novelty of being left alone and comparatively unwatched. Certain it was that he ate enough to rejoice the heart of his devoted and tyrannical attendant, Reeves ; and that he walked about in much anxiety all the afternoon, continually using his glass to look up the mountain wherever a bit of the track was visible through the pine woods.

In due time Cecil rode back the pony which John had taken up. The alacrity with which the long lank bending figure stepped to meet him was something unwonted, but the boy himself was downcast and depressed.

'I'm afraid you've nothing good to tell.'

Cecil shook his head, and after some more seconds broke out—

'It's awful!'

'What is?'

'Brownlow's pain. I never saw anything like it!'

'Rheumatism? If that is from the exposure, I hope it will not last long.'

'No. They've sent for some opiates to Leukerbad, and the doctor says that is sure to put him to sleep.'

'Medlicott stays there?'

'Yes. He says if little Armine is any way fit, he must move him away to-morrow at all risks from the night-cold up there, and he wants Reeves to see about men to carry him, that is if—if to-night does not—'

Cecil could not finish.

'Then it is as bad as we heard?'

'Quite,' said Cecil, 'or worse. That dear little chap, just fancy!' and his eyes filled with tears. 'He tried to thank me for having been good to him—as if I had.'

'He was your fag?'

'Yes; Skipjack asked me to choose him because he's that sort of little fellow that won't give into anything that goes against his conscience, and if one of those fellows had him that say lower boys have no business with consciences, he might be licked within an inch of his life and he'd never give in. He did let himself be put under a pump once at some beastly hole in the country, for not choosing to use bad language, and he has never been so strong since.'

'Mother would be glad that at least you allowed him the use of his conscience.'

'I'm glad I did now,' said Cecil, with a sigh, 'though it was a great nuisance sometimes.'

'Was the Monk, as you call him, one of that set?'

'Bless you, no, he's a regular sap, as steady as old time.'

'I wonder if he is the son of the doctor Medlicott talks of.'

'No; his father is alive. He is a colonel, living near their place. The other two are the doctor's sons; their mother came into the property after his death. Their Maximus was in college at first, and between ourselves, he was a bit of a snob, who couldn't bear to recollect it.'

'Not your friend?'

'No, indeed. The eldest one, who has left these two years, and is at Christ Church.'

'I am sure the one who came down here was a gentleman.'

'So they are, all three of them,' said Cecil, who had never found his brother so ready to hear anything about his Eton life, since in general accounts of the world, from which he was debarred, so jarred on his feelings that he silenced it with apparent indifference, contempt, or petulance. Now, however, Cecil, with his heart full of the Brownlows, could not say more of them than Fordham was willing to hear; nay, he even found an amused listener to some of his good stories of courageous pranks.

Fordham was not yet up the next morning when there was a knock at his door, and the doctor came in, answering his eager question with—

'Yes, he has got through this night, but another up in that place would be fatal. We must get them down to Leukerbad.'

'Over that long precipitous path?'

'It is the only chance. I came down to look up bearers, and rig up a couple of hammocks, as well as to see how you are getting on.'

'Oh! I'm very well,' said Lord Fordham, in a tone that meant it, sitting up in bed. 'We might ride on to Leukerbad with Reeves, and get rooms ready.'

'The best thing you could do,' said Dr. Medlicott, joyfully. 'When we are there, we can consider what can be done next; and if you wish to go on, I could look up some one there in whose charge to leave them till they could get advice from home; but it is touch and go with that little fellow.'

'I'm in no particular hurry,' said Lord Fordham, answering the doctor's tone rather than his words. 'I would not do anything hasty or that might add to their distress. Are there likely to be good doctors at this place?'

'It is a great watering-place, chiefly for rheumatic complaints, and that is all very well for the elder boy. As to the little one, he is in as critical a state as I ever saw, and——. His mother is an excellent linguist, that is one good thing.'

'Yes; it would be very trying for her to have a foreigner to attend the boy in such a state, however skilled he might be,' said Lord Fordham. 'I think we might make up our minds to stay with them till they can get some one from England.'

Dr. Medlicott caught at the words.

'It rests with you,' he said. 'Of course I am your property and Mrs. Evelyn's, but I should like to tell you why this is more to me than a matter of common humanity. I went up to study in London, a simple foolish lad, bred up by three good old aunts, more ignorant of the world than their own tabby cat. Of course I instantly fell in with the worst stamp of fellows, and was in a fair way of being done for body and soul, if one of the lecturers, after taking us to task for some heartless disgusting piece of levity, seeing perhaps that it was

more than half bravado on my part and nearly made me sick, managed to get me alone. He talked it out with me, found out the innocent-hearted fool I was, cured me of my false shame at what the good old souls at home had taught me, showed me what manhood was, found a good friend and a better lodging for me, in short, was the saving of me. He died three months after I first knew him, but whatever is worth having in me is owing to him.'

'Was he the father of these boys?'

'Yes; I saw a likeness in the nephew who came down yesterday. I saw it in both the others, though not so strongly.'

'Of course you would wish to do all that is possible for them?'

'I should feel it the greatest honour. Still, my first duty is to you, and you have told me that your mother wished you to keep your brother out of the way of his schoolfellow.'

'My mother would not wish to deprive her worst enemy of your care in such need as this,' said Lord Fordham, smiling. 'Besides if this friend of Cecil's were ever so bad, he couldn't do him much harm while he is ill, poor boy. We will at any rate stay to get them through the next few days, and then we can judge. I will settle it with my mother.'

'I knew you would say so,' rejoined the doctor. 'Thank you. Then it seems to me that the right course will be to write to Mrs. Evelyn, inclosing a note to Dr. Lucas—who it seems is Mrs. Brownlow's chief reliance—asking him to find some one to send out. She can send it on to him if she disapproves of our remaining together longer than is absolutely necessary, or if Leukerbad disagrees with you. Meantime, I'll go and see whether Reeves has found any men to carry the poor boys.'

Unfortunately it was too early in the season for the hotels to have marshalled their full establishment, and such careful and surefooted bearers as the sufferers needed could not be had in numbers, so that Dr. Medlicott was forced to decide on leaving the elder patient for a night at Schwarenbach. The move might be matter of life or death to Armine; but Jock was better, the pain could be somewhat allayed by anodynes, the fever was abating, and he would rather gain than lose by another day of rest, provided he would only accept his fate patiently, and also if he could be properly attended to. If Mr. Graham would stay with him—

So breakfast was eaten, bills were paid, horses hired, and the whole cavalcade started from Kandersteg in time to secure the best part of a bright hot day for the transit.

They met Mr. Graham, who had been glad to escape as soon as Mrs. Brownlow had found other assistance, so that the doctor was disappointed in his hope of a guardian for Jock. Lord Fordham offered to lend Reeves, but that functionary absolutely refused to separate himself from his charge, observing—

'I am responsible for your lordship to your mamma, and it does not lie within my province to leave you on any account.'

Reeves always called Mrs. Evelyn "your mamma" when he wished to be particularly authoritative with his young gentlemen. If they were especially troublesome he called her "your ma."

'And after all,' said the doctor, 'I don't know what sort of preparations the young gentlemen would make if we let them go by themselves. A bare room, perhaps—with no bed-clothes, and nothing to eat till the *table-d'hôte* !'

Reeves smiled. He had found the doctor much less of a rival than he had expected, and he was a kind-hearted man, so long as his young lord was made the first object; so he declared his willingness to do anything that lay in his power for the assistance of the poor lady and her sons. He would gladly sit up with them, if it were in the same house with his lordship.

No one came out to meet the party. John was found with Armine; Mrs. Brownlow as usual, with Jock, who would endure no presence but hers, and looked exceedingly injured when, sending Cecil in to sit with him, the doctor called her out of the room.

It was a sore stroke on her to hear that her charges must be separated; and there was the harrowing question whether she should stay with one or go with the other.

'Please, decide,' she said.

'I think you should be with the most serious case.'

'And that, I fear, means my little Armine. Yes, I will do as you tell me. But what can be done for Jock?—poor Jock who thinks he needs me most. And perhaps he does. You know best, though, Dr. Medlicott, and you shall settle it.'

'That is a wise nurse,' said he, kindly; 'I wish I could take your place myself, but I must be with the little fellow myself; and I am afraid we can only leave his brother to your nephew for this one night. Should you be afraid to be sole nurse?' he added, as Johnny came to Armine's door.

'I think I know what to do, if Jock can stand having me,' said Johnny, stoutly, as soon as he understood the question.

'Mother!' just then shouted Jock, and as Johnny obeyed the call, he began—'I want my head higher—no—I say not you—Mother Carey!'

'She is busy with the doctor.'

'Can't she come and do this? No, I say,' and he threw the nearest thing at hand at him.

'Come,' said Cecil, 'I'm glad you can do such things as that.'

But Jock gave a cry of pain, and protested that it was all John's fault for making him hurt himself instead of fetching mother.

'You had better let me lift you,' said John; 'you know she is tired, and I *really* am stronger.'

‘No, you sha’n’t touch me—a great clumsy lout.’

In the midst of these amenities, the doctor appeared, and Jock looked slightly ashamed, especially when the doctor, instead of doing what he wanted himself, directed John where to put an arm, and how to support him, while moving the pillow as he wished, adding that he was a handy fellow, more so than many a pupil after half a year’s training at the hospital, and smiling down Jock’s growls and groans, which were as much from displeasure as from pain. They were followed by some despairing sighs at the horrors of the prospect of being moved.

‘Ah! what will you give me for letting you off?’ said the doctor.

Jock uttered a sound of relief, then, rather distrustfully, asked—
‘Why?’

‘We can only get bearers enough for one; and as it is most important to move your brother, while you will gain by a night’s rest, he must have the first turn.’

‘And welcome,’ said Jock; ‘my mother will stay with me.’

‘That’s the very point,’ said Dr. Medlicott. ‘I want you not only to give her up, but to do so cheerfully.’

‘I’m sure mother wants to stay with me. Armine does not need her half so much.’

‘He does not require the same kind of attention; but he is in so critical a state that I do not think I ought to separate her from him.’

‘Why, what is the matter with him?’ asked Jock, startled.

‘Congestion of the right lung,’ said the doctor, seeing that he was strong enough to bear it, and feeling the need of rousing him from his monopolising self-absorption.

‘People get over that, don’t they?’ said Jock, with an awestruck interrogation in his voice.

‘They *do*; and I hope much from getting him into a warmer atmosphere, but the child is so much reduced that the risk is great, and I should not dare not to have his mother with him.’ Then, as Jock was silent, ‘I have told you because you can make a great difference to their comfort by not showing how much it costs you to let her go.’

Jock drew the bed clothes over his face, and an odd stifled sound was heard from under them. He remained thus *perdu*, while directions were being given to John for the night, but as the doctor was leaving the room, emerged and said—

‘Bring him in before he goes.’

In a short time, for it was most important not to lose the fine weather, the doctor carried Armine in, swathed in rugs and blankets, a pale, sunken, worn face, and great hollow eyes looking out at the top.

The mother said something cheerful about a live mummy, but the two poor boys gazed at one another with sad, earnest, wistful eyes, and wrung one another’s hands.

'Don't forget,' gasped Armine, labouring for breath.

And Jock answered—

'All right, Army; good-bye. I'm coming to-morrow,' with a choking, quivering attempt at bravery.

'Yes, to-morrow,' said poor Mother Carey, bending over him. 'My boy—my poor good boy, if I could but cut myself in two! I can't tell you how thankful I am to you for being so good about it. That dear good Johnny will do all he can, and it is only till to-morrow. You'll sleep most of the time.'

'All right, mother,' was again all that Jock could manage to utter, and the kisses that followed seemed to him the most precious he had known. He hid his face again, bearing his trouble the better because of the lull of violent pain quelled by opiates, so that his senses were all as in a dream bound up. When he looked up again at the clink of glass, it was Cecil whom he saw measuring off his draught.

'You!' he exclaimed.

'Yes, Medlicott said I might stay till four, and give the Monk a chance of a sleep. That fellow can always snooze away off hand, and he is as sound as a top in the next room; but I was to give you this at two.'

'You're sure it's the right stuff?'

'I should think so. We've practice enough in the family to know how to measure off a dose by this time.'

'How is it you are out here still? This is Thursday, isn't it? We meant to have been half way home, to be in time for the matches.'

'I'm not going back this half, worse luck. They were mortally afraid these measles would make me get tender in the chest, like all the rest of us, so I've got nothing to do but be dragged about with Fordham after churches and picture galleries and mountains,' said Cecil, in a tone of infinite disgust. 'I declare it made me half mad to look at the Lake of Lucerne, and recollect that we might have been in the eight.'

'Not this year.'

'No, but next.'

In which contemplation Cecil was silent, only fondling Chico, until Jock, instead of falling asleep again, said, 'Evelyn, what does your doctor really think of the little chap?'

Cecil screwed up his face as if he had rather not be asked.

'Never you think about it,' he said. 'Doctors always croak. He'll be all right again soon.'

'If I was sure,' sighed Jock; 'but you know he has always been such a religious little beggar. It's a horrid bad sign.'

'Like my brother Walter,' said Cecil, gravely. 'Now, Duke can be ever so snappish and peevish; I'm not half so afraid for him.'

'You never heard anything like the little fellow that night,' said Jock, and therewith he gave his friend by far the most connected

account of the adventure that had yet been arrived at. He even spoke of the resolution to which he had been brought, and in a tone of awe described how he had pledged himself for the future.

'So you see I'm in for it,' he concluded; 'I must give up all our jolly larks.'

'Then I sha'n't get into so many rows with my mother and uncle,' said Cecil, by no means with the opposition his friend had anticipated.

'Then you'll stand by me?' said Jock.

'Gladly. My mother was at me all last Easter, telling me my goings on were worse to her than losing George or Walter, and talking about my Confirmation and all. She only let me be a communicant on Easter Day, because I did mean to make a fresh start—and I did mean it with all my heart; only when that supper was talked of, I didn't like to stick out against you, Brownlow; I never could, you know, and I didn't know what it was coming to.'

'Nor I,' said Jock; 'that's the worst of it. When a lark begins one doesn't know how far one will get carried on. But that night I thought about the Confirmation, and how I had made the promise without really thinking about it, and never had been to Holy Communion.'

'I meant it all,' said Cecil; 'and broke it, so I'm worst.'

'Well!' said Jock, 'if I go back from the promise little Army made me make about being Christ's faithful soldier and servant, I could never face him again—no, nor death either! You can't think what it was like, Evelyn, sitting in the dead stillness—except for an awful crack and rumbling in the ice, and the solid snow fog shutting one in, and how ugly, and brutish, and horrid all those things did look; and how it made me long to have been like the little fellow in my arms, or even this poor little dog, who knew no better. Then somehow came now and then a wonderful sense that God was all round us, and that our Lord had done *all that* for my forgiveness, if I only meant in earnest. Oh! how to go on meaning it.'

'That's the thing,' said Cecil. 'I mean it fast enough at home, and when my mother talks to me, and I look at my brothers' graves, but it all gets swept away at Eton. It won't now, though, if you are different, Brownlow. I never liked any fellow like you. I knew you were best, even when you were worst. So if you go in for doing right, I sha'n't care for any one else—not even Cressham and Bulford.'

'If they choose to make asses of themselves they must,' said Jock. 'It will be a bore, but one mustn't mind things. I say, Evelyn, suppose we make that promise of Armine's over again together now.'

'It is only the engagement we made when we were sworn into Christ's army at our baptism,' said the much more fully instructed Cecil. 'We always were bound by it.'

'Yes, but we knew nothing about it then, and we really mean it now,' said Jock. 'If we do it for ourselves together, it will put us on

our honour to each other, and to Christ our Captain, and that's what we want. Lay hold of my hand.'

The two boys, with clasped hands, and grave, steadfast eyes, with one voice, repeated together—

'We, John Lucas Brownlow and Cecil Fitzroy Evelyn, promise with all our hearts manfully to fight under Christ's banner, and continue His faithful soldiers and servants to our lives' end. Amen.'

Then Cecil touched Lucas's brow with his lips, and said—

'Fellow-soldiers, Brownlow.'

'Brothers in arms,' responded Jock.

It was one of those accesses of deep enthusiasm, and even of sentiment, which modern cynicism and false shame have not entirely driven out of youth. Their hearts were full ; and Jock, the stronger, abler, and more enterprising, had always exercised a fascination over his friend, who was absolutely enchanted to find him become an ally instead of a tempter, and to be no longer pulled two opposite ways.

'Ought we not to say a prayer to make it really firm ? We can't stand alone, you know,' he said, diffidently.

'If you like ; if you know one,' said Jock.

Cecil knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer and the Collect for the Fourth Epiphany Sunday.

'That's nice,' was Jock's comment. 'How did you know it ?'

'Mother made us learn the Collects every Sunday, and she wrote that in my little book. I always begin the half with it, but afterwards I can't go on.'

'Then it doesn't do you much good,' was the not unnatural remark.

'I don't know,' said Cecil, hesitating ; 'may be *all this*—your getting right, I mean is the coming round of prayers—my mother's, I mean, for if you take this turn, it will be much easier for me ! Poor mother ! it's not for want of her caring and teaching.'

'My mother doesn't bother about it.'

'I wish she did,' said Cecil. 'If she had gone on like mine, you would have been ever so much better than I.'

'No, I should have been bored and bothered into being regularly good-for-nothing. You don't know what she's really like. She's nicer than any one—as jolly as any fellow, and yet a lady all over.'

'I know that,' said Cecil ; 'she was uncommonly jolly to me at Eton, and I know my mother and she will get on like a house on fire. We're too old to have a scrimmage about them like disgusting little lower boys,' he added, seeing Jock still bristling in defence of Mother Carey.

This produced a smile, and he went on—

'Look here, Skipjack, we *will* be fellow-soldiers every way. My Uncle James can do anything at the Horse Guards, and he shall have us set down for the same regiment. I'll tell him you are my good influence.'

‘But I’ve been just the other way.’

‘Oh, but you will be—a year or two will show it. Which shall it be? Do you go in for cavalry or infantry? I like cavalry, but he’s all for the other.’

Jock was wearied enough not to have much contribution to make to the conversation, and he thus left Cecil such a fair field as he seldom enjoyed for Uncle James’s Indian and Crimean campaigns, and for the comparative merits of the regiments his nephew had beheld at reviews.

He was interrupted by a message from the guide that there was a cloud in the distance, and the young Herr had better set off quickly unless he wished to be weather-bound.

Johnny was on his feet as soon as there was a step on the stairs, and was congratulated on his ready powers of sleeping.

‘It’s in the family,’ said Jock. ‘His brother Rob went to sleep in the middle of the examination for his commission.’

‘Then I should think he could sleep on the rack,’ said Cecil.

‘I’m sure I wish I could,’ rejoined Jock.

‘What a sell for the torturers, to get some chloroform!’ said John. And so Cecil departed amid laughter, which gave John little idea how serious the talk had been in his absence.

The rain came on even more rapidly than the guide had foretold, and it was a drenched and dripping object who rode into the court of the tall hotel at Leukerbad, and immediately fell into the hands of Dr. Medlicott and Reeves, who deposited him ignominiously in bed, in spite of all his protestations and murmurs. However, he had the comfort of hearing that his little fag was recovering from the exhaustion of the journey. He had at first been so faint that the doctors had watched, fearing that they should never revive him again, and he had not yet attempted to speak; but his breathing was certainly already less laboured, and the choking, struggling cough less frequent. ‘He really seems likely to have a little natural sleep,’ was Lord Fordham’s report somewhat later, on coming in to find Cecil sitting up in bed to discuss a very substantial supper. ‘I hope that with Reeves and the doctor to look to him, his mother may get a little rest to-night.’

‘Have you seen her?’

‘Only for a moment or two, poor thing; but I never did see such eyes or such a wonderful sad smile as she tried to thank us with. Medlicott is ready to do anything for her husband’s sake; I am sure any one would do the same for hers. To get such a look is something to remember!’

‘Well done, Duke!’ ejaculated Cecil under his breath, for he had never seen his senior so animated or so enthusiastic. ‘Then you mean to stay, and let Medlicott look after them?’

‘Of course I do,’ said Fordham, in a much more decided tone than he had used in the morning. ‘I’m not going to do anything so bar-

barous as to leave them to some German practitioner ; and when we are here, I don't see why they should have advice out from home—not half so good probably.'

'You're a brick, Duke,' uttered Cecil ; and though Fordham hated slang, he smiled at the praise.

'And now, Duke, be a good fellow, and give me some clothes. That brute Reeves has not brought me in one rag.'

'Really it is hardly worth while. It is nearly eight o'clock, and I don't know where your portmanteau was put. Shall I get you a book ?'

'No ; but if you'd get me a pen and ink, I want to write to mother.'

Such a desire was not too frequent in Cecil, and Fordham was glad enough to promote it, bringing in his own neat apparatus, with only a mild entreaty that his favourite pen might be well treated, and the sheets respected. He had written his own letter of explanation of his first act of independence, and he looked with some wonder at his brother's rapid writing, not without fear that some sudden pressure for a foolish debt might have been the result of his *tête-à-tête* with his dangerous friend. Cecil's letters were too apt to be requests for money or confessions of debts, and if this were the case, what would be Mrs. Evelyn's view of the conduct of the whole party in disregarding her wishes ?

Had he been with his mother, he would have probably been called into consultation over the letter, but he was forced to remain without the privilege here offered to the reader :—

'BADEN HOTEL, LEUKERBAD, *June 14.*

'DEAREST MOTHER.—Duke has written about our falling in with the Brownlows, and how pluckily Johnny caught us up. It was a regular mercy, for the little one couldn't have lived without Dr. Medlicott, and most likely Lucas has been just saved from a rheumatic fever. He has been telling me all about it, and how frightful it was to be all night out on the edge of the glacier in a thick fog with his ankle strained, and how little Armine went on with his texts and hymns and wasn't a bit afraid, but quite happy. You never would believe what a fellow Brownlow is. We have had a great talk, and you will never have to say again that he does me harm.

'Mammy darling, I want to tell you that I was a horrible donkey last half, worse than you guessed, and I am sorrier than ever I was before, and this is a real true resolution not to do it again. Brownlow and I have promised to stand by one another about right and wrong to our lives' end. He means it, and what Brownlow means he does, and so do I. We said your Collect, and somehow I do feel as if God would help us now.

'Please, dearest mother, forgive me for all I have not told you.

'Duke is very well and jolly. He is quite smitten with Mrs. Brownlow, and, what is more, so is Reeves, who says she is "such a lady as it is a pleasure to do anything for her."

'Your loving son,

'C. F. E.'

Cecil's letter went off with his brother's in early morning ; but it was such a day as only mails and postmen encounter. Mountains,

pine-woods, nay, even the opposite houses, were blotted out by sheets of driving rain, and it was impossible to think of bringing Jock down! Dr. Medlicott heard and saw with dismay. What would the mother say to him—nay, what ought he to have done? He could hardly expect her not to reproach him, and he fairly dreaded meeting her eyes when they turned from the streaming window.

But all she said was, 'We did not reckon on this.'

'If I had——' began the doctor.

'Please don't vex yourself,' said she; 'you could not have done otherwise, and perhaps the move would have hurt him more than staying there. You have been so very kind. See what you have done here!'

For Armine, after some hours that had been very distressing, had sunk into a calm sleep, and there was a far less oppressed look on his wan little face.

The doctor would have had her take some rest, but she shook her head. The only means of allaying the gnawing anxiety for Jock, and the despairing fancies about his suffering and Johnny's helplessness, was the attending constantly to Armine.

'Any way, I will see him to-day,' said Dr. Medlicott, impelled far more by the patient silence with which she sat, one hand against her beating heart, than he would have been by any entreaty. But how she thanked him when she found him really setting forth! She insisted on his taking a guide, as much for his own security as to carry some additional comforts to the prisoners, and she committed to him two little notes, one to each boy, written through a mist of tears. Yes; tears, unusual as they were with her, were called forth as much by the kindness she met with as by her sick yearning after the two lonely boys. And when she knew the doctor was on his way, she could yield to Armine's signs of entreaty, lie back in her chair and sleep, while Reeves watched over him.

When the doctor, by a strong man's determination, had made his way up the pass, he found matters better than he had dared to expect. The patient was certainly not worse, and the medicine had kept him in a sleepy, tranquil state, in which he hardly realised the situation. His young attendant was just considering how to husband the last draught when the welcome, dripping visitor appeared. The patient was not in bad spirits *considering*, and could not but feel himself reprieved by the weather. He was too sleepy to feel the dulness of his present position, and even allowed that his impromptu nurse had done tolerably well. Johnny had been ready at every call, had rubbed away an attack of pain, hurt wonderfully little in lifting him, and was 'not half a bad lot altogether'—an admission of which doctor and nurse knew the full worth.

Johnny himself was pleased and grateful, and had that sort of satisfaction which belongs to the finding out of one's own available talent.

He had done what was pronounced the right thing, and not only that, but he liked the doing it, and declared himself not afraid to encounter another night alone with his cousin. He had picked up enough vernacular German to make himself understood, and indeed was a decided favourite with Fräulein Rosalie, who would do anything for her dear young Herr. It was possible to get a fair amount of sleep, and Dr. Medlicott felt satisfied that it was not laying too much upon him, as indeed there was no other alternative. He staid as long as he could, and did his best to enliven the dulness by producing a pocketful of Tauchnitzes, and sitting talking while the patient dozed. Johnny showed such intelligent curiosity as to the how and why of the symptoms and their counteraction, that after some explanation the doctor said, 'You ought to be one of us, my friend.'

'I have sometimes thought about it,' said John.

'Indeed!' cried the doctor, like an enthusiast in his profession; and John, though not a ready speaker, was drawn on by his notes of interest to say, 'I don't really like anything so much as making out about man and what one is made of.'

'Physiology?'

'Yes,' said the boy, who had been shy of uttering the scientific term. 'There's nothing like it for interest, it seems to me. Besides, one is more sure of being of use that way than in any other.'

'Capital! Then what withholds you? Isn't it *swell* enough?'

Johnny laughed and coloured. 'I'm not such a fool, but I am not sure about my people.'

'I thought your uncle was Joseph Brownlow.'

'My aunt would be delighted, but it is my own people. They would say my education—Eton and *all that*—was not intended for it.'

'You may tell them that whatever tends to make you more thoroughly a man and gentleman, and less of a mere professional, is a benefit to your work. The more you are in yourself, the higher your work will be. I hope you will go to the university.'

'I mean to go up for a scholarship next year; but I've lost a great deal of time now, and I don't know how far that will tell.'

'I think you will find that what you may have lost in time you will have gained in power.'

'I *do* want to go in for physical science, but there's another difficulty. One of my cousins does so, but the effect on him has not made my father like it the better—and—and to tell the truth—' he half mumbled, 'it makes me doubtful——'

'The effect on his faith?'

'Yes.'

'If faith is unsettled by looking deeper into the mysteries of God's works it cannot have been substantial faith, but merely outward, thoughtless reception,' said the doctor, as he met two thoughtful dark eyes fixed on him in inquiry and consideration.

'Thank you, sir,' after a pause.

'Had this troubled you?'

'Yes,' said John; 'I couldn't stand doubt *there*. I would rather break stones on the road than set myself doubting!'

'Why should you think that there is danger?'

'It seems to be so with others.'

'Depend upon it, Doubting Castle never lay on the straight road. If men run into it, it is not simple study of the works of creation that lead them there; but either they have only acquiesced, and never made their faith a living reality, or else they are led away by fashion and pride of intellect. One who begins and goes on in active love of God and man, will find faith and reverence not diminished but increased.'

'But aren't there speculations and difficulties?'

'None which real active religion and love cannot regard as the mere effects of half-knowledge—the distortions of a partial view. I speak with all my heart, as one who has seen how it has been with many of my own generation, as well as with myself.'

Johnny bent his head, and the young physician, somewhat surprised at finding himself saying so much on such points, left that branch of the subject, and began to talk to him about his uncle.

(To be continued.)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

'What is life, father?'

'A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail;
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight.'

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

THE next day the Vicarage had not regained its wonted atmosphere of quiet cheerfulness, which had been its normal condition since Mildred's arrival.

In vain had 'the sweet Swistler' haunted the narrow lobby outside Olive's room, where, with long legs dangling from the window-seat, he had warbled through the whole of 'Bonnie Dundee' and 'Comin'

thro' the Rye' after which, helping himself *ad libitum* from the old-fashioned book-case outside Mildred's chamber, he had read through the whole index of the *Shepherd's Guide* with a fine nasal imitation of Farmer Tallentire.

'Roy, how can you be so absurd?'

'Shut up, Contradiction; don't you see I am enlightening Aunt Milly's mind—clearing it of London fogs? Always imbibe the literature of your country. People living on the fell-side will find this a useful handbook of reference, containing "a proper delineation of the usual horn and ear-marks of all the members' sheep, extending from Bowes and Wensleydale to Sedbergh in Yorkshire, from Ravenstone-dale and Brough to Gillumholme in Westmoreland, from Crossfell and Kirkoswold——"'

Here Chriss falling upon the book the drawling monotone was quenched, and a sharp scuffle ensued, in which Sauce Royal made his escape, betaking himself during the remainder of the day to his glass studio and the society of congenial canaries.

The day was intensely hot; Olive's headache had yielded at last to Mildred's treatment, but she seemed heavy and languid and dragged herself with difficulty to the dinner-table, shocking every one but Richard with her altered appearance.

Richard had so far recovered his temper that he had made up his mind with some degree of magnanimity to ignore (at least outwardly) what had occurred. He kissed Olive coolly when she entered, and hoped, somewhat stiffly, that her head was better; but he took no notice of the yearning look in the dark eyes raised to his, though it haunted him long afterwards, neither did he address her again, and Mildred was distressed to find that Olive scarcely touched her food, and at last crept away before half the meal was over, with the excuse that her head was aching again, but in reality unable to bear the chill restraint of her brother's presence.

Mildred found her giddy and confused and yet unwilling to own herself anything but well, and with a growing sense of despondency and hopelessness that made her a trying companion for a hot afternoon. She talked Mildred and herself into a state of drowsiness at last, from which the former was roused by hearing Ethel Trelawney's voice on the terrace below.

Mildred was thankful for any distraction, and the sight of the tall figure in the riding-habit, advancing so gracefully to meet her, was especially refreshing, though Ethel accosted her with unusual gravity, and hoped she would not be in the way.

'Papa has ridden over to Appleby, and will call for me on his return. I started with the intention of going with him, but the afternoon is so oppressive that I repented of my determination; will you give me a cup of tea instead, Mildred?'

'Willingly,' was the cheerful answer; and as she gave the order,

Ethel seated herself on the steps leading down to the small smooth-shaven croquet-lawn, and, doffing her hat and gauntlets, amused herself with switching the daisy-heads with her jewelled riding-whip until Mildred returned.

'Is Olive better?' she asked abruptly, as Mildred seated herself beside her with her needlework.

Mildred looked a little surprised as she answered, but a delicately-worded question or two soon showed her that Ethel was not entirely ignorant of the state of the case. She had met Richard in the town on the previous day, and, startled at his gloomy looks, had coaxed him, though with great difficulty, to accompany her home.

'It was not very easy to manage him in such a mood,' continued Ethel, with her crisp laugh. 'I felt, as we were going up the Crofts, as though I were Una leading her lion. He was dumb all the way; he contrived a roar at the end though—we were very nearly having our first quarrel.'

'I am afraid you were hard on your knight, then.'

Ethel coloured a little disdainfully, but she coloured nevertheless.

'Boys were not knighted in the old days, Mildred—they had to win their spurs, though,' hesitating, 'few could boast of a more gallant exploit perhaps;' but with a sudden sparkle of fun in her beautiful eyes, 'a lionised Richard, not a Cœur-de-Lion, but the horrid, blatant beast himself, must be distressful to any one but a Una.'

'Poor Richard! you should have soothed instead of irritated him.'

'Counter-irritants are good for some diseases; besides, it was his own fault. He did not put me in possession of the real facts of the case until the last, and then only scantily. When I begged to know more, he turned upon me quite haughtily; it might have been Cœur-de-Lion himself before Ascalon, when Berengaria chose to be inquisitive. Indeed he gave me a strong hint that I could have no possible right to question him at all. I felt inclined half saucily to curtsy to his mightiness, only he looked such a sore-hearted Cœur-de-Lion.'

'I like your choice of names; it fits Cardie somehow. I believe the lion-hearted king could contrive to get into rages sometimes. If I were mischievous, which I am not, I would not let you forget you have likened yourself to Berengaria.'

It was good to see the curl of Ethel's lips as she completely ignored Mildred's speech.

'I suppressed the mocking reverence and treated him to a prettily-worded apology instead, which had the effect of bringing him "off the stilts," as a certain doctor calls it. I tell him sometimes, by way of excuse, that the teens are a stilted period in one's life.'

'Do you mean that you are younger than Richard?'

'I am three months his junior, as he takes care to remind me sometimes. Did you ever see youth treading on the heels of bearded age as in Richard's case, poor fellow? I am really very sorry for him,'

she continued, in a tone of such genuine feeling that Mildred liked her better than ever.

‘I hope you told him so.’

‘Yes, I was very good to him when I saw my sarcasms hurt. I gave him tea with my own fair hands, and was very plentiful in the matter of cream, which I know to be his weakness; and I made Minto pet him and Lassie jump up on his knee, and by and by my good temper was rewarded, and “Richard was himself again!”’

‘Did he tell you he is going to Oxford after Christmas?’

‘Yes; I am thankful to hear it. What is the good of his rusting here, when every one says he has such wonderful abilities? I hope you do not think me wrong, Mildred,’ blushing slightly, ‘but I strongly advocated his reading for the Bar.’

Mildred sighed.

‘There is no doubt he wishes it above all things; he quite warmed into eagerness as we discussed it. My father has always said that his clear logical head and undoubted talents would be invaluable as a barrister. He has no want of earnestness, but he somehow lacks the persuasive eloquence that ought to be innate in the real priest; and yet when I said as much he shook his head, and relapsed into sadness again, said there was more than that, hinted at a rooted antipathy, then turned it off by owning that he disliked the notion of talking to old women about their souls; was sure he would be a cypher at a sick-bed, good for nothing but scolding the people all round, and thought writing a couple of sermons a week the most wearisome work in the world—digging into one’s brains for dry matter that must not be embellished even by a few harmless Latin and Greek quotations.’

Mildred looked grave. ‘I fear he dislikes the whole thing.’

But Ethel interposed eagerly. ‘You must not blame him if he be unfit by temperament. He had far better be a rising barrister than a half-hearted priest.’

‘I would sooner see him anything than that—a navvy rather.’

‘That is what I say,’ continued Miss Trelawney, triumphant; ‘and yet when I hinted as much he threw up his head with quite a Cœur-de-Lion look, and said, “Yes, I know, but you must not tempt me to break through my father’s wishes. If it can be done without sacrilege——” And then he stopped, and asked if it were only the Westmoreland old women who were so trying. I do call it very wrong, Mildred, that any bias should have been put on his wishes in this respect, especially as in two more years Richard knows he will be independent of his father.’ And as Mildred looked astonished at this piece of information, Ethel modestly returned that she had been intimate so many years at the Vicarage—at least with the vicar and his wife and Richard—that many things came to her knowledge. Both she and her father knew that part of the mother’s money had, with the vicar’s consent, been settled

on her boy, and Mildred who knew that a considerable sum had a few years before been left to Betha by an eccentric uncle whom Mr. Lambert had inadvertently offended, and that he had willed it exclusively for the use of his niece and her children—was nevertheless surprised to hear that while a moderate portion had been reserved to her girls, Roy's share was only small, while Richard at one-and-twenty would be put in possession of more than three hundred a year.

'Between three and four, I believe Mr. Lambert told my father. Roy is to have a hundred a year, and the girls about two thousand apiece. Richard will have the lion's share. I believe this same uncle took a fancy to Roy's saucy face, and left a sum of money to be appropriated to his education. Richard says there will be plenty for a thorough art education and a year at Rome; he hinted too that if Roy failed of achieving even moderate success in his profession, there was sufficient for both. Anything rather than Roy should be crossed in his ambition! I call that generous, Mildred.'

'And I; but I am a little surprised at my brother making such a point of Richard being a clergyman; he is very reticent at times. Come, Ethel, you look mysterious. I suppose you can explain even this?'

'I can; but at least you are hardly such a stranger to your own nephews and nieces as not to be aware of the worldly consideration there is involved.'

'You forget,' returned Mildred, sadly, 'what a bad correspondent my brother is; Betha was better, but it was not often the busy house-mother could find leisure for long chatty letters. You are surely not speaking of what happened when Richard was fourteen?'

Ethel nodded and continued.

'That accounts of course for his being in such favor at the Palace. They say the Bishop and Mrs. Douglas would do anything for him—that they treat him as though he were their own son; Rolf and he are to go to the same college, Magdalen, too, though Mr. Lambert wanted him to go to Queen's; they say, if anything happened to Mr. Lambert, that Richard would be sure of the living; in a worldly point of view it certainly sounds better than a briefless barrister.'

'Ethel, you must not say such things. I cannot allow that my brother would be influenced by such worldly considerations, tempting as they are,' replied Mildred, indignantly.

But Ethel laid her hand softly on her arm.

'Dear Mildred, this is only one side of the question; that something far deeper is involved I know from Richard himself; I heard it years ago, when Cardie was younger, and had not learned to be proud and cold with his old playmate,' and Ethel's tone was a little sad.

'May I know?' asked Mildred, pleadingly; 'there is no fear of Richard ever telling me himself.'

Ethel hesitated slightly.

'He might not like it; but no, there can be no harm, you ought to

know, Mildred, until now it seemed so beautiful, Richard thought so himself.'

'You mean that Betha wished it as well as Arnold?'

'Ah! you have guessed it. What if the parents, in the fulness of their fresh young happiness, desired to dedicate their first-born to the priesthood, would not this better fit your conception of your brother's character, always so simple and unconventional?'

A gleam of pleasure passed over Mildred's face, but it was mixed with pain. A fresh light seemed thrown on Richard's difficulty; she could understand the complication now. With Richard's deep love for his mother, would he not be tempted to regard her wishes as binding, all the more that it involved sacrifice on his part?

'It might be so, but Richard should not feel it obligatory to carry out his parents' wish if there be any moral hindrance,' she continued thoughtfully.

'That is what I tell him. I have reason to know that it was a favourite topic of conversation between the mother and son, and Mrs. Lambert often assured me, with tears in her eyes, that Richard was ardent to follow his father's profession. I remember on the eve of his confirmation that he told me himself that he felt he was training for the noblest vocation that could fall to the lot of man. Until two years ago there was no hint of repugnance, not a whisper of dissent; no wonder all this is a blow to his father!'

'No, indeed!' assented Mildred.

'Can you guess what has altered him so?' continued Ethel, with a scrutinising glance. 'I have noticed a gradual change in him the last two or three years; he is more reserved, less candid in every way. I confess I have hardly understood him of late.'

'He has not recovered his mother's death,' returned Mildred, evasively; it was a relief to her that Ethel was in ignorance of the real cause of the change in Richard. She herself was the only person who held the full clue to the difficulty: Richard's reserve had baffled his father. Mr. Lambert had no conception of the generous scruples that had hindered his son's confidence, and prevented him from availing himself of his tempting offer; and as she thought of the *Cœur-de-Lion* look with which he had repelled Ethel's glowing description, a passionate pity woke in her heart, and for the moment she forgave the chafed bitter temper, in honest consideration for the noble struggle that preceded it.

'What were you telling me about Richard and young Douglas?' she asked, after a minute's pause, during which Ethel, disappointed by her unexpected reserve, had relapsed into silence. 'Betha was ill at the time, or I should have had a more glowing description than Arnold's brief paragraph afforded me. I know Richard jumped into the mill-stream and pulled one of the young Douglasses out; but I never heard the particulars.'

'You astonish me by your cool manner of talking about it. It was an act of pure heroism not to be expected in a boy of fourteen ; all the county rang with it for weeks afterwards. He and Rolf were playing down by the mill, at Dalston, a few miles from the Palace, and somehow Rolf slipped over the low parapet : you know the mill-stream : it has a dangerous eddy, and there is a dark deep pool that makes you shudder to look at : the miller's man heard Richard's shout of distress, but he was at the topmost story, and long before he could have got to the place the lad must have been swept under the wheel. Richard knew this, and the gallant little fellow threw off his jacket and jumped in. Rolf could not swim, but Richard struck out with all his might and caught him by his sleeve just as the eddy was sucking him in. Richard was strong even then, and he would have managed to tow him into shallow water but for Rolf's agonised struggles ; as it was, he only just managed to keep his head above water, and prevent them both from sinking until help came. Braithwaite had not thrown the rope a moment too soon, for as he told the Bishop afterwards, both the boys were drifting helplessly towards the eddy. Richard's strength was exhausted by Rolf's despairing clutches, but he had drawn Rolf's head on his breast and was still holding him up ; he fainted as they were hauled up the bank, and as it was, his heroism cost him a long illness. I have called him *Cœur-de-Lion* ever since.'

'Noble boy !' returned Mildred, with sparkling eyes ; but they were dim too.

'There, I hear the horses ! how quickly time always passes in your company, Mildred. Good-bye ; I must not give papa time to get one foot out of the stirrup, or he will tell me I have kept him waiting,' and leaving Mildred to follow her more leisurely, Ethel gathered up her long habit and quickly disappeared.

Later that evening as Dr. Heriot passed through the dusky courtyard, he found Mildred waiting in the porch.

'How late you are ; I almost feared you were not coming to-night,' she said anxiously, in answer to his cheery 'good evening.'

'Am I to flatter myself that you were watching for me then ?' he returned, veiling a little surprise under his usual light manner. 'How are all the tempers, Miss Lambert ? I hope I am not required to call spirits blue and grey from the vasty deep, as I am not sure that I feel particularly sportive to-night.'

'I wanted to speak to you about Olive,' returned Mildred, quietly ignoring the banter. 'She does not seem well. The headache was fully accounted for yesterday, but I do not like the look of her to-night. I felt her pulse just now, and it was quick, weak, and irregular, and she was complaining of giddiness and a ringing in her ears.'

'I have noticed she has not looked right for some days, especially on

St. Peter's day. Do you wish me to see her?' he continued with a touch of professional gravity.

'I should be much obliged if you would,' she returned gratefully; 'she is in my room at present as Chriss's noise disturbs her. Your visit will put her out a little, as any questioning about her health seems to make her irritable.'

'She will not object to an old friend: anyhow, we must brave her displeasure. Will you lead the way, Miss Lambert?'

They found Olive sitting huddled up in her old position, and looking wan and feverish. She shaded her eyes a little fretfully from the candle Mildred carried, and looked at Dr. Heriot rather strangely and with some displeasure.

'How do you feel to-night, Olive?' he asked kindly, possessing himself with some difficulty of the dry languid hand, and scrutinising with anxiety the sunken countenance before him. 'Two days of agitation and suppressed illness had quite altered the girl's appearance.'

'I am well—at least, only tired—there is nothing the matter with me. Aunt Milly ought not to have troubled you,' still irritably.

'Aunt Milly knows trouble is sometimes a pleasure. You are not well, Olive, or you would not be so cross with your old friend.'

She hesitated, put up her hand to her head, and looked ready to burst into tears.

'Come,' he continued, sitting down beside her, and speaking gently as though to a child, 'You are ill or unhappy—or both, and talking makes your headache.'

'Yes,' she returned mechanically, 'it is always aching now, but it is nothing.'

'Most people are not so stoical. You must not keep things so much to yourself, Olive. If you would own the truth I daresay you have felt languid and disinclined to move for several days?'

'I daresay. I cannot remember,' she faltered; but his keen, steady glance was compelling her to rouse herself.

'And you have not slept well, and your limbs ache as though you were tired and bruised, and your thoughts get a little confused and troublesome towards evening.'

'They are always that,' she returned, heavily; but she did not refuse to answer the few professional questions that Dr. Heriot put. His grave manner, and the thoughtful way in which he watched Olive, caused Mildred some secret uneasiness; it struck her that the girl was a little incoherent in her talk.

'Well—well,' he said, cheerfully, laying down the hand, 'you must give up the fruitless struggle and submit to be nursed well again. Get her to bed, Miss Lambert, and keep her and the room as cool as possible. She will remain here, I suppose,' he continued abruptly, and as Mildred assented, he seemed relieved. 'I will send her some medicine at once. I shall see you downstairs presently,' he finished

pointedly ; and Mildred, who understood him, returned in the affirmative. She was longing to have Dr. Heriot's opinion ; but she was too good a nurse not to make the patient her first consideration. Supper was over by the time the draught was administered, and Olive left fairly comfortable with Nan within ear-shot. The girls had already retired to their rooms, and Dr. Heriot was evidently waiting for Mildred, for he seemed absent and slightly inattentive to the vicar's discourse. Richard, who was at work over some of his father's papers, made no attempt to join in the conversation.

Mr. Lambert interrupted himself on Mildred's entrance.

'By-the-bye, Milly, have you spoken to Heriot about Olive?'

'Yes, I have seen her, Mr. Lambert ; her aunt was right ; the girl is very far from well.'

'Nothing serious, I hope,' ejaculated the vicar, while Richard looked up quickly from his writing. Dr. Heriot looked a little embarrassed.

'I shall judge better to-morrow ; the symptoms will be more decided ; but I am afraid, that is, I am nearly certain, that it is a touch of typhoid fever.'

The stifled exclamation came not from the vicar, but from the farthest corner of the room. Mr. Lambert merely turned a little paler, and clasped his hands.

'God forbid ! Heriot. That poor child !'

'We shall know in a few hours for certain—she is ill, very ill I should say.'

'But she was with us, she dined with us to-day,' gasped Richard, unable to comprehend what was the true state of the case.

'It is not uncommon for people, who are really ill of fever, to go about for some days until they can struggle with the feelings of illness no longer. To-night there is slight confusion, and incoherence, and the ringing in the ears that is frequently the forerunner of delirium ; she will be a little wandering to-night,' he continued, turning to Mildred.

'You must give me your instructions,' she returned, with the calmness of one to whom illness was no novelty ; but Mr. Lambert interrupted her.

'Typhoid fever ; the very thing that caused such mortality in the Farrer and Bales' cottages last year.'

'I should not be surprised if we find Olive has been visiting there of late, and inhaling some of the poisonous gases. I have always said this place is enough to breed a fever ; the water is unwholesome, too, and she is so careless that she may have forgotten how strongly I condemned it.'

'The want of waterworks, and the absence of the commonest sanitary precautions, are the crying evils of a place like this.' And Dr. Heriot threw up his head and began to pace the room, as was his fashion when roused or excited, while he launched into bitter invectives

against the suicidal ignorance that set health at defiance by permitting abuses that were enough to breed a pestilence.

The full amount of the evil was as yet unknown to Mildred; but sufficient detail was poured into her shrinking ear to justify Dr. Heriot's indignation, and she was not a little shocked to find the happy valley was not exempt from the taint of fatal ignorance and prejudice.

'Your old hobby, Heriot,' said Mr. Lambert, with a faint smile; 'but at least the Board of Guardians are taking up the question seriously now.'

'How could they fail to do so after the last report of the medical officer of health? We shall get our waterworks now, I suppose, through stress of hard fighting; but——'

'But my poor child——' interrupted Mr. Lambert, anxiously.

Dr. Heriot paused in his restless walk.

'Will do well, I trust, with her youth, sound constitution, and your sister's good nursing. I was going to say,' he continued, turning to Mr. Lambert, 'that with your old horror of fevers, you would be glad if the others were to be removed from any possible contagion that might arise; though, as I have already told you, that I cannot pronounce decidedly whether it be the *typhus mitior* or the other; in a few hours the symptoms will be more decided. But anyhow, it is as well to be on the safe side, and Polly and Chriss can come to me; we can find plenty of room for Richard and Royal as well.'

'You need not arrange for me, I shall stay with my father and Aunt Milly,' returned Richard, abruptly, tossing back the wave of dark hair that lay on his forehead, and pushing away his chair.

'Nay, Cardie, I shall not need you; and your aunt will find more leisure for her nursing if you are all off her hands. I shall be easier too. Heriot knows my old nervousness in this respect.'

'I shall not leave you, father,' was Richard's sole rejoinder; but his father's affectionate and anxious glance was unperceived as he quickly gathered up the papers and left the room.

'I think Dick is right,' returned Dr. Heriot, cheerfully. 'The Vicarage need not be cleared as though it were the pestilence. Now, Miss Lambert, I will give you a few directions, and then I must say good-night.'

When Mildred returned to her charge, she found Richard standing by the bedside, contemplating his sister with a grave, impassive face. Olive did not seem to notice him; she was moving restlessly on her pillow, her dark hair unbound and falling on her flushed face. Richard gathered it up gently and looked at his aunt.'

'We may have to get rid of some of it to-morrow,' she whispered; 'what a pity, it is so long and beautiful; but it will prevent her losing all. You must not stay now, Richard, I fancy it disturbs her,' as Olive muttered something drowsily, and flung her arms about a little

wildly; 'Leave her to me to-night, dear; I will come to you first thing to-morrow morning, and tell you how she is.'

'Thank you,' he replied, gratefully.

Mildred was not wrong in her surmises that something like remorse for his unkindness made him stoop over the bed with the softly-uttered—

'Good-night, Livy.'

'Good-night,' she returned, drowsily. 'Don't trouble about me, Cardie;' and with that he was fain to retire.

Things continued in much the same state for days. Dr. Heriot's opinion of the nature of the disease was fully confirmed. There was no abatement of fever, but an increase of debility. Olive's delirium was never violent, it was rather a restlessness and confusion of thought; she lay for hours in a semi-somnolent state, half-muttering to herself, yet without distinct articulation. Now and then a question would rouse her, and she would give a rational answer; but she soon fell back into the old drowsy state again.

Her nights were especially troubled in this respect. In the day she was comparatively quiet; but for many successive nights all natural sleep departed from her, and her confused and incoherent talk was very painful to hear.

Mildred fancied that Richard's presence made her more restless than at other times; but when she hinted this, he looked so pained that she could not find it in her heart to banish him, especially as his ready strength and assistance were a great comfort to her. Mildred had refused all exterior help. Nan's watchful care was always available during her hours of necessary repose, and Mildred had been so well trained in the school of nursing, that a few hours' sound sleep would send her back to her post rested and refreshed. Dr. Heriot's admiration of his model nurse, as he called her, was genuine and loudly expressed; and he often assured Mr. Lambert, when unfavourable symptoms set in, that if Olive recovered it would be mainly owing to her aunt's unwearied nursing.

Mildred often wondered what she would have done without Richard as Olive grew weaker, and the slightest exertion brought on fainting, or covered her with a cold, clammy sweat. Richard's strong arms were of use now to lift her into easier positions. Mildred never suffered him to share in the night watches, for which she and Nan were all sufficient; but the last thing at night, and often before the early dawn, his pale, anxious face would be seen outside the door; and all through the day he was ever at hand to render valuable assistance. Once Mildred was surprised to hear her name softly called from the far end of the lobby, and on going out she found herself face to face with Ethel Trelawney.

'Oh, Ethel! this is very wrong. Your father——'

'I told her so,' returned Richard, who looked half-grateful and

half-uneasy ; 'but she would come, she said she must see, you. Aunt Milly looks pale,' he continued, turning to Ethel ; 'but we cannot be surprised at that, she gets so little sleep.'

'You will be worn out, Mildred. Papa will be angry, I know ; but I cannot help it. I mean to stay and nurse Olive.'

'My dear Ethel !' Richard uttered an incredulous exclamation ; but Miss Trelawney was evidently in earnest ; her fine countenance looked pale and saddened.

'I can and must ; do let me, Mildred. I have often stayed up all night for my own pleasure.'

'But you are so unused to illness, it cannot be thought of for a moment,' ejaculated Richard in alarm.

'Women nurse by instinct. I should look at Mildred, she would soon teach me. Why do you all persist in treating me as though I were quite helpless? Papa is wrong ; typhoid fever is not infectious, and if it were, what use am I to any one? My life is not of as much consequence as Mildred's.'

'There is always the risk of contagion, and—and—why will you always speak of yourself so recklessly, Miss Trelawney?' interposed Richard in a pained voice, 'when you know how precious your life is to us all ;' but Ethel turned from him impatiently.

'Mildred, you will let me come?'

'No, Ethel, indeed I cannot, though I am very grateful to you for wishing it. Your father is your first consideration, and his wishes should be your law.'

'Papa is afraid of everything,' she pleaded ; 'he will not let me go into the cottages where there is illness, and——'

'He is right to take care of his only child,' replied Mildred, calmly.

Richard seemed relieved.

'I knew you would say so, Aunt Milly ; we are grateful, more grateful than I can say, dear Miss Trelawney ; but I knew it ought not to be.'

'And you must not come here again without your father's permission,' continued Mildred, gently, and taking her hands ; 'we have to remember sometimes that to obey is better than sacrifice, dear Ethel. I am grieved to disappoint your generous impulse,' as the girl turned silently away with the tears in her eyes.

'Dr. Heriot said I should have no chance, and Richard was as bad. Well, good-bye,' trying to rally her spirits as she saw Mildred looked really pained. 'I envy you your labour of love, Mildred, it is sweet, it must be sweet to be really useful to some one ;' and the sigh that accompanied her words evidently came from a deep place in Ethel Trelawney's heart.

(To be continued.)

MARIE AND JEANIE; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

‘Moonbeams like hoar-frost through the olive grove,
 Leaves shimmering grey,
 Bird whom no faint hour wearieth night or day,
 Singing of love.’

LUCKILY for the inhabitants of that little group of houses, the morning after the wedding set in wet, so, as no out-door work could be attended to, the women did not feel themselves idle who dropped into Madame Barbe's house with their knitting or needlework, prepared to question Marie energetically concerning the bride of yesterday and the bridal festivities. Marie had been the only wedding guest chosen from amongst that small community; and though Catherine had of course taken an hour's holiday, and run down to church to watch the marriage ceremony, what she then saw had but whetted the edge of her curiosity. Catherine, Clair Battiste's daughter and only child, Marie's senior by two years, was dull, ill-favoured, poor, and as yet unapproached by any suitor; yet, perhaps because a prescience of *Vielle Fille* slept in her consciousness, was more than ordinarily delighted by tales of love and pictures of goodly establishments. Catherine therefore sat on the floor beside Marie that morning, round-eyed, open-mouthed, her fingers idly encircling her needles, and listening greedily to the somewhat meagre details, which were all that Marie's memory, blotted over with one absorbing recollection, could supply. Catherine would have seen and heard so *much* more if she had been there. How tiresome Marie was! she would have felt angry with any one excepting her cousin; but with Marie, Catherine could never quarrel, since the time when her father had lain ill of fever for weeks and weeks, and Marie was the only one whose voice and smile could soothe the impatient sufferer.

‘But I am sorry to hear that Antoinette *did* wear silk,’ broke in Madame David, as Catherine began to describe the young bride's finery for the hundredth time. ‘Muslin's too expensive wear for hard-working folk like us, who used to be saving folk too in my young days. ‘Muslin! silk! Why, girls, look here,’ she went on, ‘*this* was *my* wedding-dress,’ lifting up two printed cotton skirts as she spoke, and displaying underneath a third covered with a quaint flowery pattern, wadded and elaborately quilted—‘this was *my* wedding-dress, I say, and a marvellously fine one everybody said it was the day I was married in it to Jean, poor man; and I wore it at dances and at mass for ten years afterwards, fifteen years more (off and on) of common

wear, and now it'll serve me for a petticoat when the weather's chilly, till I'm dead and warm in purgatory, believe me.'

'But when one has but a single casaque,' sighed Madame Clair, in a sort of aside, 'and one skirt to it summer and winter, work-day and holiday, it isn't the sort of dress, *that*, which a woman takes with her from her wedding to her grave, it seems to me.' For Madame Clair was thinking scornfully of the rich widow's economies, as she looked round upon the store-cupboards which lined the upstairs room in which they were assembled, and whose shelves she well knew were piled with skirts, casaques, linen, counterpanes, all in the best state of preservation; she had experienced *real* hardship, and found it difficult to admire Madame David's thrifts with as much fervour as the prosperous neighbours were able to do.

'Well, well, the richer the store, the more praiseworthy the economy!' ejaculated Madame Barbe Jean Jaques, with a loving thought of her own by no means despicable hoards.

Marie got up and ran down stairs to hang the marmite over the fire, and Catherine took up her knitting as the three older women talked their own talk, whilst Amélie, who had just stumbled up stairs, squatted somewhere about the centre of the group, and occupied herself with eating a bunch of the raisins dried in oil, considered so great a delicacy by the country people, and which good-natured M. Barbe Bertrand had just given her.

Marie was still busied about the marmite, when the unusual sound of a knock at the front door startled her; such a wet day too for a visitor. Marie would not keep any one waiting, whoever it might be, in the rain, and ran out just as she was, ladle in hand, her apron thrown up to screen her face, and the one cheek that was visible brightened by the heat of the fire to a deeper glow than it was wont to wear. M. Marcellin—quite distinctly called *monsieur* by the villagers, the well-to-do retired chemist from Éze, who was now living upon that little property of his just outside the Éze Commune—M. Marcellin himself stood outside in the rain.

It was certainly somewhat of a compliment for M. Marcellin to call at Madame David's house at all, still more on such a wet day, considering too that he was no longer young, that he suffered sometimes; and the old man had come upon a good-natured errand, viz., to bring a letter from the village for Madame Barbe J. J., which was thought to be from her son Jules, and which *Monsieur le facteur*, wet and weary from his rounds, and comfortably seated in the cabaret at La Croix, would have kept in his pocket until the next day, had not M. Marcellin charged himself with its delivery on his way home from the village to Éze.

'Ah, but how kind, how good, monsieur!'

Marie was eager in her thanks, in her joy also, upon Madame Barbe's account, to whom she shouted the good news from the foot of the

stairs; and then how prettily pressed a hundred gentle attentions upon the kind old neighbour, for her benevolent heart was really moved upon his account. That he should have so charged himself with more fatigue for them! He must rest—he must draw a chair forward into the large warm hearth, and place his feet before the glowing wood; he must also drink a little and eat before he left them again.

Was it the contrast between the warm glow and the cold rain outside, the comfortable and tidy houseplace before his eyes, and the recollection of that chill, empty home upon the hill, between the pretty eagerness of young, earnest gratitude, and the calm benevolence of later years, which broke the grey clouds overhanging the old man's inner life? Ah, Marie, you never saw the little seed-shaft in the air, or heard the deep-down throb of pain and hope within the lonely breast! How could *you* see or hear such things with that happy young love-laden heart of yours? And if you could have done so, would you have recognised the true thing there? would you not rather have trodden under foot the poor deformed little flower that tried to push its way up to winter sunlight through the snow?

Marie was not long M. Marcellin's sole entertainer, and no great opportunity was accorded him that day of increasing his acquaintance with the young girl, who had, in fact, shot from childhood into youth between his visits to the valley; but, certain it is, that quite a new era of existence began for him that morning, and that for many weeks after he was a constant visitor at the Orange-Tree house. On one occasion, when looking in, he found Madame David alone, sewing, in the quiet, empty houseplace—a most unusually idle occupation, by the way, for her—he settled himself by the oak table, and the two remained quite an hour talking together. It also happened that day in the evening, when Marie and her aunt were parting for the night, that Madame David surprised her with an unwonted caress and words of affectionate praise—

'You're a good girl, Marie,' she said, 'and have been a dutiful niece to me. You would be a prudent wife for any man, I'm thinking. Trust me, child: be good and faithful till Jeanie comes back, and when I've no more need of you, believe me, I will choose well for you; I will establish you finely, magnificently even, for a penniless chit like you. Yes, yes, I have a good heart, as no one knows better than He who made it; and I would act as prudently for the orphan as I would for my own:' to which Marie demurely replied—

'Thank you, aunt; but I am still so young, you see, and have no wish to leave you;' and then a little flutter of hope came into her heart. Could Aunt David be thinking of Sébastien? Had Louise hinted anything? Had Sébastien himself taken courage to speak?

'Well, well, I've no wish to part with you yet, child,' Madame David continued, pushing her chamber door open with one foot;

'only since it is not a *young* man who asks you of me, but one well-established, prudent, able to charge himself with the encumbrance of Amélie even, I am justified in considering the matter; so trust *me*, child, when the time comes, as I said.'

And Marie, who had been standing in the doorway of her little room with her eyes riveted on Madame David's face as she spoke, hurriedly shut herself in, making no rejoinder. *Who* it was that had asked her of her aunt, since it was *not* Sébastien, concerned her not.

After that time, M. Marcellin called more frequently at the house and when he came, it was generally to bring some little gift for Marie, or her sick sister: wonderfully fine hyacinth bulbs, a present of melons or strawberries, or cuttings from some rare flower; and Marie was always pleased and grateful, never suspecting that M. Marcellin was anything but kind, until one day Madame Barbe gossipped in her hearing of his having asked her of Madame David; and then next time he came the poor child almost pouted, hurt and surprised her old friend with her petulance, until, seeing that she had done so, she looked up at him with eyes full of childish tears, and an entreating look in them which touched his heart. Taking up his basket from which he had emptied the fruit into Amélie's lap, and patting the little invalid's pale cheek, he turned to Marie with almost a reverential gesture—

'Good-bye, dear mademoiselle,' he said; 'if I intrude too often upon you, try to forgive an old man, whose home is lonely, and who would fain bask in the sunshine a little now and then.'

So M. Marcellin came less frequently after that day, and whenever he chanced to meet Marie upon the roads going to and fro, leading the mule, or carrying heavy bundles upon her head, he raised his hat quite high in passing, but never allowed himself a word, scarcely a look even; whilst Marie on her part curtseyed, blushing at the remembrance of her wayward mood, yet never failing with a hearty '*Bon jour*,' or '*Bon soir, monsieur*,' as she hurried along.

And M. Marcellin cherished his pretty love-dream all the while, for he could wait, he said to himself; he who had lived so long without any happiness, had at least learned patience, and could go on waiting hopefully until the fluttering little bird should nestle to his breast at last, or until, whilst yet waiting, death should overtake him before his morning dawned; that also would be an end for which he was well prepared. So even may old age be beautiful—but how infinitely more beautiful is youth!

(*To be continued.*)

ALL NO HOW.

CHAPTER III.

'I would fain die a dry death.'—*Tempest*.

DR. RESTRYFE and Arthur hastened up from different directions, just as Fred dropped into the boat from the tree, seized Tony's oar, and paddled the party to the bank safe and sound, nobody even wet! Julia thought it a tame conclusion. He was greeted with acclamation, but he only laughed, saying he did not care to have a bath in his clothes, and he lifted Grace out of the boat crying and sobbing 'Oh, was it naughty? I didn't do it!'

Dr. Restryfe could not stop to make inquiries; he only said severely 'I am very much vexed to find you cannot any of you be trusted. You certainly ought all to have known better than to meddle with the boat, much less put off in it, and if it had not been for Fred, I do not know what would have become of you. I did not think Julia and Tony would have led Grace into such mischief.'

Julia shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing. Fred and Arthur got into the boat to row it to its mooring, and the others went back to the house, finding Lizzie and Florence just returned, hot and tired, from their fifth fruitless search round the shrubberies. Old Forbes had been consoling them with pleasing anecdotes of people sinking up to their waists in bogs, and no one hearing their cries, and their being found dead days after; and of children falling into rivers, and their bodies not being discovered for weeks. Lizzie did not half believe the stories, but it was a great relief to see them all safe, though of course she could not help scolding them, and old Forbes improved the occasion by remarking 'They might have been carried under the mill-wheel as easy as life, and every bone in their bodies ground to flour.' Dr. Restryfe was in too great haste to stay to hear all his striking illustrations, but packed the whole party into the waggonette as quickly as possible. The drive began in silence, but Julia could never hold her tongue long, and plunged into a graphic history of the rescue in the words of Sir Walter Scott, whose poems she had just been allowed to read, and had been poring over all the holidays.

'The helm to his strong arm consigned,
Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,
And on her altered way,
Fierce bounding forward sprang the ship—'

Fred thought she was treating the scrape they were in rather coolly, but he could not resist chaffing her, especially when she spouted

'The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock.'

for, as he said, at any rate the maiden had enough life left to make a great noise about it; but Julia would not be laughed out of her story, and Lizzie had too bad a headache to interfere much.

She looked so overdone that her father sent her to bed when they reached home, and the supper for which the others met in the dining-room was not very lively. Dr. Restryfe called Julia and Tony into the study afterwards, and reproved them severely for what had happened. He told Julia she was very wrong for going to the river and getting into the boat at all, and if she could not hinder the others from putting off, she ought certainly to have called some one at once. She had far the most blame, as being the eldest, though Tony came in for a good deal, and both were strongly censured for leading Grace and Herbert into such mischief. Julia knew she could have stopped them from going to the river, and her romantic ideas of generosity hindered her from shifting blame on the others, so she listened without an attempt to clear herself, but unfortunately she felt so virtuous for bearing undeserved blame that she almost forgot that she deserved any. Tony had reasons of his own for not accusing Grace, and he thought it very lucky for himself that Julia was so much more blamed than he, for she never minded a scolding, and she was so often in scrapes that one more or less could not matter!

Florence had gone to help Grace undress, and heard her sobbing account. 'She was afraid it was very, very naughty! She never meant to be naughty! Julia said it would be fun to go to the river, and Tony let go the boat,' and a good deal more of the same kind. Florence could make nothing of her story, and went down feeling that they were all at wrongs, and longing to talk to her mother and be comforted. No one else would understand! She met her father in the hall, and he said kindly 'Good night, my little mouse. Make haste to bed. You look tired out.'

'Good-night, papa, I'm so sorry,' was the reply, in a dismal voice.

'Why, what have you to be sorry about?' said Dr. Restryfe, patting her shoulder.

'I promised mamma to help Lizzie, and I forgot and went to see what Fred was doing in the cupboard, and then they ran away,' said Florence, who was never in disgrace on her own account, but had a knack of thinking she must be to blame when the others were in a scrape.

'My dear child, Julia and Tony ought not to want you to keep them out of mischief. I hope they have had a lesson they will not forget. Now don't cry, but let us be thankful we have no bad news for mamma, as we might have had but for Fred's presence of mind.'

Dr. Restryfe kissed his little girl, and she tried to brighten, but he did not know half that made her unhappy! As long as Lizzie and Arthur were at two, the hope of peace was very distant! She went to the school-room to collect her goods before going to bed, and

found Arthur and Fred sitting on the sill of the open window. Arthur was really very fond of his sister, and was beginning to repent his unkind speeches, and possibly if Fred had not been present, and the lamp had not been lit, he might have let her see that he was sorry ; but these two obstacles were insurmountable, so having heard what passed in the hall, he took the line of saying 'How can you be so silly as to be always saying things are your fault? Of course it was Lizzie's, and nobody's else's, and so I shall tell her.'

'She had nothing to do with it,' said Florence, beginning to tidy the boy's litter, her usual task at bed-time.

'Hadn't she though? If she had had the sense to let them go and enjoy themselves in the bog as they always do, they would never have gone to the river or got into a boat or done anything else they shouldn't.'

Florence would not retort that if Arthur had thrown himself heartily into some game, the effect would have been the same; but Fred exclaimed, 'I can't imagine why getting up to one's ankles in mud should be the only thing worth doing at a jolly place like that.'

'We always do,' said Arthur, doggedly.

'Then I should think it would be a pleasing variety to do something else for once in a way.'

'You know nothing about it. You haven't got a pack of girls always bothering.'

'I know one thing,' said Fred, letting himself drop backwards out of the window, 'when my sisters come home, I hope I shall treat them better than you do yours.'

Arthur growled, and sat whistling, watching Florence's tidying operations, but not offering to help, though a good deal of the mess was his making. Presently, however, seeing her take up a large book on insects which he and Fred had been consulting, he said graciously, 'I'll put that away, Floss, it's too heavy for you,' and she went to bed quite consoled by such an act of consideration on his part.

Julia had rolled herself in the bed-clothes, and Florence thought she was asleep, but when the room was dark she began suddenly, 'Floss!'

'Yes. What?'

'Are you asleep?'

'No.'

'Will you promise not to tell?'

'You must tell me what I'm not to tell first.'

'Grace is a sneak!' said Julia, with a sudden plunge round.

'I thought so,' said Florence composedly.

'A nasty dirty little mean sneak! But I don't mean to betray her.'

'Why did you go with her then?'

'I didn't. At least yes, I did go to the river, but it was all, all Grace's invention putting off, and I did try to discontinue it.'

'You don't mean that Grace proposed putting off! She said it was Tony.'

‘Florence, take my advice, never confide in Grace Page!’

‘But was it her doing?’

‘Yes, of course. Tony did let go, I believe, but it was all her fault, and words can’t exonerate her meanness.’

‘I wish you wouldn’t talk nonsense. Why did you let them?’

‘I didn’t. I wouldn’t have cared for Lizzie, especially if she had been there to see, but I knew papa would say we mustn’t, and I said everything I could think of; but she had gained Tony’s ear, and I was powerless, so I took the fatal plunge and leapt ashore.’

‘Did you? After they put off?’

‘Yes. I watched them sailing, sailing away to inevitable destruction, and then Fred came and rescued them. Oh, he did it so nobly! Just like I should like to if I was a boy! But papa thinks it was all my fault, and I never, never will betray another!’

‘Didn’t Tony tell how it was?’

‘No. I tell you Grace has got hold of him.’

‘Well I think you ought to tell, especially if you think she has got hold of him. You know how easily he is led into mischief, and I do think you ought to tell papa or Lizzie all about it.’

‘Lizzie! As if I would stoop to tell her! No, I shall give her fair warning that I won’t stand her fidgets, and then whatever happens I shall have no underhand motives to reproach myself with.’

‘I’ll tell you what, Julia, you had much better make up your mind to mind Lizzie. If we don’t, everything will be nohow, and I don’t see that it is much better to disobey openly than behind people’s backs.’

‘Why it makes the whole difference! Truth may be blamed but can’t be shamed. That’s what I think. As to doing like Grace, I would sooner die a hundred deaths.’

‘Poor Grace! I say, Ju! do you think she knew anything of the smash at the fernery?’

‘O Floss! Impossible! Why, she said she didn’t, and if she did, Tony must have too!’

‘You don’t think he did then?’

‘Floss, you ought to be ashamed to think your own brother would act in such a horrible mean manner! I would never speak to him again! I shall resolve in my book to-morrow to shun Grace’s company. Good-night!’

Julia plunged round again and settled herself to sleep. She carried out her resolution the next morning by seating herself under the medlar with *Rokeby* in her hand, and never looking up when Grace and Tony came to her, the latter exclaiming ‘I say, Ju! here’s a jolly caterpillar!’

No answer.

‘Ju! Do you hear? Is it a humming bird sphinx?’

‘A fetch-after maggot,’ said Julia solemnly, without raising her eyes.

'Tisn't! What are you reading? That stupid old poetry!'

He tried to shut the book in her face, but she held it tightly without looking up. Grace whispered something in his ear, and directly after she found the caterpillar crawling in its peculiar 'fetch-after' manner, just over the scaffold that was being prepared for *Rekeby*.

'Tony, I despise you!' she exclaimed, dashing it away.

' " Say Bertram rues his fault, a word
Till now from Bertram never heard ! "

and then perhaps I'll speak to you both again. Only *perhaps*, for you are quite, *quite* beneath notice.'

Julia was really hurt at her favourite brother's treatment of her last night, and this made her more angry with Grace, who was, as she considered, at the bottom of all that was wrong.

' 'Twasn't my fault papa scolded you,' said Tony.

Julia went on reading, and Grace came up caressingly, saying, 'Oh, Julia dear, I'm so sorry! Did Dr. Restryfe scold very much? Why didn't you tell him we never meant to be naughty?'

'Grace, I look on such institutions with contempt! There's the breakfast bell!'

Fred and Arthur had been bathing, and ran in after the younger ones, looking bright and merry; but Lizzie's way of reproving the children for rushing in with such a noise, brought the cloud over Arthur's face, and it was left to Fred to answer, 'I am afraid that was our doing. We raced after them up the garden.'

'That is no excuse for Julia,' said Lizzie, and Julia was evidently in disgrace all breakfast time. After breakfast she and Tony underwent a lecture from Lizzie, which did not strengthen the effect of that they had received from their father. Tony listened with an exaggeration of Arthur's most sullen look, and Julia answered defiantly. Florence crept away, and Grace put her arm round her neck so affectionately that she felt as if all she had thought of her must be a mistake. The two children came out looking cross, and Arthur's voice was heard in the schoolroom telling Lizzie that yesterday's misdemeanours were all her fault, and if she was such a horrid fidget she would worry them all out of their senses before their mother came back. It might be true, but that was not the way to mend matters; and after all, their mother had left her in authority, and Florence knew that a great deal of what worried them arose from over-anxiety about them all.

The two elder boys were going to play cricket at a neighbour's, and Arthur was calling for his bat. 'You took it, Julia! You *know* I won't stand having my things meddled with.'

'Yes, I did,' said Julia, nonchalantly. 'It's in the arbour.'

'Well, I like your coolness! Have the goodness to go and get it!'

'When one is half in disgrace, one may as well be in all over,' said

Julia without stirring, and Florence ran and fetched the bat for her brother.

.. 'The hall is not the place for bats, Arthur,' said Lizzie. 'I told Julia to put it in the arbour when she had done with it.'

'If mamma does not mind bats in the hall, you need not be so tidy all of a sudden,' said Arthur; 'but I shall take precious good care how I leave my things in anybody's way again. Where's Fred?'

Ill-humour was evident even in the way he took the bat from Florence; and she, in her present doleful frame of mind, thought first what a good thing it was that he was going out for the day, and next that she had never been glad to see him go off in the holidays before, and she felt very much inclined to make herself unhappy on this score.

Julia sat curled up in the apple-tree after dinner, reading, where no one could see her. She had not at all forgiven Grace and Tony, and felt like injured innocence; bearing, as she considered, the blame they deserved, and not betraying them. Perhaps if her mother had been at home she might have told her what she thought of Grace, but if Lizzie chose to take the part of a little goose like that against her own sister let her do it, Julia did not care! And if Tony turned against her too, she would bear it in silence rather than breathe one dishonourable word against those who had wronged her.

But bearing things in silence was not much in Julia's line. Whatever she might intend, she was pretty sure to be drawn into sharing any fun that was going on; and having killed Oswald and Wilfred and happily married Redmond and Matilda, she began to grow tired of solitude and to wonder where the others were. They certainly might have looked after her; as they did not, she supposed they did not want her, and certainly she did not want them. Not she! She would get another book. Hark! Was Tony calling her? No, it was Grace. They were quite, quite happy without her; and here she might stay, for anything they cared, all the rest of her days!

'My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.'

'I'm worse off than Alexander Selkirk! His friends did think of him, at least he thought perhaps they did, and mine don't care a bit for me! Not an anatomy! This is worse than yesterday, in spite of all that thrilling horror.

'O Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.'

'I say, Tony, what are you doing?'

'Going over the wall after a ball.'

'A ball! You little detrimental piece of rubbish, what business

have you to send balls over the wall? Now that was because you did not call me. You know quite well my balls never go over. I daresay now it went into the pond! Which was it, Humpty-Dumpty, or Hurly-burly-bus?’

‘No, Red.’

‘Oh, you stupid boy! Well, here goes!’

Julia descended from her perch to the wall, and thence took a flying leap into the field, to the astonishment of Grace, who peeped helplessly over while Tony scrambled across.

‘Oh, help me over! please! please! There’s Lizzie coming. She’ll see.’

‘Let her,’ said Julia. ‘We’re doing no harm. Oh! I say!’ as her frock caught on a thorn and a rent was heard,—but such occurrences were common, and she came coolly back to help Grace, who was so clumsy that it was wonderful she did not pitch on her head; and Julia exclaimed, ‘Catch me ever dragging you over a wall again!’

Where was the ball? It was nowhere to be seen in the grass. Could it be in the pond? This was a stagnant piece of water covered with duckweed which Dr. Restryfe was always trying to get drained, but it did not belong to him, and the owner would not do away with it. In the middle of it Julia declared she saw the ball floating!

‘Oh, we can’t get it!’ cried Grace. ‘Oh, what shall we do?’

‘We shall catch it no end if we don’t,’ said Tony, looking in vain for a stick to fish it out.

‘Why should you catch it for losing your own ball?’ said Julia.

‘’Twasn’t mine.’

‘I thought it was your red india-rubber.’

‘No. It was the red croquet-ball.’

‘Oh, don’t tell!’ cried Grace. ‘Was it naughty? Oh, do get it!’

‘Of course it was naughty. It’s unpermissible to play with the croquet-balls, but if you and Tony choose to do it, it’s your look out, and I sha’n’t get drowned for you.’

‘Oh, do you think they’ll find out?’

‘I should think Tony would never be so mean as to leave them to find out. Tony! what a donkey you are! You’ll never get it that way! Why don’t you get out on the rails?’

The pond was crossed by some wooden rails, and the ball floated just near enough to them to give a chance of reaching it from them. The adventure looked so tempting that Julia forgot her resolution to have nothing to do with the matter, and began a sidelong expedition, notwithstanding Grace’s cry, ‘Oh, Julia! Julia! you’ll tumble in!’

‘All right, then I’ll get out again. Tony, I say! I can’t reach from here, but if you come out and hold my hand I might. You’ve no go in you, not a morsel! Here you leave me to devote myself for you like a second Decius after all your ingratitude yesterday! Just like the wintry sky and benefits forgot! When I am in eminent peril of

tumbling plop in ! Tony, I say ! you'll get branded for life with the name of coward !'

Tony was not so adventurous as his sister, but her exhortations made him creep along the rails, clinging with both hands as if he were frightened out of his wits, Julia keeping up a running fire of abuse for his timidity.

'That's right ! I was afraid you were one of those that "look tamely on to see your native land o'erthrown !" Now then ! Hold out your hand ! Nearer, I say ! You aren't half near enough ! Now !'

Tony clung desperately with one hand and stretched out the other. Julia laid hold of it, and reached in a perilous manner over the water. Half-an-inch further ! She all but touched the ball, when Grace screamed, 'Oh ! some one is coming !' She started, overbalanced herself, and slipped in, dragging Tony after her head foremost.

The water was shallow, but the slimy mud was not pleasant in one's mouth ! Tony struggled to his feet, and Julia went into a fit of laughing at the horrible faces he made and at the whole proceeding.

'Oh, I say ! What a convocation of tadpoles ! There's a newt coming ! He'll bite off your toes, Tony ! Well, "in for a penny, in for a pound," I may as well get the ball now I *am* here ! Really the water is very nice and cool, but won't Lizzie be in a taking ! Why don't you get out, Tony ?'

'I can't.'

'Can't ! rubbish ! The idea of first sending me in after the ball, and then making me pull you out ! and Grace stands weeping and wringing her hands ! "Men must work and women must weep," only if men work *you'll* never be a man ! Catch, Grace !'

Julia threw the ball ashore and mounted the rail, dragging Tony after her ; but it was not so easy to climb along in wet clothes, and as they reached the bank, Mr. Candy, the owner of the field, really came round the corner ! Grace ran away, but Julia boldly faced him, looking an extraordinary figure, all over slime and duckweed, and her hair dripping with green mud. Tony could not escape, and Mr. Candy thundered out, 'What business have you on my side the wall, young people, I should like to know ?'

'We came after a ball,' said Julia fearlessly. She knew she was a favourite, though it was always impossible to say what mood the old gentleman would be in.

'Ball, indeed ! Yes, my pond is always the place for your balls ! How did it get there ? That's the thing !'

'It went over the wall.'

'Of its own accord ? Eh ? You know what I said I would do next time that happened. And how came you to get into the pond ? Pretty figures you cut !'

'I pulled Tony in.'

'You pulled him in? A nice thing for a young lady to do! But I'm glad you are ready to take your share of blame. Did you throw the ball over the wall?'

'No, I was up the apple-tree.'

'Upon my word! A nice place for a young lady! Be off! Give me the ball though. Did you throw it over, Tony?'

'N—no.' Mr. Candy frowned ferociously.

'Speak out like a man, and look one in the face as your sister does! Now remember, I always keep my word, so that ball stays in my possession.'

'Oh, please! It will spoil the set!'

'You should have thought of that before. Remember, next time you want to come into my premises, *there's* the gate!'

Tony ran off. Julia entreated again, but got no redress. 'I shall teach your brother a lesson,' he said. 'If he had spoken out boldly I might have overlooked it, but I warned him last week.'

'But I jumped over first,' pleaded Julia. 'I don't mind if Lizzie does scold me, but she'll be very cross about the ball, and I don't think it was Tony's fault.'

'Whose was it then? No! Run away and make yourself look more like a young lady and less like a mermaid.'

Julia caught Tony as he reached the wall.

'Do you think he'll tell papa?' he said in a frightened voice.

'I daresay. It's quite immeasurable whether he does or not. If he doesn't, I shall.'

'Shall you tell him about the croquet-ball?'

'I shall leave you to do that! Tony, take my advice, don't be made into a sneak by Grace. Now then! Up with it! Over the wall! Go and get off your things before nurse sees you!'

Lizzie caught sight of them as they ran up the garden.

'Julia! What have you been about? What is this Grace has been telling me?'

'I'm sure I don't know what Grace told you. Some invention of her own most likely.'

'That is not the way to speak. Why you are both covered with mud! Where have you been?'

'In the pond. I pulled Tony in.'

'And you have the face to tell me that?'

'I won't tell you any more if you don't want to know. I thought you would like to hear the rights of it.'

'Julia! I am ashamed of you! Go in at once, and get off your things. Pah! What a mess you are in! I shall send nurse to you.'

CHAPTER IV.

'Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance.'

—*Henry V.*

FEAR had enabled Grace to climb back over the wall, and Lizzie had found her with her frock torn and dirty, sobbing out something incoherent about Julia and Tony, and therefore concluded they had led her into mischief. She made the children over to nurse's tender mercies, and then went out to Florence, who was under the trees with the little ones ; and in answer to her inquiry as to what was the matter gave her version of the story, exclaiming that Julia was incorrigible.

'Do you know really, Lizzie, I don't think Grace is quite—quite true,' said Florence. 'I think it was more her fault than Ju's yesterday.'

'My dear, it is absurd to talk of a little gentle thing like Grace being to blame ! I cannot believe such nonsense ; nor can I see why you all turn against her.'

'I don't—,' began Florence, but Grace came out and she could say no more. She did not understand Julia's account clearly enough to force Lizzie to attend to it ; and besides, she felt all the time as if she were unfair to Grace.

Nurse condemned Julia and Tony to warm baths and bed, and nobody pleaded for them. Tony, she declared, made fuss enough for half-a-dozen, and he was therefore kept in bed all the evening ; but as Julia made herself happy with a book and did not rebel, she was allowed to get up to tea, on condition of not going out of doors again that night.

Fred and Arthur came back to tea, and Arthur, who was not so cross as he had been in the morning, was graciously pleased to consent to a croquet-match afterwards, but as they got out the balls there was an exclamation, 'I say ! Red is missing !'

'Julia, of course !' said Lizzie. 'They had the balls after dinner.'

'Julia was reading in the apple-tree,' said Florence. 'Grace and Tony had them, had not you, Grace ?'

'Yes, we rolled them about a little, but I don't know where Red is,' said Grace, satisfying her conscience because she did not know what had become of it after it was rescued from the pond.

Lizzie insisted on a grand search in every direction, but it was not forthcoming, and she was going to ask Julia when a double knock was heard, and the servant came out saying, 'Mr. Candy called to see Miss Julia.'

'What next !' was the exclamation ; and Lizzie, going in, found Julia sitting up most properly entertaining the old gentleman, who was saying, 'All right, my dear, we'll say no more about it. I only wanted to give Tony a lesson. Remember next time. I can't bear

having my walls scaled, but I daresay you have had a scolding. Eh, Lizzie? I found this young lady coming up from my pond like a mermaid, so I thought it as well to confiscate the spoils for a bit.'

'The croquet-ball!' exclaimed Lizzie. 'Then you lost it, Julia?'

'No, I found it,' said Julia, coolly.

'You threw it over the wall!'

'No, I was reading.'

'Who did then?'

'I don't know.'

Julia did not know whether it was Grace or Tony, and did not choose to be explicit. Lizzie looked much displeased, and Mr. Candy interfered. 'Never mind. You can't put grey heads on green shoulders, and I'm sure Julia speaks the truth. She told me of her own accord she pulled Tony into the pond, and I always like to hear anyone come forward and take the blame. So now, Julia, listen to me. There's my field over the road brimful of mushrooms, and I've the work of the world to keep the townspeople out, but if you're wise you'll all come in the first thing to-morrow morning and get enough to set your mother up in ketchup for the year.'

'Oh, may we really? Thank you! thank you!' cried Julia, greatly elated to find all her offences atoned for by speaking the truth, which it was no effort to her to do!

Lizzie looked doubtful, but Mr. Candy said 'Good-night. Sunrise to-morrow,'—and was gone before she could object.

'What was the old fellow saying?' said Arthur, outside the window.

'Oh, such fun!' began Julia; but Lizzie cut her short, 'I really must make out about this ball. What business had you with it?'

'If you had seen it in the pond, would not you have rescued it from a watery grave?'

'You know very well it would not have been there if it had not been thrown there.'

'I never said it would.'

'How did it get there then?'

'Ask Grace or Tony.'

'Grace knows nothing about it.'

'Oh! I daresay!'

'Julia! You have no right——!'

'Come, do have done!' broke in Arthur. 'One would think a ball had never been over the wall before! I know some of them were playing catch with the croquet-balls when it was nearly dark the other night. I daresay it went over then.'

'But——'

'Nonsense! Here's the ball, and there's an end of it. I want to know what Mr. Candy was saying about mushrooms.'

Lizzie felt some one was not to be trusted, whom, she could not tell, and Arthur's way of throwing the subject overboard vexed her, so she

answered tartly, 'I can't have the children getting up to their knees in wet grass before breakfast.'

'Oh, Lizzie, that is too, too tyrannical, when Mr. Candy offered quite unmolested, and the field liberally bristles with them!' cried Julia pathetically.

'Come, Lizzie,' said Arthur, setting up as elder brother, 'it is really too absurd of you. What possible reason can there be against the children going when Mr. Candy has given leave?'

'I shall have them all come in draggled up to their knees, and I am sure they have not behaved in such a way as to lead me to indulge them particularly.'

'The grass is not long enough to draggle. I never did see such a fidget as you! You get worse every holidays!'

'You might remember I am in mamma's place, and not interfere between me and the children.'

'Mamma never told you to sit upon them as you are doing. I shall speak to my father.'

'Do. I know what he will say.'

'So do I.'

'We might go after breakfast when the grass is dry,' suggested Florence timidly.

'Ridiculous!' cried Julia and Arthur. 'Wait till the grass is dry to gather mushrooms! I didn't think you were such a muff!'

'I've often gathered mushrooms after breakfast,' said Fred, who was lying on the grass, having subsided out of the way of the dispute.

'Everyone knows Russians live on fungi,' was Arthur's answer.

'Then you might accept me as an authority on the subject,' murmured Fred; but his remark was unheeded, for Julia was declaring it would be black ingratitude not to accept the kind offer, and Arthur was backing her.

Lizzie was called away, and Florence whispered imploringly, 'What does it matter, Arthur? They will be just as good after breakfast.'

'Really, Florence, you are quite silly. For one thing they won't, and for another I don't care whether they would or not. Lizzie has no right to lord it over us all, and I won't stand it.'

'It's a horrid, unfeeling shame!' cried Julia. 'I know mamma would let us.'

'Of course she would. I shall speak to papa.'

Accordingly when Dr. Restryfe came in, Arthur began, 'Mr. Candy has been here.'

'Yes, I met him. He told me you had been in the pond, Julia. How did you manage that?'

'We went for a ball, and I tumbled in and pulled Tony in,' said Julia meekly.

'Well, you certainly are bent on getting drowned in your mother's

absence ! But remember, Mr. Candy dislikes having you in his field, and I can't allow such performances.'

'I don't think he was very cross,' said Julia, 'for he said we might go and get mushrooms to-morrow.'

'Yes, so he told me. It is very good-natured of him.'

'And may we go before breakfast ?'

'If you can get up soon enough.'

'Hurrah ! I knew we might !'

'Why should you doubt ?'

'Lizzie thought the grass would be wet,' said Arthur.

'I don't think it is long enough to hurt, and the girls can put on goloshes.'

So there was a triumph over Lizzie ! Dr. Restryfe had no notion that there had been a squabble, and she did not like to complain, but she felt as if they had taken unfair advantage. Moreover, she was uncomfortable about the croquet-ball. When she tried to question Tony he either was or pretended to be asleep, and she did not feel at all sure that her mother would have made a fuss about it, but then she would have found out the truth without. If only Fanny had been at home she could have consulted her, but she never thought of treating Florence as anything but a child, and Arthur was the most provoking of all. She could not imagine what had come over them all, and heartily hoped she would never be left at the head of affairs again.

Poor Lizzie ! Her anxieties did not weigh on the others when they sallied forth into the dewy mushroom-field next morning. S. Bartholomew had brought in the cold dew, and the air was chilly, but all agreed with Julia that it was 'excruciatingly delicious' to be out so early, and they could not think why people ever lay in bed in the summer. Fred's liberal ideas on mushrooms caused plenty of joking about Russians and fungi, and as time went on, less and less work was done, except by Florence, who plodded on steadily filling the biggest basket.

'I say !' exclaimed Julia, putting down her basket and shoving back her hat, 'I am that tired and excraminated I can't hold out a minute longer.'

'What sort of sensation is excramination ?' said Fred.

'Ask Arthur. He knows all about physical science.'

'Medical,' suggested Florence.

'Well, physic and medicine are all the same.'

'Excramination is a symptom only known to Ju-land doctors,' said Arthur.

'Yes, and if you had studied in Ju-land you would proscribe a rest.'

'Certainly. Especially on the wet grass.'

They all laughed, and Julia exclaimed, 'Did I say it wrong ? Bother-some things ! Why should words mean one thing more than another ? I'll tell you what ! if wet grass isn't physical, here's a jolly place in the chalk-pit. Let's rest there !'

‘Having worked so very hard,’ said Fred, looking at Julia’s basket which had fewer mushrooms than any.

‘Oh, I shall go on with renowned vigour afterwards. Come!’

Julia jumped down the side of the chalk-pit as she spoke, and it looked so tempting under the trees that the others followed her example.

‘Now if only we had a fire we might cook the mushrooms and have breakfast here!’ said Julia.

‘A regular Russian breakfast prepared under Fred’s auspices,’ said Arthur.

‘Having no experience I shall be happy to give you the benefit of it,’ said Fred.

‘Oh, what fun it would be! Do let’s try!’ cried Julia.

‘Out here, now directly?’

‘No, when we go in; only Lizzie is sure to throw cold water if we meddle with fire.’

‘The best thing she could do,’ said Fred.

‘No, papa said we were bent on getting drowned, so burning would be a change.’

‘I like your chance with Lizzie!’ said Arthur, ‘and she has got Floss regularly under her thumb! Where is the child? Does she think it’s unallowable to get into the chalk-pit?’

‘She’s gone after Tony and Grace. There they come, and Mr. Candy with them.’

‘He really is rather an old brick!’ said Arthur. ‘I wish he would let us come and have some fun here sometimes.’

‘Oh, that would be the height of felicity!’ cried Julia, ‘and I’m sure he’s too jolly not to!’

Mr. Candy came and inspected the mushrooms, and asked what they were talking about; and on Julia explaining that ‘it was such a jolly place to play in, and they would so like to come and have a battle and a siege,’ he gave free permission at once, only adding—

‘Don’t let a lot of others in. I know *you* are to be trusted.’

‘How delicious!’ cried Julia when he was gone. ‘All because I told him I pulled Tony into the pond, you see.’

‘You don’t flatter yourself he thinks *you yourself* are the trustworthy one?’ said Arthur.

‘He does. He said so yesterday.’

‘Oh, I forgot Ju-land trustworthiness means doing mischief and then confessing it.’

‘Of course. It does not mean doing mischief, and looking so innocent, nobody suspects you.’

‘What?’ said Arthur, rather startled at her meaning tone; but she had flown off to another subject, and was expatiating on the castle and the moat, and the log for a drawbridge and the watch-tower.

‘The wrong side of the moat,’ said Fred.

'Oh, we must pretend, you know. There can be an underground passage or something.'

'Ju never sticks at trifles,' said Arthur.

'No, great minds never do. Then there is

"The battled tower, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep."

Only it isn't Norham Castle, but a Ju-land one.'

'But there must be Gory-landers to attack it,' said Tony.

'Yes, of course. Oh, I say, Fred, *do* be the Gory-landers! You said you would the other day.'

'All right. We'll see after breakfast.'

'Oh, that is such a stupid game,' cried Grace.

Stupid! That only showed how stupid she was herself. It would be the greatest fun in the world. Even Florence was excited over it, and Arthur was finding loopholes for shooting at the enemy, and a place for a flag-staff; but Grace could not take it in.

'Well,' said Julia, at last, 'if you don't like fighting, let's pretend you're a captive maiden, and you can sit weeping—you're always ready for that. Unless you would rather be a spy, and let the enemy in treacherously!' she added, with a comical look.

Grace was not quite prepared to accept either of the characters so obligingly offered her; but Florence was growing uneasy about the time, and Fred's watch proved it so late, that they had to run home as fast as they could.

Lizzie received the mushrooms with the exclamation—

'What on earth is to be done with all these now mamma is away?'

'I don't suppose she would eat many if she was at home,' said Julia, 'and we're going to cook them ourselves. Fred is going to show us how, Russian fashion.'

'I daresay. A nice mess you'll make.'

'That's what you said last night, and, you see, we aren't in a mess; but Lizzie, the best fun is——'

Julia launched into the history of Mr. Candy's permission to play in the chalk-pit. If Lizzie had been contented to say she would ask her father, no appeal would have been possible; but she answered sharply that she would not have them all breaking their bones, which raised a storm of indignation; and Arthur uttered home-truths about her liking her own way, which made her crosser than before. There was something sadly like a regular quarrel, which might easily have been avoided had either Lizzie or Arthur ruled their tempers; and after all there was no need for wrangling, for their father answered in a joking way when he was appealed to, laughing at the idea of danger, and all was settled as the young ones wished; though had he known what had passed, he would have spoken very differently.

If either Lizzie or Arthur had been asked who was to blame for the

dispute, each would unhesitatingly have answered—the other ; but it was not Lizzie's fault that Arthur said so crossly to Florence—

‘ I suppose you'll stay at home and mind your dear Lizzie. I hope you'll have a pleasant morning.’

‘ Don't, Arthur. Lizzie's got ever such a lot of things to do, and I know she wants me to hear Ormond's lessons.’

‘ Oh, pray do. I don't want you.’

Lizzie stood at the schoolroom window, feeling thoroughly miserable. The account of Charlie was not good, and there seemed no prospect of her mother's immediate return. Her attempts at keeping up her own authority signally failed. Tony and Grace, when questioned separately about the ball, each persisted in throwing the blame on some unknown person at Julia's birthday party. She was sure some one was untrustworthy, but her father was so busy and hurried she could not bother him about it, and she felt as strongly as Florence did, that everything was wrong, though unlike her she was not inclined to blame herself. She looked round as her sister came in, and said—

‘ Oh, you are not gone.’

‘ No, I thought you wanted me.’

‘ Well, I should be glad if you would hear Ormond his letters, but don't pet him ; he was so naughty over them yesterday.’

Lizzie might as well have told Julia not to use long words she did not understand, as expect Florence to abstain from petting little apple-cheeked Ormond ; and Florence felt quite indignant at the idea of her darling being naughty ; but she saw her sister looked so unhappy that she longed the next moment to put her arms round her and comfort her. Poor Lizzie ! she must miss Fanny so. Fanny was so quiet and gentle ; she always soothed Lizzie's fidgets, and they talked over things together.

But Lizzie was so little given to caresses, that Florence ventured on no demonstration. She only whispered—

‘ Arthur doesn't mean half he says.’

‘ Why does he say it then ?’ said Lizzie, taking up her account-books, and leaving Florence to console herself with Ormond.

The chalk-pit was as delicious a play-place as could be imagined. One part was disused, and the mounds of rubbish overgrown with brambles, clematis, and hops ; and the other part, which was still worked, was in some places precipitous, and in others broken, affording splendid points of attack and defence. There was a sort of cave just behind the spot fixed on for the castle, where the defenders could repose from their exertions ; and a little contrivance, aided by a great deal of imagination, converted the spot into what Julia was pleased to call as perfect a feudal keep as ever existed in days of chivalry.

Arthur was not in the sweetest of tempers, and had the morning's amusement depended on him, it might not have gone off so brilliantly ; but Fred ‘ pretended ’ almost as well as Julia herself, and threw himself

heart and soul into the game, enjoying it thoroughly, and his ardour, coupled with that of Julia and Tony, was so catching, that even Grace began to enter into the fun. The Gory-landers were usually considered so objectionable that no one would represent them, and they existed only in imagination, but Tony found out to-day that Fred was a general worth fighting under, and enlisted in his service; and Grace, who began by being a captive maiden, grew so excited that she took to fighting against her rescuers, and had to be turned into a soldier. The attackers were Arthur, Julia, Herbert, and Mary; but numbers were quite equally balanced by skill and valour, and it was impossible to say whether the 'Ju-land flag of azure blue,' or the Gory-land ensign, extemporised out of a handkerchief of the flags of all nations, had the advantage. The castle was taken and re-taken several times, and the game was kept up, thanks to Fred, with undiminished ardour, till Florence was seen coming down the side of the pit.

'Oh, I say Floss, you must be on our side!' cried Tony. 'It's an awful shame! We've been three to four all the morning!'

'As if Polly counted!' exclaimed Julia. 'She's only a—— a—— what is it? Incumbent, isn't it? No more good than the dumb page in the Lord of the Isles.'

'I'm sure Grace isn't, either!' retorted Tony, very ungallantly. 'Floss *must* be on our side, though, I daresay she won't be much use.'

'Well, we haven't done so badly if we are the weakest,' said Fred. 'Gory-land for ever!'

'Ah, you may talk!' cried Julia. 'The Ju-land flag shall yet float proudly from your donjon keep! Comrades, to the rescue! Charge, Chester, charge!'

'It's dinner-time,' said Florence, who had by this time joined the party.

'Dinner! as if we had such sordid minds as to think of dinner when the most prominent battle in the world's history trembles in the ballast!' exclaimed Julia.

'Dinner-time? No!' cried Fred. 'Well, I don't object, whatever the attacking forces may do.'

'No, you feel yourself vanquished,' said Julia, 'but never mind, you shall surrender yet without horrors of war.'

'Is father in?' said Arthur.

'No, he's gone to Kingsdale.'

'All right. It won't hurt Lizzie to wait a bit.'

'Come, Polly, you must have your frock changed,' said Florence, without noticing this amiable speech.

'What a fidget you are in! We shall all come in good time. Ten minutes can't matter to Lizzie.'

'Come, that's pretty well!' said Fred, 'expecting the business of the nation to be suspended for your convenience in that fashion! I.

should just have no dinner if I did that at my uncle's!' and he began collecting flags and arrows, the younger ones following his example.

Lizzie and Arthur did not look amiably at each other as they sat at opposite ends of the table, and Fred wondered what possessed Arthur to make himself so sulky and disagreeable. They were great friends at school, and he knew well by experience how conscientious and trustworthy Arthur really was in many ways, and yet he seemed to have no idea of making it a conscience to keep his temper in order, and be kind and pleasant to his sisters when everything did not go just as he liked, though he would have been the last wilfully to lead the children into real mischief. It was not Fred's place to interfere, and he had no inclination to do so, but he could not help trying to keep things straight and prevent an outbreak, more from a sort of instinct than from any settled determination.

It was a sultry afternoon, and most of the party, having been up so early, were tired, not to say cross. No one but Julia wished to return to the charge directly after dinner, and even she gave in to the general objection. Arthur and Fred went to get some fishing-tackle in the town, and after Julia had groaned and grumbled through her half hour's practice, they were all with some trouble induced to sit still while Lizzie read to them.

The boys only reached home just in time to escape a pelting thunder-storm, which was a delightful excitement to Julia, Tony, and Herbert, but frightened the younger ones nearly out of their senses; and even when the violence of it abated, the rain did not cease, but seemed likely to continue all the evening. What were they to do with themselves in-doors? There was a great deal of grumbling at the weather, but at last Julia exclaimed—

'By the bye! we must have the mushrooms for tea! Oh, Lizzie, we must have a fire and cook them!'

'A fire! My dear child, we should be roasted alive!'

'Oh, it's very damp. It would dry the air and be good for our throats,' and Julia tried to get up a cough, but Lizzie held to her opinion, and even Arthur did not contradict her.

'Well then, we must, we really must, cook them in the kitchen! I shall go and talk seriously to cook.'

'She won't do it for you, Ju,' said Arthur. 'You'd much better send Herbert.'

'Is Herbert the favourite?' said Fred.

'Yes. He likes milk puddings and the others don't, so when we want anything, we always send him.'

'Well, perhaps it would be more political,' said Julia. 'Do you understand, Herbert? It's a great mark of consideration to be deposited on a little boy like you.'

'To be called upon,' continued Fred; 'summoned, I mean, to negotiate an affair requiring such delicate tact and discernment, and

the utmost you can do to justify the confidence reposed on you, is to summon to your aid all the discretionary powers of which you are possessed, to enable you to act with becoming judgment under the difficult circumstances.'

The speech was received with roars of applause, but Herbert looked perfectly stolid, replied 'Yes, quite,' to the inquiry whether he understood, and walked off to the kitchen.

'Now if he makes a muddle 't isn't my fault,' said Julia. 'I didn't contaminate his ideas with that speech.'

'Here he comes.'

'Cook must have been amiable, unless she has sent him about his business.'

'Well, Herbert, what did she say?'

'Yes.'

'Yes? We may! How jolly!'

'Yes what?' said Arthur.

'Yes, she will.'

'Will what?'

'Cook them for tea.'

'Oh, you little donkey!' cried Julia. 'Was that what you asked her?'

'Yes.'

'But that's no good! Never, never will I do a thing by disputation again! It will be no fun at all if we don't cook them ourselves!'

'It's awfully hot in the kitchen and she's roasting,' said Herbert.

'It is ridiculous to talk of stewing over the kitchen fire, especially when cook is about her Saturday work. I won't have it,' said Lizzie, making Julia more bent on it than before; but Fred remarked—

'You'll turn into a fungus yourself. This steamy atmosphere and the heat of the kitchen combined could have no other effect.'

'Oh, but you're coming to help!'

'Not I, indeed!'

Julia looked blank, but exclaimed—

'Well, it is rather late. We can try on Monday.'

'Possibly.'

Cook's dressing of the mushrooms did not give satisfaction, and after tea there was a grand hunting for receipts in cookery-books. Julia was particularly taken with one that was full of long words and professed to turn the mushrooms out white as the driven snow of the Alps, only it was a slight drawback that it wanted Devonshire cream to do it properly. All agreed they must try their own hands some day, and though Lizzie did not much approve she let them alone, for the receipt-hunting amused them and she had a good many things to do.

(To be continued.)

ULRIC.

A TALE OF THE NOVATIAN HERESY.

CHAPTER III.

‘WHAT makes you look so grave, my sweet one?’ asked Ulric, on the morning of their departure from the border well, when, all the preparations being ended, he and Columba strolled upon the outskirts of the group, awaiting the order to mount their camels.

‘I was thinking of your lesson about the brazen serpent,’ answered Columba, ‘and wishing it could be set up in this desert. Do not think me foolish, Ulric; I am trying not to be so, and indeed I used to be more afraid of the little green lizards at Rome than I am of those dreadful snakes that the guides think so dangerous.’

‘You are a brave little Roman,’ cried Ulric cheerfully, ‘and even if you were now frightened it would be at a real peril, darling. I need not tell you that God can take care of us. These flying serpents are His creatures, and cannot touch us without His leave, nor can they do us real harm, for the True Brazen Serpent is there to protect us. You know Who He is, my dear one, do you not?’

‘Yes,’ said Columba, very reverently; then, with an abrupt transition, like that of a little child, ‘but, Ulric, do they really *fly*?’ And the large eyes dilated with suspense.

‘No, no, my darling,’ explained Ulric, reassuringly; ‘I have made many inquiries on that very point, and hear that they only *spring* from a certain distance. That is rather less alarming, is it not, Columba?’

‘Oh yes,’ she said, greatly relieved; and Ulric wondered at the poor child’s valour, when preparing to confront a danger which, however visionary, must have seemed appalling to her terrified imagination.

They were summoned at that instant, and Ulric placed Columba upon her kneeling camel; but as he was about to give the sign for the animal to rise, she seized his hand tightly, and asked—

‘Ulric, why did you say that the sting of these serpents would not harm us? Do not all the natives fancy it so poisonous as to end in death?’

‘The wound is always fatal, I believe, dearest,’ said Ulric, firmly. ‘But Columba, if God were to choose that means of calling us Home to Himself, need it frighten us more than a fever, for example?’

‘It would frighten *me* very much more,’ answered Columba, truthfully; ‘but I am willing, at least not quite yet, only I wish to be so.’

Ulric smiled tenderly, but there was no time to respond.

The caravan was set in motion, and Columba's camel following the example of its fellows, rose like a huge tower, gave the peculiar swinging jerk, which now amused as much as it had once disconcerted her, and then settled into the plodding, uneasy pace, which in that deep sand soon resulted in extreme fatigue to beast and rider.

The noontide halt was brief, since they were to encamp so early ; still some rest was needful for the jaded travellers, and a small gourd of water was dispensed to each. It was from the clear Biskra spring, and although not improved by its long transit, was still pure and sweet, very unlike the turbid dregs to which they had latterly grown accustomed. But oh ! how tiny the allowance was ; how every drop seemed measured out, as though the stream were one of liquid diamonds. Some of the men, and one heroic woman, took pride in dispensing with the solace until sunset. It was there Ulric first heard the local proverb which invests the sparing use of drink with a species of Spartan dignity, and elevates it to the rank of a cardinal virtue. On that same evening, when the camp was formed, and while the camels were being unladen and the meal prepared, Columba sat alone at the tent door, watching her husband's helpful offices to their companions. Suddenly she uttered a violent shriek, and sank back with a face first blanched, then crimsoned as by fever. In one instant Ulric was at her side, and a compassionate inquiring group surrounded her. He raised her arm ; there was a burning spot on the delicate wrist, with symptoms of swelling and inflammation.

'The fiery flying serpent,' murmured Columba ; but her tones were quiet after the first moment of agitation. 'Ulric, how long have I to live ? Take me into your arms, and say some prayers for me. I am not frightened, but the pain is dreadful.'

Before she ceased speaking one of the native women drew near, applied some remedy, and soothingly told Columba she would suffer much for a few hours, but would soon be well again.

Ulric had felt so stunned that he could scarcely take in the full meaning of the reassuring words which had burst from the natives in a chorus when they first beheld the wound. Their practised eyes immediately recognised it as inflicted by a scorpion, and a careful search soon led to the discovery of the reptile, which proved in comparison almost a welcome guest. As soon as his anxiety was set at rest, Ulric convinced Columba that she had nothing to fear beyond present pain, and then dismissing every one, he took her into his arms, and tried to soothe the suffering which he could not remove. The poor child had indeed much to endure from the fever and inflammation, which seemed to shoot through her whole frame, causing an insatiable thirst. Ulric refrained from drink that night, and was unspeakably touched by the gifts of water made to his young wife by their companions. Nearly all seemed to have deprived themselves of a part of their small share, that she might not want. Towards morning she obtained a little broken

rest, but the swelling did not abate for many hours afterwards, nor did her arm feel really well for several days. This circumstance much increased the exhaustion of the journey, and impaired her buoyancy, but seemed never to ruffle the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition.

Ulric feared lest her dread of reptiles should become unconquerable after such a rude encounter, but it had an opposite effect, the real pain seeming to dispel mere visionary terrors.

Once, when the agony was most acute, she had pierced Ulric's heart by quietly observing—

‘You know, Ulric, if the Emperor's soldiers should find us, they will make us bear far greater tortures. Perhaps that is why the Holy One has let this happen to me, that it may teach me to suffer by degrees.’

The remainder of the journey passed without further adventure, beyond that of finding a dead horned viper on the sand. Ulric examined the snake with much interest. It looked very venomous, even in death, and he requested that no one should show it to Columba. They had an unlooked-for solace in the fact that from their having travelled rapidly, and without hindrance, it had proved unnecessary to diminish the supply of water. Rather the allowance was daily increased as they approached the end of this stage of their pilgrimage.

The first sights and sounds denoting human habitation scarcely can fail to be pleasing to the eye, which has long dwelt upon untrodden wastes. It however needed all the charms of contrast to reconcile Ulric to the dire necessity of choosing a house among those squalid villages, each one of which appeared to bear away the palm of dirt and stench. Plastered mud hovels, filthy tents, sordid bazaars, foul water, rank luxuriant vegetation, barriers and mounds of camel's dung, men, women, children, camels, mules, horses, and half-starved dogs—such were the features these oasis settlements possessed in common. Each was alike over-arched by a molten sky, and framed in burning sand. There could be no question of choosing what was eligible, only what could be endured.

At length, when further search seemed useless, Ulric parted from the caravan at a village which stood on slightly rising ground, and which, although no cleaner than the rest, attracted him because of a small vacant space just large enough to pitch his tent, close on the edge of the encampment, but within its shelter. The spring too seemed rather better than the average, and was graced by magnificent palms, of which the drooping clusters were already tinged with golden brown. One of their late companions had a brother in the place, to whose care he commended the fugitives; and, to crown all, Columba had taken a fancy to the site, so altogether Ulric felt they might fare worse by trying further.

Then came another painful parting, followed by a cheerful effort to adapt themselves to circumstances, as at Biskra, and develop all the comforts and resources which God had placed within their reach. Very slender were these, as compared with their former experiences,

though the delight of being once more stationary seemed nearly sufficient compensation. The food and water were of wretched quality; the nights appeared scarcely less stifling than the days; it was found perilous to indulge in rambles beyond the camp at dawn or sunset, and the enervating climate forbade all exertion whatsoever. Happily Ulric and Columba were all the world to each other, for that precious mutual love was now their only human consolation.

Columba, a true child of Italy, had one perennial spring of pleasure in her exquisite appreciation of richness and warmth of colouring. The gem-like tints of flower, bird, and insect; the dark oriental beauty of the young children who thronged around her; even the golden maize, green melons, and ruddy-brown dates, outspread on the flat roofs to dry, each and all furnished a continual feast to her artistic eye. Some modern writer has said that 'light paints in Italy,' it does more, it *illuminates*, in Africa. The sunshine seemed to have passed from the tender pale sweetness of temperate regions, from the warm and melting beauty of the south, up to its culminating pomp of gold and azure, till each rich rare hue glowed with intenseness, such as made Ulric turn wearily from the emblazoned landscape with an eternal craving for repose and freshness. No similar want, however, marred Columba's ecstasy. Even her outpourings of home-sickness for Rome were mingled with assurances that she should always pine for a '*really blue sky*,' and for '*decided colours*.' Nature in Europe '*received light passively*, while in the tropics nearly everything on which the sun shone quivered into jewelled radiance, as though some responsive chord had been awakened by the touch of an enchanter's wand.'

Ulric's enjoyments were of a more social character; he loved his fellow-beings as a race, and seemed unable to exist without an interchange of human sympathies. As usual, he met with a ready response. Everyone in the village lavished confidence, affection, and respect, on the young fugitives, and sought to do them service. Blessed with such universal friendliness abroad, such pure and hallowed tenderness at home, Ulric felt he could have been happy even in that land of exile, but for one engrossing sorrow. Columba's health began visibly to decline; she drooped, could scarcely taste food, and became a prey to chronic sleeplessness. The climate appeared to be killing her by slow degrees, and he could not fly with her from its deadly influence.

One morning, after a series of wakeful nights, Columba appeared drowsy at her usual hour for rising, and declared she could scarcely unclose her eyelids.

Ulric persuaded her to lie perfectly still while he darkened the tent, strove with well-practised skill to combine dimness with ventilation, and then seated himself at Columba's side to fan her gently, and keep the swarming flies from annoying her.

Presently she stirred in her sleep, and murmured—

'What a cold wind. Is the *tramontana* blowing?'

Ulric smiled, fancying she dreamt of Rome, and thinking how

welcome a blast of their old enemy would be in the Sahara. Tramon-tana, indeed ! the simoon more likely.

Columba soon awoke, and seeing Ulric bending over her, she said—

‘I dreamt that we were in the Forum, Ulric, shivering in an icy wind-storm from the Sabine Hills, but I suppose that was caused by the sudden change. What can have made it turn so cold here all at once?’

‘Cold, my dear child!’ laughed Ulric; ‘you are dreaming still. Vivid impressions are not short-lived with imaginative people, but I envy you such a sensation; it is one which my memory can scarcely recall.’

‘Then is it really warm?’ inquired Columba, looking very much perplexed.

‘Warm enough, I suspect, to roast a kid upon the shady patches of sand under the palm-trees,’ rejoined Ulric, lightly.

Columba’s answering smile was very listless, and she did not speak for a few seconds. When she next exerted herself, it was to exclaim—

‘Ulric, please let the sun stream in and chafe my hands, and cover me with something warm. I feel as though I were freezing to death.’

Ulric seized both the little outstretched hands; their numbness struck a chill to his own heart. He let the glorious tropical sun pour in a flood through the tent-door; the features which it disclosed were wan and grey, as though stamped with the seal of mortal sickness. Ulric’s brain reeled from the suddenness of the blow; but he did not suffer his voice to falter as he gently said—

‘My darling, you have had a chill, I will get some of our kind friends to come and see what should be done to make you well.’

Thus speaking he quietly left the tent, only to run for aid with frantic haste the instant that he was beyond Columba’s sight.

When Ulric returned to the tent with the best help the village could afford, his alarm proved to have been too well founded. The symptoms of a dangerous African fever were at once recognised, and he was told that such attacks were often fatal. There was no lack of volunteer nurses and leeches, but Ulric resolved to accept both with reservation, keeping the case under his own treatment, and only availing himself of the native experience to guide his judgment in selecting and applying remedies. His strength, if recruited by short intervals of rest, would, he thought, suffice for the actual nursing, and there were two deft-handed, soft-eyed women, ready to relieve him when necessity required.

Poor little Columba did not long complain of cold, for within a single hour of that first awakening, the fierce burning fever which throbbed in her veins seemed only rivalled by the fiery furnace-glow without. How Ulric sighed for the refreshing coolness of a Roman villa, or for their bright little flowery court at Icosium, with its rippling fountain, or even for the comparative luxury and comfort of

Biskra. The Sahara was a terrible abode in health, but how unutterable seemed its desolation in the prospect of a lingering and distressing illness.

After those first few questions when the chill awoke Columba, there had been no words exchanged between the husband and wife. When he returned to her couch she was in a stupor, from which state only delirium aroused her. The pulse ran so high that it seemed only wonderful such a frail life did not burn into ashes. The veins in her temples throbbed beneath Ulric's soft touch. The sweet eyes, so pensive when downcast, so clear and fully opened like those of a child, when raised, grew large, lustrous, and brilliant with a painful, because unnatural, beauty. The cheek bloomed into a rich carnation, to which it was a stranger when in health. How marvellously lovely the child looked; how tender, weak, and helpless. How fondly Ulric hung over her, and kissed her brow, and felt it would have been joy to outpour his life for hers. The cross laid upon those we love! is not its anguish heavier than any burden which can be appointed for ourselves?

Sad were the vigils kept beside that couch of suffering. Columba's agony of thirst pierced Ulric's heart, and there was no point on which the natives agreed so unanimously as upon the danger of allowing any cooling beverage to pass those white parched lips. Everyone eagerly assured him that the least infringement of this rule might bring on the last fatal symptoms from which none were ever known to rally. Ulric dared not incur such a responsibility, but he sat hour after hour at Columba's side, keeping her lips moist with a feather, sprinkling her hands and forehead; and, when forced himself to take drink, suffering more acutely than he had done when abstaining from it in the Desert for her. How he longed to speak words of consolation; but the clouded intellect refused to grasp their meaning. The sacred and beloved sign of the Cross alone, seemed to retain its wonted power to soothe.

There were no lucid intervals during that illness, nor could Ulric trace amid the wanderings of delirium any connected train of thought except the unvarying persistency with which her mind recurred to the sculptured stone fountain, fringed with delicately lovely ferns, which was the pride of their old garden on the Coelian. 'Why did the water flow away from her?' she piteously asked one night. 'Why could she not catch a few drops of spray when she bent down her head among the wind-flowers? Would not Ulric try to fill one tiny gourd for her? But no, he must not, she remembered now, the fiery flying serpents were there lurking in the grass, ready to spring on him.' Next came some fancy of being lost among the mazes of the catacombs, only she said they were not dark and cool as she remembered them, but like caverns of fire, blinding her with their terrible glare of brightness. Then the diseased imagination recurred to the fountain. 'Oh! for one draught; she should be ready then to die. But did not Ulric see

that Roman soldier with his fierce eyes peeping out behind the faun? Would he give them a little water before he tortured them? The Holy One bore thirst as well as pain upon the Cross, and Ulric could do so for His sake; but she was so weak that she dared not try, lest she should betray Him. They would steal quietly away among the ilexes, before the soldier saw them. No! no!—and the frail fingers tried to close on Ulric's wrist with a detaining grasp, 'the soldier *must not* be driven from that delicious fountain, for the Holy One said, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink." But oh! the red simoon had come and choked up the fountain with sand. They should all die together now, they, and the soldier, and the camels, and the holy Bishop Fabian.' Poor child! how all the memories of her innocent life were blended in that sad delirious retrospect. And throughout she was so true to her name and character, 'always Columba-like,' so Ulric fondly said. The task of nursing her seemed indeed, to all those engaged in it, like ministering to a wounded dove.

Eleven days and nights had fled. Ulric was told that a few hours more would bring the crisis, and the tidings were confirmed by his own observation. When the first virulence of the attack subsided, Columba's very fragility became, humanly speaking, her chief safeguard. There was less for the fever to prey upon than in a more robust and vigorous frame. Upon the other hand, she had no strength to spare, no surplus of vitality, only the renovating power of extreme youth. Ulric, when left alone that evening with Columba, could not sit beside her to await the issue of the conflict. He could only kneel, unable to find sensible relief in prayer, making mechanically the sign of the Cross more from instinct and habit than as a deliberate act of devotion, yet by slow degrees feeling that the completeness of self-sacrifice had been attained, that his own will was gently, peacefully, in perfect freedom, conformed to the Holy Will of God.

How often as with Abraham, when once obedience has been lovingly, though sorrowfully rendered, we are spared the consummation of the sacrifice already really offered in intention. A low murmur caused Ulric to lift his head. Columba's words were still those of delirium, but how altered was their tenor, how sweet the smile of serene contentment which played on her features. She was at the fountain brink, as usual, but now laid on fresh dewy grass, bathed in a shower of moonlit spray, and drinking deep draughts, like the camels when they reached a desert well. Her cheek, and brow, and little wasted hands, were moist. Even while Ulric gazed the soft tones ceased, and she sank into a health-bringing slumber. Ulric knelt once again beside her, but his orisons were changed into a strain of thanksgiving.

From that midnight hour Columba began to amend. Her convalescence was however tedious, and attended with much suffering. Refreshing drink had still to be denied her, and hot strengthening food, served in a liquid form, to be taken at intervals during the day

and night. This was a measure of necessity, and Ulric never had to combat the faintest resistance or even entreaty, when he held to her the cup from which she shrank with loathing. This ready, sweet submissiveness brought its own recompense in hastening the progress of her recovery. Once only Ulric met with such a pleading, half-reproachful gaze, as often haunted him in later years. It was when he first felt forced to insist upon her making some exertion, when he carried her in his arms beneath the palm-trees, and made her walk a few yards in their shade before sitting down to breathe the freshness of the early morning air. How overpowering seemed the fatigue to one almost swooning from weakness, yet she offered no remonstrance beyond that appealing look; none indeed could have been so eloquent.

'What a good child you are,' said Ulric, after she was comfortably seated; 'did you think me very cruel?'

'Oh, no!' exclaimed Columba, fondly; 'I thought you were very kind. But Ulric, the people were cruel when they dragged the Holy One up the hill with His heavy Cross. I never knew before how terrible it is to take a single step when one feels ready to drop down and die.'

Ulric was merciful in only keeping her out of doors for a few moments on that first occasion. He soon carried her back to the tent, replaced her on the couch, and had the satisfaction of seeing her take some nourishment without repugnance. Her sleep, too, improved materially, and within a fortnight she could reach the palm grove unsupported, for, although clinging as usual to Ulric's arm, it was now from affection rather than necessity. At this point, however, restoration ceased; she seemed only the shadow of her former self, and Ulric dreaded lest the fever should have sapped her strength for life. His chief hope lay in the renovating influence of the cooler season. They had passed the fiercest summer heat, and began to note a marked difference in the temperature at night and morning. Ulric occasionally pondered the question of renewing his search for a more healthy abode, but only to abandon the idea as difficult, if not impracticable. The pitiless necessity of fleeing further from pursuit scarcely occurred to him. They seemed so safe and unmolested in their remote hiding-place; in fact, the tangible distress caused by Columba's illness had almost banished from Ulric's recollection the appalling but vague terrors of the Edict.

The ripe African sun was in the meridian of its splendour. Lovely, soft, evanescent hues, fair as the tints on field or forest, sea or mountain, began now to play at dawn and eventide over the desert. Shadows rich, velvety, and beauteous as the *lights* of Northern realms, toned down the hitherto uniform brilliancy, *bringing out*, so to speak, the individual soul and expression that lay dormant in the landscape. The small yellow bananas of the region had been garnered, as also the coral-seeded pomegranates, of which the single clump that the oasis boasted had been pressed by common consent upon Columba. The

clustered dates no longer hung suspended in mid-air by their network of golden fibres, for the harvest was already ended. It had been a joyous gathering, and bountiful stores of the luscious fruit were dried for the use of the village, while the ample surplus was despatched on camels to be bartered in less favoured spots. More than one heavy shower had fallen, and imparted a crystalline purity to the atmosphere, melting occasionally into opal gleams, or into the more liquid tenderness of orient pearl. At times the air seemed almost keen in its delicious freshness, keen by comparison, at least, for in reality the temperature continued summer-like. The *quality* of the heat had changed however, and become exhilarating. Ulric felt every faculty strung to new life, and day by day Columba's lassitude decreased. Sleep had returned to her when first the dry, hot, irritating air, laden with particles of sand, was tempered by a kindly moisture. She expanded like a flower beneath that balmy influence, for slumber is the sovereign renovator of the young.

One night Columba declared the scene was so glorious that she could not close her eyes upon it; she should like to study it till morning, and learn it by heart, for it seemed an unwritten hymn of praise. There were no poisonous dews to be dreaded, so Ulric indulged her fancy, trusting that the sedative properties of the cool air would set a moderate bound to the vigil. Meanwhile they lingered until a late hour, two silent watchers in the world of silence which enfolded them. The crescent moon had long sunk below the horizon, but the marvellous African sky, deepening as night advanced from dark indigo blue to purple black, and thence to ebony, was gemmed with glittering constellations. On the white level sand slept a reflection of the date-palm grove, fantastically painted in mezzotinto by the solemn starlight. Here and there, where the trees stood singly, was a coronal wrought in rich plummy foliage above, in tremulous sweet shadows underneath. Elsewhere, marking the points at which the sculptured stems and feathery crowns clustered more densely, islands of soft gloom reposed upon the lake-like silvery expanse. Just at Columba's feet one graceful frond was pictured with minute exquisite delicacy, while beyond stretched an intricate maze of flowery tracery such as devotion has since imaged forth in our Gothic cathedrals.

Columba sat as though entranced, till Ulric, who had been awaiting the first signs of weariness, saw the dark eyes begin to close, and the head to droop heavily, like a dew-laden flower.

'Well, child,' he playfully asked, 'shall we stay to watch the sunrise?'

And Columba answered drowsily—

'I think not, Ulric, unless you care for it very much.'

Ulric laughed as he raised Columba to her feet, and led her, still half dreaming, to the tent. They entered, but scarcely had he secured the fastening before a hurried voice summoned him from without. He drew aside the curtain, told Columba to sit up until he should rejoin

her, and then sallied forth to learn the errand of the Sheikh, whose tones he had immediately recognised.

That errand was told in the measured phraseology and with the dignified demeanour which so seldom desert Orientals in the most momentous crises. The news almost deprived Ulric of speech, indeed, as soon as he mastered its tenor, he saw the emergency was one calling for prompt, decisive action, not for words. They had again been tracked by that relentless power which must have seemed Argus-eyed to its victims. Where in those days could a retreat be found beyond the range of the illimitable Roman Empire?

The fugitives had, it appeared, been undesignedly betrayed by travellers belonging to a caravan which had a few weeks previously halted at their village. Perhaps Ulric was habitually imprudent in not seeking to avoid such chance encounters, but suspicion was so alien to his nature that it seemed impossible for him to harbour it except under the pressure of alarm. It would have been wise to explain the need of caution to those merchants, and obtain from them the pledge of secrecy regarded as inviolable by the nomad tribes, and the Sheikh bitterly reproached himself for this omission. As it was, the presence of Ulric and Columba had attracted notice, and occasioned many vague surmises, while yet nothing that transpired had suggested the necessity for silence. Thus it was that the leader of the caravan when meeting a band of the Imperial soldiers in the Desert, had not scrupled to reply to their cross-questionings in such a manner as to leave no doubt on the minds of the Romans that two Christians at the least were hidden in the depths of the Sahara.

How the above facts had been revealed to him, the Sheikh explained to an unheeding ear. Ulric could only grasp the promise that he should be aided to flee with Columba under cover of the moonless starry night. The chief impressed on him that not one moment should be lost. They must accomplish a long stage before the rising of the sun. Three trusty guides should lead the way and form an escort, while the Sheikh himself remained behind to baffle the pursuers, and, if possible, put them on a false track. While their host went to give the necessary orders, Ulric returned to summon Columba, and to pack the few portable treasures they possessed. Within an hour the husband and wife had already departed to seek a fresh refuge; they dared now scarcely look forward to an earthly *home*. This time even Columba could not rally her sunshiny cheerfulness. The langour of her recent illness, combined with the hurry and excitement of this rapid flight, had naturally resulted in extreme fatigue, increased by the late vigil to which the loveliness of the night had tempted her. Alternately Ulric wished the poor child might have been fortified by slumber, and felt grateful she had at the least been spared the shock and terror of a rude awakening. He had never before seen in her an approach to the thorough although quiet depression by which she seemed overwhelmed when the faint outline of the palm-grove vanished in the distance.

The poor child burst into tears which could not be checked by her most heroic efforts. It was well the oppressed spirit did not realise that her distress was the drop which caused Ulric's bitter cup to overflow. Nature imperatively claimed a solace which could not have been safely divined, and such was the relief that soon the head was hopefully uplifted, the young voice rang out in its most playful chimes, and Columba dwelt less on the discomfort of the present, than on the delight of halting and being allowed to sleep.

'Might she not close her eyes during the ride?' she presently inquired. 'Would not Ulric fasten her so securely that there need be no fear of her falling from the camel?'

'I must be cruel enough to answer No, my sweet one,' said Ulric reluctantly, 'for you are still so weak that a slight chill might bring the fever back again. You will try to keep awake for my sake, will you not, Columba?'

'O yes!' she exclaimed gaily; 'it is worth one's while to get completely tired occasionally for the mere pleasure of resting afterwards. Ulric, would there be any danger in singing our Hymn? The soldiers surely are not close enough to hear us.'

Ulric could not find courage to deny the innocent request. His glance swept eagle-like over the broad level expanse, meeting with nothing to inspire apprehension. Yet even the most brave grow timorous when hunted to the death, and while smiling at his own caution, Ulric could not refrain from charging Columba to sing very softly. He joined in the chant to please her, modulating his rich voice with care, although its full volume of sound was after all less likely to be audible at a distance than the silvery treble to which it formed an accompaniment. Soon after the sun rose they reached an unwall'd village where the guides assured them they might lie hidden for several days. It stood in a hollow basin, similar to those common on Northern moors, and so well screened that its very existence could not be suspected by a stranger. From this point they might easily traverse the narrowest belt of the arid region, and eventually gain the mountains upon which Ulric had fixed as his retreat. He dreaded such an extreme change of climate for Columba, but the sole alternative was death by torture. The Sahara had proved insecure, and would be doubly so now that the heat was past. He might fairly hope that the autumnal storms of wind and rains had already driven the Romans from the gorges of the Atlas to the sheltered zones along the coast, whence doubtless these relays had been despatched into the Desert. The more deeply Ulric pondered the more plainly he saw the expediency of fleeing to the mountains, and he was determined to push forward as rapidly as Columba's strength permitted. Knowing as he did the vigilance and enterprise of their foe, he could not share the Sheikh's sense of security. He had a strong conviction that the reconnoitering band described to him was only the precursor of a legion bent upon a systematic search for fugitives. Were this conjecture true, Ulric believed Imperial Rome

had power to bid even that sea of shifting sand deliver up the captives who had flung themselves despairingly upon her bosom.

Columba's pledge to 'keep awake during the ride,' was faithfully redeemed, but only by the effort of a strong will. Her eyelids drooped while the camel was in the act of kneeling, and when Ulric lifted her from the animal she was already fast asleep. He carried her like an infant through the curious but courteous throng, to a stone dwelling, whither their guide led the way. Though poor, it was of some extent, containing a range of recesses opening on a square court, with a dilapidated fountain in the centre. Close to the rippling water, shaded by an awning of dyed goat's skin, a pile of palmetto mats had been erected in the shape of a circular divan. A few banana-trees, and several flowering shrubs, lent grace and freshness to the scene, which would else have been totally repulsive from its dirt and squalor. All such accessories, however, were lost upon Columba, as she peacefully reclined on the rude divan, every line of her sweet face bespeaking the tranquillity of babe-like slumber. She did not awake until past mid-day, when she roused herself sufficiently to make a plentiful repast of soured goat's milk, and thin cakes prepared from a species of millet. Ulric had not seen her enjoy a meal so thoroughly since she recovered from the fever, and directly her keen youthful appetite was satisfied, she yielded once more to the craving for repose, not moving a limb until nearly sunset. Then she sat up, declared herself wholly recruited, appeared only pleased at the prospect of a night journey, and asked Ulric to take her meanwhile for a walk through the village.

'She delighted in seeing strange places; they had not had such a treat for months.' Hers was the rare and blessed faculty of recalling past grievances only to enhance present enjoyment. A life of privation and monotony seemed at the time to weigh on her unconsciously, like atmospheric pressure. Discontent was a state of mind unknown to her; indeed the burden of life's lesser trials appeared chiefly recognised by the relief which attended on their removal. The sightseeing for which Columba had petitioned in the present case was not extensive, but she found interest at every turn, and when the walk was ended felt ready to do ample justice to the evening meal, always the most substantial in the East. It proved a banquet given in their honour upon this occasion. The chief dish was a kid, newly killed, but rendered deliciously tender by being boiled in milk. With it was served a mountain of pounded millet mixed with scarlet peppers and sundry other condiments, the whole forming one of the many varieties of the national *kous-kous*. There were besides excellent dates and prickly figs, with wafer-like cakes baked upon round stones, and a sort of compromise between cheese, butter, and hardened buttermilk, for it had more or less resemblance to them all. Ulric rejoiced to find that an intoxicating liquor distilled from the palm-tree was not the crown of the feast, as would have been the case among the neighbouring tribe. He had found persons addicted to its use unable to indulge in

it with moderation, and had dreaded lest his own guides should be tempted to excess. Columba had again two hours of rest when the supper was ended, since they were not to proceed till after nightfall. Ulric's host refused payment for his generous hospitality, but suffered his guest to engage six able men, on liberal terms, to form an additional escort to the edge of the Desert. Such a force was sufficient to avert danger from hostile natives, while the whole population of the district could avail them nothing against Rome. Columba was blithe and alert when once more mounted on her camel. No child bound upon a pleasure trip could have been more full of eager anticipation. The real object of their flitting never seemed to cause forebodings or haunt her imagination. That 'The Holy One and Ulric would take care of her,' appeared the abiding thought, whether unuttered or expressed.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER IN THE APENNINES.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

CHAPTER III.

FERRUCCIO'S LAST FIGHT.

It was impossible to be many days in San Marcello without making a pilgrimage to the famous battlefield on which the Republic of Florence received its death-blow; and albeit the tragedy of Gavinana is a well-known and oft-told tale, no description of the neighbourhood of San Marcello would be complete without some brief account of the fatal day on which Francesco Ferruccio fought and fell. Students of Italian history will remember that this great commander was on his way to raise the siege of Florence, in the August of 1530, and hoped by rapid forced marches over the Pistoian mountains to reach the city before the beleaguering army should have news of his approach. In him were centered the last hopes of the starving citizens. Ferruccio's figure stands out grandly in all records of this bitter death-struggle of Florentine liberty. He was the only leader of notable capacity who fought for his country, not for his party; his whole career was marked by unswerving rectitude, as well as by the highest military genius, but only when it was too late did his fellow-citizens learn to estimate Ferruccio at his true worth. Throughout the campaign his movements had been hampered by the jealous restrictions and ill-timed parsimony of the Balìa of War. His scanty, badly-provisioned army was chiefly composed of mercenaries, constantly threatening mutiny for arrears of pay, yet by sheer strength of will and the might of example, he, even with such materials, achieved brilliant successes at Empoli and Volterra, and made his name a sound of terror in the ears of the Imperial troops.

Now the city which had distrusted its best citizen was perishing through its blind confidence in that Malatesta de' Baglioni, of infamous memory, who, as the crowning act of his long system of perfidy, warned the besiegers of Ferruccio's approach, and pledged himself to allow no sorties from the town, while the Prince of Orange marched the bulk of his army into the mountains to encounter the Republican general.

Thus the defeat of Ferruccio and the return of the Medici to Florence were alike assured. According to some writers, the letter containing this proof of Malatesta's treachery was found upon the prince's person when he fell at Gavinana.

A short distance outside the last remaining of the five gates that defended San Marcello in its warlike days stands a low-roofed house, with an inscription on a marble tablet over the door. This is Casa Mezzalencia, and here it was that Ferruccio was holding a council of war—his last—when the deliberations were broken up by the startling news that the Prince of Orange in person was in the field against him, and had almost reached the gates of Gavinana.

As yet ignorant of Malatesta's perfidy, Ferruccio is said to have exclaimed, 'Then our defeat will matter little, for now Florence can save herself.' Following the highway for about a mile, we then came to the winding side-road leading to our destination. Gavinana is about two miles from San Marcello, on a steep hill embosomed in chestnut woods and backed by high mountains; a position easy of defence when artillery was still in its first infancy. The ascent is very gradual, now winding upwards through green meadows and corn slopes, now skirting precipitous cliffs. New views of the pretty valley present themselves at every turn, light mists are floating over the mountains and veiling the higher summits. Soon we come to a bold ravine, down which the stream known as the Vontó de' Gorgi trickles beneath a rude stone bridge, which looks old enough to have existed in the days of the Republic.

Here it was that Ferruccio's advanced guard of light horse came up with the Imperial troops, and the first blows were struck while the bells of Gavinana were clanging an urgent appeal for succour. Furious was the struggle, and both sides fought with great valour. Though the pass is so narrow at this point that only few combatants could engage at a time, numbers of horses and men were jostled over the cliff and tinged the torrent beneath with their blood. At last the Imperialists were routed, and Ferruccio entered Gavinana. Unluckily, in their eagerness to open their gates to him, the inhabitants forgot to guard certain breaches in their walls; and thus it fell out, that while all were thronging to welcome the liberator on one side of the town, another body of Imperialists, commanded by Ferruccio's bitter enemy, Maramoldo, surprised it on the other.

So that when the chief, entering as a victor amid the acclamations of the rejoicing inhabitants, reached the Piazza, and was about to

thank the faithful Gavinanesi in the name of the Florentine Republic, suddenly the Imperial banners were seen advancing from the eastern side of the town. The fierce fight outside the walls was child's play compared to the desperate struggle that now ensued. Here in the centre, and on either side of the steep little town, the battle raged simultaneously for more than six hours. It has been calculated that on this fatal day the Imperial forces outnumbered eightfold those of the Florentine general, and that—as befitted the great issues involved, it was a bloodier battle than any other on record in Italian history. Soon the Piazza and surrounding alleys were heaped with dead bodies; as usual, Ferruccio performed prodigies of personal valour. Wherever the fight was thickest there his tall form was to be seen towering above his men, urging them on with voice and example, with Berserker like fury. No man within his reach could withstand that mighty arm, the strokes of that ponderous sword, before which his enemies went down like grass. From every roof and every window women and children hurled down stones, tiles, and household chattels on the heads of the Imperialists. Those of Ferruccio's *trombe da fusco*, or *obuscs*, which had been kept dry in spite of the heavy rain of the early morning, were now brought into use, and poured forth a murderous *mitraille* of broken glass, stones, and iron splinters. At last victory seemed assured; the Imperial troops gave way, turned, and fled.

Ferruccio, sorely wounded, but elated by his hard-won triumph, was resting on his pike in the shade of the enormous chestnut-tree which in those days stood on the Piazza of Gavinana, when a breathless messenger rushed towards him, waving on high an embroidered belt, and shouting the welcome news of the death of the Prince of Orange. This event gave fresh vigour to the tired warriors, and, issuing from the gates of the town, they gave hot pursuit to the scattered Imperialists, dismayed and demoralised by their leader's fall.

But now the tide of victory turned. A portion of Ferruccio's army under Giampagolo Orsini, posted between San Marcello and Gavinana, was worsted by Vitelli's free lances, and had to make a disorderly retreat into the latter town. Meanwhile, too, Maramoldo's beaten band had been reinforced by a numerous troop of German veterans who had as yet taken no part in the struggle, and all these pressed hard on the heels of Orsini's worn-out men. Gavinana was once more in the enemy's hands, and Ferruccio re-entered the castle only to find that victory had slipped from his grasp, and to take part in a desperate but unavailing defence, a prolonged one also; but the moment came when all his ammunition was exhausted. Then, at last, the Imperialists forced their way into the castle, and found its few surviving defenders gathered round the dying form of their beloved leader. Ferruccio was literally covered with wounds, from which his life-blood was rapidly draining. It is narrated that even the ferocious Spanish mercenaries were moved to pity by this spectacle, and, throwing down their arms, knelt in prayer by

the side of the last champion of the liberty which they were paid to overthrow. The stolid Germans stood motionless and awed; personal hate alone was implacable, and at Maramoldo's barbarous command the bleeding hero was carried to the Piazza and laid at his enemy's feet.

History records few scenes more revolting than this of the *condottiere* gloating over the death-agony of the great captain before whom he had so often fled. After overwhelming the hero with insults, Maramoldo bade one of his ruffians despatch him. The man refused to obey; all present uttered a cry of horror. Thereupon Maramoldo, beside himself with rage, plunged his own dagger up to the hilt in Ferruccio's breast. The Republican general opened his failing eyes for the last time, and, with a contemptuous smile, exclaimed, 'Wretch! thou killest a dead man!'

Our minds were filled with the memory of this ghastly scene as, crossing the crystal, clear Rio Gonfientè, we climbed the steep causeway leading up to the town. Meditating on Ferruccio's fate, it seemed strange to meet smiling peasant-women chattering village gossip as they deftly twirled their wool-charged spindles in the shade of these cliffs, which had so often echoed with fierce war-cries and the clash of swords.

Gavinana, so pretty and picturesque as one sees it from a distance framed in chestnut-woods, loses all its charm as we pick our way through the squalid lanes that do duty as streets. Its small, mean stone houses (probably built of the remains of the fortifications) are old without the dignity of age. All is base and poverty-stricken. But the view down the valley is grand, and San Marcello masses-in finely in the middle distance.

Now we are on the Piazza, which is of the irregular triangular form general in these parts, and having a big stone fountain in one angle, hard by the site of the chestnut under which Ferruccio had rested.

Half-a-dozen dirty children flock round us, eager to show us the lions of the place. There, on the wall of the grey old church, is a lengthy Latin inscription recording Ferruccio's deeds, and beside the principal door a simple Italian one marking the place of his burial. On the spot where we were standing, the balcony had been whereon he had breathed his last at Maramoldo's feet.

Freeing ourselves from our importunate followers by a judicious distribution of tiny copper coins, we next made our way to the peaceful chestnut-wood beyond the town, where the brunt of the battle had been borne. Here we chanced upon an intelligent peasant, who in sonorous Dantesque Italian spoke to us of the fatal field, and pointed out the spot where the Prince of Orange fell. He talked of these events with a sort of suppressed excitement, as though he himself had had a share in them. He may not have been quite correct about his localities, but somehow his simple, graphic words brought the battle-scene before us as vividly as any of Guerrazzi's eloquent

pages. His narration ended, he stopped, sighed, and then, briskly smiling as though he had put behind him all slaughterous deeds, remarked that times were changed now, and spoke of the great *festa* that had been held at Gavinana in 1847, when a deputation from Rome presented the town with a gorgeous banner in honour of the patriot's memory. San Marcello, too, had given one; and yearly ever since, on the Feast of Ascension, they are brought out and carried in solemn procession.

Afterwards, in the curate's house, we were shown these famous banners, records of the grand burst of national aspiration heralding the great struggle of national liberty and life in 1848. This we found was a special favour, for it is not for every one that the curate's sister will bring out these silken treasures laden with embroidery and gold lace. Indeed we had no little remorse for the trouble we were giving her when we saw her stripping off, for our benefit, the many layers of silver-paper in which these precious possessions lay enshrined. Here too was a collection of weapons dug up at different times on the battlefield—pike-heads, partizans, and daggers. In the visitors' album we found an interesting memorial of Guerrazzi's pilgrimage to Gavinana, at the time when that patriotic writer was collecting materials for his well-known historical romance *The Siege of Florence*, and his less known *Life of Francesco Ferruccio*. This consisted in a fervent rhapsody in the author's most forcible style, in which the spirit of Ferruccio is supposed to address the modern patriot, and sternly ask what has become of the Italian liberty for which he fought and died. Garibaldi's autograph, too, is here. His entry, as simple as it is characteristic, runs as follows:—

'To-day I have had the honour of visiting the spot where our greatest patriot fell.—G. GARIBALDI.'

JACOB'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRIENDS IN FUR AND FEATHERS,' &c.

It was a coast town in Wales, where the keep of a Norman castle and fragments of its shattered towers crown the cliffs above the sea, and from where, looking westward far away across fifty miles of bay, the shadowy range of Snowdon lies like a phantom land between sea and sky; here it was, that once upon a time, in a side street leading onwards to that 'castle by the sea,' I saw in the bleak March evening, with plumage shivering in the wind, the 'object of my memoir.'

He sat, a large white bird, with a sort of pensive mien, upon a peg above a door, and seemed like the poet's raven, sitting still for evermore; only he was a cockatoo, and nothing more. In much surprise at his humility, patience, trustworthiness, and all the other virtues which must have kept him sitting there, and also in great fear that he

must be catching cold, I stood and watched him for some time. He was not tied ; it was perfectly plain that he was sitting still for conscience' sake, and although cold and unhappy, it was very evident that he could be, and was, trusted to advertise himself as a saleable cockatoo, and that if he died of it, he would do it.

When spoken to, he gravely shut and opened alternately his large, round, black eyes, slightly shook his head, and buried his beak deeper into the soft white feathers of his neck.

I really felt very sorry for him. He had not long come over from cockatoo country, and no doubt the contrast between his old life and his present one was very hard to bear.

But as birds and beasts have a dreamland of their own, in which sorrow and joy come back to them as they do to us, this poor white bird could perhaps go home in his sleep ; so let us hope that when he shut up his black eyes, and, shivering and lonely in that poor back street, went fast asleep, he forgot the cold grey skies and bleak March wind, and thought he was far away in his forest home. He would be dreaming of the light and the shadow of mighty trees in the tropic sunshine, hear the ceaseless sound of bird and insect, and see the flashing of wings in hues of emerald, and topaz, and ruby, and, poor bird, perhaps remember that the happiest of all the happy creatures in that sunny land were his kinsmen the cockatoos. Did he, I wonder, remember in those dreams above the door, the chattering, screaming, scolding, and laughing of merry troops of birds fluttering from tree to tree, or swooping down in white squadrons upon a field of maize, or sleeping in the still, dark, tropic nights, nestled in the branches of the great Australian trees ?

The merriest of all the madcaps are the cockatoos, and when a robber hand took a pair of small down-covered nestlings, all beaks and eyes, from a hole in a decayed tree, and stole them away for ever from the forest and its happy ways, it would have been kinder to have wrung their necks and left them dead under the tree, than to have condemned them to a long-lived solitude, and perhaps a fifty years' captivity, for so long, and even longer, has many a captive cockatoo to live.

That poor fellow above the door had a metal ring round one leg, welded on like the manacles of a negro, to which had evidently been attached a chain. The wearing of this badge of slavery had probably gone far towards suppressing his hereditary high spirits, and helped to reduce him to the abject state of depression and humility in which I found him.

How far his admirable conduct was depression, and how far it was trustworthiness and conscientiousness, I do not know ; but he never once tried to get a little recreation by flying down, as he might have done. For weeks he sat as his own advertisement. I am not sure whether sitting there on duty, he thought he was not allowed even to speak when spoken to, but he certainly gradually unbent upon that point, and

began to acknowledge a passing good-morning by half-a-dozen rapid nods of the head, tossing forward as he did so his coronet of yellow feathers.

Into the management of this plume, he threw the whole range and expression of his feelings, much as a Spanish beauty expresses herself by the play of her fan. When that lemon-coloured plume was laid flat upon his back he was a dove; held half way up he was a proud and happy cockatoo. When tossed aloft, erect and stiff, he was a warrior in war paint, a fierce and ferocious bird, with a look of war to the knife expressed by the head-gear, which then exactly resembled the eagle-plume coronet on the head of an Indian brave.

It was about this time that I first heard his voice. In a sweet, faint whisper, he told me his name, repeating it over and over just as he repeated his bows, at least a dozen times, saying it as fast as he could speak. It was Jacob.

A more inappropriate name it was impossible to imagine, and as circumstances developed themselves, it proved to be even less to the purpose than was at first supposed.

Neither an English, Scotch, or Irish man would have called his cockatoo Jacob; but his master was a Welshman, and Jacob, catching his master's accent, spoke of himself in purest Welsh as Jaccob! But, as years went on, and he saw more of the world, he varied his accent. He was Portuguese, English, or Welsh, as the humour seized him, speaking in gruff tones or soft, with every inflexion of every voice that ever spoke to him. Sometimes shouting his own name from a tree-top with the strength of a man's voice, holloaing as he might have heard the sailors from the mast-head in a gale of wind, at other times whispering softly, with his head laid gently against some favourite face, repeating his name in all the tender tones that had been used to him, and saying over and over again, 'Pretty—pretty—pretty Jacob—Cookey's bird—pretty bird Jaccob.'

But all this was long after those hours of lonely waiting on the peg above the door.

Then came a day when Jacob was bought and sold, packed up in a basket, and sent inland to a new home.

He now belonged, black eyes, yellow crest, and all, to a lovely little girl, whose eyes were as blue as his own were black, but to whom, as his owner and liege lady, Jacob, I am sorry to say, never became a loyal bird.

It may be, that the first introduction of the subject to the sovereign was not managed skilfully. A veil of obscurity rests over this important part of my history, which has never been cleared up. Certain it is that something went wrong, for Jacob never got over the impression of that first interview, nor did his mistress.

They never really liked each other, and whether with a bite on one side, and a scream on the other, they mutually frightened each other, I do not know. Neither of them said anything about it, but neither of

them either forgot or forgave, and the child feared her bird from that time, and never loved him ; and no one knew that better than the bird himself.

When Jacob loved, it was with all his heart ; and first and best of all, he loved the writer of this o'er true tale ; next best, he loved the cook ; after her, the butler ; and last, though not least, he loved his little lady's lady-mother.

First impressions remain the strongest in birds' minds as in children's, or he would have loved the lady-mother first and best, as he ought to have done, for she it was who nursed him in illness, and cared for him unweariedly all his life. But he loved me first, and therefore best, because I was the first person who coaxed him out of his early sadness and put him into good spirits with himself and with all the world.

He came to me a moping, melancholy bird, afraid to move from his perch, saying nothing but his own name, and not daring to say that above a whisper.

He arrived on a long visit, and was as shy and demure as a child away from home for the first time ; he was so timid, that I thought the kindest thing to do was to feed him and leave him a good deal by himself ; but he found this monotonous, I suppose, for very soon he allowed me to smooth his crest, or with one finger put forwards the yellow plumes, whilst I stroked the bald head behind them with another. Jacob did not allow two hands about his head at this period of his career, and never really liked more than one hand at a time to touch him. His bald head was always one of his weak points, about which he was particularly tenacious.

That primrose plume, when displaced, showed a patch of naked skin, a tonsure as bald and bare as a Carmelite Friar's, and just as ugly. But, at last, finding that it was quite safe to be scratched on the top of the head, and very pleasant, he began to ask for a little rubbing under his wings ; and before very long, he thought that having his feathers rubbed the wrong way all over his head was the very pleasantest thing in the world.

From that time he trusted me implicitly, but no one else, not even the beloved cook, might rough up the beautiful plumage, or, as he allowed me to do, pull out his wings to show the long pinions tinted beneath with palest primrose to match his pretty crest.

But only one wing at a time ; it was an understood thing, and a point of honour, that one wing only should be stretched out, and another stipulation implied and strictly observed was, that although his crest might be ruffled up, or tossed up and down with impunity, it should never be taken hold of and held in the hand. Attempting to catch hold of that plume, and hold it in your fingers, was about as safe an experiment as to pull a Jew or Turk by the beard.

I think he must sometimes have caught cold in his bare head, when he left his plume up too long ; but if bare skin could give him a chill,

he must always have been catching cold, for he was all over bare patches,* of which the patch on his head was by no means the worst.

When all his feathers were in their place, his plumage was the perfection of beauty, and white as snow; but if a hand ruffled it, or the wind blew Jacob the wrong way, no half-plucked chicken could have looked more dishevelled and bare.

He was quite bare under his wings. No feather had ever grown or would grow there, and his back was in much the same plight. He looked half dressed, half finished, and perhaps he was, for did he not belong to that curious embryonic Australian fauna, of which all the four-footed things are born so unfinished, that they have to be carried by their mothers in side-pockets until they can begin life for themselves,—in that strange, new land, where things are not what they seem, where the crows sing sweetly, and so do the magpies, and a water-rat has webbed feet and a duck's beak, and is neither a rat nor a duck after all. But, like all the parrot family, Jacob, in spite of his partial state of undress, always seemed hot, as hot as if he was in a fever; and he must have been so, for when in good health he was able to bear a great deal of cold. He spent most of his days out of doors, both in winter and in summer.

In very cold or windy weather he remained on his perch in the servants' hall, a solitary and unhappy-looking misanthrope, but roused to fierceness sometimes when the big brown dog came to pick up and carry away the *débris* of his chicken-bones.

He was a hard-working bird, like nearly all the parrot tribe, and, like the rest of his race, had a natural turn for carpentry. Neither chisel nor saw could do better work than that strong beak of his, when he had a mind to eat through the back of a chair, make a great gap in the edge of a table, or saw off the corners of his perch at both ends.

His greatest feat in this way was making a huge excavation into the post of the kitchen door, and the wall by the side of it. It occupied him all through the bad weather of a very wild winter.

He used to sit still and demure upon his perch, until the hall was free from all observers, especially the big dog and his companions, and then scrambling down as fast as he could, he walked with great strides across the room and down a passage to his work. Here he had again to reconnoitre, and, if the coast was clear, cook and kitchen-maid not to be seen, and all quiet, with beak and claws, hand over hand, like a sailor going up a mast, he scrambled up the back of the kitchen door, cleverly using the various ledges on its surface to help himself up by.

The top of the door brought him to the level of his work, and then he began tearing off mortar, undermining small stones, or sawing at wood, until, in the course of a few weeks, he had a large hole nearly a yard square, deep into the wall.

But he never got through the wall, or made the postern-gate he intended for his own use, to go in and out as he liked when cook and her satellites shut the back door.

* Probably from eating meat.—ED.

All this he did under the most immense difficulties, for it was not to be supposed that the mess and destruction was approved of even by Jacob's warmest friends, who, however, in their affection for him and their pride in his ability and energy, must certainly have connived at what he was doing. Nobody wanted a hole in the back wall, but still the work went on.

When those in authority passed that way, and remarks were inevitable, cook, kitchen-maid, and dairy-maid, Jacob's good friends and true, all were on the alert, and then might be heard amongst strong appeals to him in Welsh to 'come down that moment,' a scuffling which brought a mass of white feathers tumbling down behind the door, and then, covered with dust and mortar, Jacob would shake himself up together, and throwing as much dignity and decorum into his manner as circumstances admitted of, would return to his perch in the hall with a measured if rather hurried step.

Very much he must have felt the indignity of these proceedings, for nothing could equal the pride of his carriage on ordinary occasions, as he walked with head erect and long steps, a model of that old-fashioned, long-extinct grace our grandmothers and their dancing-masters called deportment. He always reminded me of Hardicanute, when—

'Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west.'

But to return to this matter of the hole. It became so serious at last, and the danger to the excavator himself of being squeezed behind the door so imminent, that strong measures had to be taken. A coat of coal tar was, I believe, put all over Jacob's work. He was much too clever to get himself into such a mess of being tarred and feathered, as, if he had persevered, he must have done, so he gave it up; his winter's work went for nothing, and he moped in the hall until he found something else to do. Sometimes when tired of being idle and alone, he would present himself with his stately step and crest erect upon the floor of the neighbouring kitchen. Arrived there, he reconnoitred all corners for cats and dogs that might be lurking about, and seeing that all was as it should be, big dog asleep, cats gone, and nothing in the way to his own especial chair, he would walk across to it, and in a moment be on the back of it, ready to flatter the cook, kiss the kitchen-maid, and defy the big dog as soon as he awoke.

Upon the back of that chair he reigned supreme. Cook and her satellites were his slaves, and he knew it. Homage came to him in the form of chicken-bones, fat bits of bacon, pastry, sugar, anything which 'cookey' thought would conciliate her bird; what she called 'crackling of pork' being, according to her, the surest way to reach his heart.

All that he did was right as long as he sat upon that chair, and petted and applauded for every shout and antic, he took infinite pains to make himself amusing. From his eyrie he could see over the kitchen table,

and when in anxiety about something he saw there, a bit of pork after his own heart, or a chicken-bone, which, if he did not mention it and dance for it, might go to the dog, in his excitement he addressed his subjects and slaves with an audacity of flattery far more worthy of a courtier than a king.

'Pretty, pretty, pretty cook,' used to ring over the kitchen; or whispered low, in sweetest tones, 'Cookey's own bird, Jaccob—dance for cookey;' and the dance, which he must have learnt from his friends the Cannibals, lasted until the bone came.

I think the natives in Australia call it the Corrobory, and Jacob's performance of it was something in this fashion. Suddenly stiffening himself all over, he walked slowly backwards and forwards up and down the perch, chattering some heathenish gibberish in a very low tone. This was the *andante* movement, executed on the truest principles of art, as a prelude to what was coming.

The allegro which followed was danced with changing feet, to which the beautiful white wings kept time as they opened and shut, or, still and stiff for a few moments, were held erect above the dancer's head. It was a perfect *pas-de-fascination*, and nothing could be prettier or more coquettish, so far.

But love and war, which have, I suppose, inspired all the dancing in this world from the Corrobory to the polka, both found expression in Jacob's *répertoire*; and so, having finished his *pas-de-fascination*, he began, what for a better name, I must call, his *pas-d'exécution*.

He suddenly seemed to see a foe, and so perfect was his acting, that every feather stiffened, and his eyes grew fierce as he stared straight before him, talking gibberish all the while as fast as he could speak.

At this point of the ballet all depended upon the amount of applause the actor received. If his audience proved sympathetic, and encouraged him with words and laughter, he became more and more excited, stepping up and down, flinging his plume forwards as if he would fling his head off, talking louder and louder, until he screeched like an Indian squaw, and then, stiffening in a moment, he would pretend to see his foe upon the ground, and, with redoubled shrieks, would fling himself head downwards, clinging on with his feet to the chair, flapping his great white wings in triumph over the enemy, whom I always thought he pretended to see killed and lying dead upon the floor.*

* 'The Corrobory, like many of the habits of the Australian savage, is unknown, I believe, in other parts of the world, and is always performed in the evening, when the blacks muster for the occasion in great numbers, and paint their bodies with pipe-clay and red ochre. They occupy themselves from dusk until it is dark in piling up stumps of trees, boughs, and bark, which, when night is pretty well advanced, they set fire to, and when the blaze is at its highest the Corrobory dance commences to the shouting of old women and the beating of sticks. From the side which is most dark and obscure, the painted figures of the men come forward one by one and form into lines. The immense blaze that proceeds from the fire is so dazzling that all beyond its immediate neighbourhood is dark as Erebus; the savages who rush

He usually finished off with a quiet *pas-seul* upon the top of the chair ; but a word or a laugh was sufficient to send him off again into the war-dance, and with a toss of his plume and a shriek, he would begin the second and favourite act of the ballet all over again.

Then came his reward, a shower of kisses, and anything and everything to eat that he liked best ; and although he had danced for glory and not for gain, he by no means despised the scraps of pastry which came to him alternately with the kisses of his cook.

In that realm of good things, where in winter Jacob lived so much, temptation became at times too strong for even his high principles. That eyrie of his upon the chair overlooked a table too often strewn with all the things his heart loved best ; the very things he begged for, and danced for, the desirable bits of pastry and the delectable scraps of pork, might now and then be seen left unattended, unguarded, before his very eyes. Between him and happiness, conscience and the cook were the sole impediments. A scramble down the chair-back and he would have the world before him ; and so it sometimes happened that on a return to her dominions, cook found a scene of havoc of which her 'beloved and only bird' formed the centre, and upon the sight of which she addressed him in tones whose shrillness was only to be equalled by his own war-cries.

Upon his arrival on the table, his way of going to work was to plunge his beak into everything, and fling away to the right and left what he did not like. In this way a beautiful jelly or cream would disappear ; or he would empty a dish of meat with his strong beak much as a navvy would empty a cart with a shovel. He would then go on to clear the table of everything that was not too hot or too heavy for him to lift or drag to the edge, and after having flung down spoons and knives and forks, he would laboriously pull or push any small piece of crockery to the side of the table, and seeing it satisfactorily smashed upon the stone floor, would go for something more to throw down. He worked fast and eagerly, never resting until all the mischief that could be done had been done, or until a heavy footfall warned him that he had to face his fate. He never shirked conse-

swiftly before the bonfire appear to rise from the earth. Their movements, which are at first slow, soon become quick and fantastical, their eyes glare fearfully, and are all constantly directed towards one unseen object, and as the excitement increases they jump up perpendicularly, and with a simultaneous movement, always taking care to keep time to the shouting and beating of sticks. Their gestures and attitudes are of the wildest kind, and the Corrobory is not unlike what one might imagine of a ballet executed by the denizens of the Zoological Gardens. The women, who are not allowed to partake in the Corrobory dance, sit silent or applauding spectators, and the young men skip about with extra ferocity when they hear the "bongerais" (bravo) of the women.—(J. O. Ralfour.)

The above account, read some time after the description of Jacob's ballet was written, is confirmatory of the opinion that his dance *was* the Corrobory, copied perhaps by his ancestors from midnight observations in the gum-trees ; but whether the original idea belongs to the Cannibals or to the Cockatoos, Darwin alone can tell.

quences, however, but shaking himself and tossing forward his plume, rose to the emergency of the occasion, and bravely strode forward to meet and defy the furious and outraged cook. What she said to him and of him on these occasions it is not for me to say, but perhaps she may be forgiven, in consideration that strong language and a dish-cloth were the only available weapons at command.

No one durst touch the culprit, as he shrieked defiance and refused to let any one come within arm's length of him, and so remained master of the situation, until lassoed by cook with the dish-cloth, he was carried off blindfolded and bundled up in her apron a crestfallen captive to his solitary perch, and left alone to think over his sins in the servants' hall.

There he had to sit, sulky and silent, hearing from everybody who passed by what a wicked, naughty bird he had been, until, burying his beak in his chest, he moped, the picture of misery and remorse—the most crestfallen and unhappy of birds. Then, after some hours of sulks, came penitence; and as a penitent, Jacob was perfect. Whether, like his ballet-dancing, his penitence was a little *scena* of admirable acting, I never quite knew, but in its way it was quite as pretty; and certainly nothing more sweetly conciliatory, more meek, and loving, and deprecatory, than his way of begging pardon was ever seen. He said he was sorry in every look and gesture; in token of humility, his crest of course was lowered, but his beautiful black eyes actually looked sad with unshed tears. The tears never fell, but there they were, wet and glistening. He had the strangest way of sobbing when either very glad or very sorry, and when asking forgiveness he would lean his head against a person's face, kissing and crying just as a child might do, and with just the same convulsive sobs that follow a fit of childish tears.

It took a long time to reassure him, poor fellow, and many kisses and tender words; and it seemed as if he had to forgive himself after he was quite sure he had been forgiven; or perhaps he was sorry for himself, for he relapsed into sobs at a word of pity, and not until he ventured to gently erect the primrose plume, and give himself an apologetic sort of shake to tidy his ruffled feathers, was he himself again. But the rest of the day he remained in a subdued frame of mind, did not dance, and spoke doucely, seeming quite to understand that any show of hilarity would be misplaced, and might possibly be misunderstood.

Jacob's time was never much taken up by his toilette. Unlike most birds, he never seemed to think all his spare moments must be spent in preening his plumes, or pulling his beautiful pinions through his beak. A good shake generally set him all to rights, if not very dirty indeed from the effects of hard work, for, like all the parrots, he had a natural cosmetic, which seemed to have the effect of keeping his plumage clean. It was a kind of hair-powder, and no belle of olden days, or footman of modern, ever wore it in such profusion. It

whitened a hand that stroked or ruffled up his feathers, and a shake sent powder and fluff flying about in all directions.

Three or four times in his life my bird came to pay me a long visit—a good old-fashioned visit—of four or five months' duration. He came attended by two men, carried across the country held aloft on his pole like the eagle on the Standard of the Roman Legion. No chain bound him or string tied him, as, swaying about in a stately fashion, he balanced himself on his pole. He and his devoted friend the old butler formed the vanguard of the procession; behind, followed the bearer of all his worldly possessions, tins and cups and such like things; while the rear was brought up by three or four dogs, who followed through wood and wild as well as circumstances and the distraction of dozens of rabbits would allow them.

Upon his arrival at his destination, after a short fit of the prettiest shyness, Jacob was always delighted to find himself in his new quarters. He made his way all over the house, and if he had heard my voice, never rested until he found me. Presenting himself at the door with his crest up, he walked forwards with long solemn steps. He always crossed a room as a steeple-chase rider crosses a country, and choosing a direct line, he took his fences as they came, clambering laboriously up the chairs and over them, and over the tables and down again, until beak, and claws, and determination had brought him to my feet. Once there, he soon hauled himself sailor-fashion up to my shoulder, and pressing his face to mine, congratulated himself and me upon our happy meeting in the gentlest little kisses and tenderest tones of voice.

Once only was Jacob in disgrace in those happy visits. That fatal propensity of his for pork was the occasion of his fall. The temptation this time was in the novel form of brawn; and so it was, that having left him one minute upon his perch, I found him the next in another room, devouring in hot haste one side of the brawn, while my beautiful little terrier tore away at the other side.

Chloe, who, until her acquaintance with Jacob, had never done a wrong thing in her life, sprang from the table, and the other culprit slipped, in ignominious haste, tail forwards, with claws and beak down the corner of the table-cloth, and walked away—bird and dog looking as guilty a pair as might be seen upon a summer day.

In one of his steeple-chases across the room, he one day found on a table a large old ivory-handled seal, smooth and nearly oval in shape. He carried it about for some time in his beak, evidently in great delight and excitement. At last, placing it very carefully in a corner, he pulled and pushed the table-cover into hills and valleys all round the seal, and sat upon it.

So then we saw the dear bird thought he had made a nest, and had got an egg, and was going to hatch it. He placed and turned it with his beak, and ruffled his feathers over it as cleverly as if he was an old barn-door hen. Not that he ever sat very long, but he was always

delighted to see the seal whenever it was shown him, and again and again repeated the little experiment of trying to hatch it.

Swinging in the tree-tops, Jacob saw and heard many things which he reproduced again in private life.

There was one part of the routine of country-house existence which must have interested him immensely, for at one time he was always rehearsing what he seemed to think was a scene of unutterable amusement. Never was he so excited as over this little drama, and shrieks of laughter used to come from the tree-tops between the acts. Killing a pig, according to Jacob's observation, was a tragedy in three acts. Act the first implied the catching of poor piggie amidst a chorus of squeals. Only those who unwittingly have passed by at such a crisis in real life could appreciate the rendering of the next two acts and all that followed; how piggie would *not* be killed, and how, after all, he was killed, until the last notes of remonstrance having died away, he was quite dead; all this was heard to the last echo, and celebrated with peals of laughter and calls for the actor, as he shouted his own name to the winds at the close of the performance.

Fortunately he generally chose a tall tree and a windy morning for these rehearsals, so the ear-piercing screams of the dying porker were more endurable than they otherwise might have been. Pig-killing must have some abstract attraction for cockatoos, for Jacob is the second bird of his race I have heard of who got the whole mystery by heart.

Never was there so diligent a bird; with only a beak for hammer and saw, pick-axe and shovel, he did the work of a carpenter, collier, and navvy. Excavator, may or may not be the true derivation and signification of 'navvy:' if it is, then Jacob's excavations in the earth-banks might well have won for him the title; and his tunnels in the coal-yard showed what he was able and anxious to do as a collier. Nothing delighted him like that dirty and dangerous colliery work. Day after day, unless shut up, he went back to toil at undermining great lumps of coal, and how he escaped being buried alive no one could imagine.

Whilst he was labouring like a slave, an army of idle and inquisitive chickens, and a flock of querulous turkeys, were always loitering about, trying to see what he was doing. Patiently digging away at his holes, he bore with their presence for a time, but when too near or too noisy, he wheeled round, and stalking towards them with long strides, crest erect, and stiffened plumage, he put them to the rout from mere fright, by simply staring with indignation and astonishment expressed in every feather. If this did not scatter them at once, half-a-dozen screams very soon did. The turkey-cock himself could not stand one of Jacob's prolonged and excruciating war-cries.

When he sallied forth out of the coals, however, the contrast between his natural and assumed dignity and his disgracefully dirty face and blackened feathers was most absurd.

Except when confined to that penal settlement of his, the servants' hall, he was nearly always out of doors. He sometimes made his way across the trees of his home woods for nearly a mile, scrambling from the branches of one tree to those of another, and home again by the same aerial road. And lucky for him he did so, for many a summer saw an 'earth' that side of the Park, and Jacob, looking down, must often have seen the waving of the bracken, as the vixen-fox crept through to her cubs, to whom, had he descended upon *terra-firma*, she would most certainly have presented him.

When he got into a tree, he always, if he meant to stop any time in it, did one of two things—he either bit off all the smaller branches, or made holes in the trunk. This kind of carpentry upon ornamental trees was not to be endured, so he had a tree assigned to him now and then, where he was ordered to stop, and where he might work as long as he liked.

Latterly, he chiefly lived in a large old ash-tree which had been given to him, and which in the course of time he tunnelled into whole catacombs of caverns. There was more sentiment about Jacob's hard work than appeared at first sight. The fact was, in his own mind he was making future drawing-rooms, store-rooms, and nurseries. In just such holes had he been reared, and in these very holes he hoped, no doubt, some day, to see some little cockatoos in one of his best and largest caverns. It was not quite such a wild idea as it seemed, for a cockatoo nursery existed some few years ago in an English park, and for weeks two little nestlings looked out from the hollows of an old tree, where they were fed and attended to by their father, a white cockatoo, who had chosen a rose-coloured cockatoo for his bride.

Jacob usually went up to his work at nine o'clock and toiled until tea-time; often quite out of sight in the holes, but coming out in answer to a call, and coming down headlong, with beak and claws helping him, as soon as he descried his ally, the kitchen-maid, approaching to fetch him to his five-o'clock tea.

During his summer visit to me, he lived in a large old birch-tree, so nearly dead that he could not do much to hasten its end; he was allowed to saw as he liked at it, and it was a *pièce-de-resistance* which weeks of work told little upon.

But when upon this tree, for some reason or other, he was not so fond of work, and preferred dancing and talking, or swinging head downwards at the end of the long pendant branches. Up there his great delight was to astonish the crows and frighten the magpies into fits. His talking and dancing was at first an intense and increasing interest to the ignorant crows and unsophisticated magpies. They eawed, and chattered, and flew about him, as day after day he appeared in the birch-tree, and Jacob excelled himself, apparently, in his efforts to amuse them. They came swooping down upon him, until their wings nearly brushed his feathers, and when the excitement was at the highest, without a word of warning Jacob uttered his terrific shriek,

and flinging himself upside down, hung by his feet, flapping his wings wildly, and screeching like a demoniac. Away flew the birds with many a croak of fright and horror, and then up sprang Jacob, shouting his own name after them with what sounded like peals of laughter.

Day after day I saw this performance from my window, until having been repeated too often, it evidently had to be given up because the rest of the actors would not come. The crows had found the great foreigner out, and as to the magpies, they would sit upon the same bough and chatter at him.

From that ivy and rose-wreathed window opposite the birch-tree, through the summer nights I could hear the wild birds on the bog; the sweet wild whistling of curlew and snipe, the cries of plover, and the jarring note of the goat-sucker singing his spinning-wheel song; while all day long there was singing from the larks and linnets on the uplands, and the song-birds in the wood.

Various were the guests that knew their way to that window, some coming from the air, and some by a highway of their own finding amongst the branches of rose and ivy. The quaintest pair that came were my moor-buzzards; many a time, they wheeled with a musical cry, circling in the sky, and as they heard my call, flew lower and lower, and folded their wings at last upon the window-ledge. There the tamest of blackbirds flew in and out; and up, by the way of the ivy, came other guests. A slight shaking of the leaves meant that the squirrel was coming, while a louder noise betokened that Jacob had followed. It must have been a perilous clamber and a very troublesome one for a great bird like him, but having once found the way (upon his usual steeple-chase principles of going on and over all obstacles), he preferred this over-land route by the window as the most direct road to the point he had to make for, his perch in the hall. He and the squirrel both made a viaduct of the bannister, and seldom went down the stairs.

There were days when Jacob steadily refused to come in at all, and having made up his mind to be out all night, clambered into the top of one of the highest trees, and declined to answer when spoken to. This was at home, for he never heard my voice without answering, and coming down if I called him. He first of all shouted from the top of the tree, where he was lost in the foliage, to tell me he was coming, and, waiting below, I could see him walking as fast as he could down the boughs, or swinging from the smaller branches, until he reached a point where a step would place him in safety upon my hand or shoulder, and then, with wings raised for a moment, like a falcon preparing for flight, he stooped his head to kiss me, repeating his own name in all his most winning tones.

It was always the same; after an absence of weeks or months, he showed the same delight at the sound of my voice, sobbing sometimes like a child if I had been long away, as he bent his pretty head and pressed it to my face, to be stroked and kissed. Ah! no wonder old

Buffon says of what he calls *Les Kakatoës*, that 'in all their movements there is a sweetness and grace which adds to their beauty.' *

Gifted with such strong powers of affection and of memory, what must these poor birds suffer, who, like some of their race, living fifty or sixty years, outlive the love and the lives of many masters!

A whole row of such sufferers may be seen and sympathised with any day, by any one who is good enough to go and call upon them in the parrot-house in the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. By the cards upon their cages, and still more by the observations they make, you soon see that you have before you the pets of many people. Probably they have all been the pets of a household, and the various words in which they are trying to attract your notice are the old lessons carefully taught by their lost masters. The very tones, are echoes of voices that may have been heard forty or fifty years ago, and perhaps are heard now no more for ever.

In one cage, a pretty rose-coloured bird with a cracked voice (evidently her old mistress's), is earnestly saying something over and over again about tea and toast, while a fine fellow, with saffron-tinted plumage, as he presses his head imploringly against the bars, is talking naughty words, as *his* master used to do in the years that are gone, while he occasionally begs you to 'Scratch his Poll' as he calls it; but most of these poor birds sit still and silent, in hopeless, melancholy dullness. They all look as if they were depressed and had bad headaches, as probably they have in that perfect pandemonium of evil sounds and noises.

But why need they be shut up in isolation and idleness in small barred cages? why not give them a wired enclosure, with an old tree in it for nesting and carpentry, and let them enjoy life as a happy commune of cockatoos?

This long life of theirs makes them an embarrassing possession to their owners. Pets which live half a century ought to be left annuities, and might as well be mentioned in marriage settlements, as they may very likely prove the sole survivors of the household, and have a long life before them when all their friends are dead and gone. So, to the lawyers of England, and the owners of all the cockatoos in it, I commend the suggestion for the sake of Jacob, and the well-being of all his kinsmen.

Captivity and poverty both equally make us acquainted with strange company, and Jacob met with some very queer company in his day.

A fellow captive, of whom, however, he saw very little, lived an obscure sort of lonely life in the kitchen garden.

He was a far grander bird than Jacob, a swallow-tailed kite, and one of the finest of his nearly extinct race.

The wild, and wonderfully sweet cry, which startled one sometimes

* "Ces perroquets kakatoës apprennent difficilement à parler, mais on en est dédommagé par la facilité de leur éducation. On les apprivoise tous aisément. Ils ont dans tous leurs mouvemens une douceur et une grâce qui ajoutent à leur beauté."

in the garden, should have been heard in the air, in the fair blue sky, as the bird sailed upon its broad wings above the rocks and the waterfalls; but there he was, gathering slugs amongst the cabbages, while his poor pinioned wings could not bear him even above the garden walls.

How far Jacob was known to this magnificent bird in a friendly way, I do not know, but to his sorrow, he made a much too intimate acquaintance with another fellow-prisoner.

Two more incongruous creatures to meet taking a walk in a wood, than a Queensland cockatoo and a Cardiganshire otter, could not possibly be thought of.

How they met, and where, was never quite known. Most likely Jacob, who had always found that dignity and deportment made a great impression upon big dogs, thought the otter was a new dog, and that he would go up to him and frighten him; and it is supposed that the otter, not at all impressed, and equally mistaken, thinking he saw before him a great white chicken, made a spring and caught him by the back in his murderous jaws.

The fierce, half-tamed creature, was seen coming towards the house in his curious undulating gallop, carrying a great white thing in his mouth. He was caught as he was trying to make his way up the steps leading to the hall-door, and then, instead of a chicken or turkey-poult, as was supposed, the blood-dabbled lump of feathers was found to be all that was left of poor Jacob; not dead, but as nearly so as possible.

The savage creature could hardly be made to loose his hold, but when at last the bird was released, it was found that he was very much injured, and that the otter had actually bitten a great piece out of his back.

He was laid on cotton-wool in a basket, poor bird, to die in peace; but the bleeding stopped, and although he suffered terribly, it very soon became certain that he did not mean to die.

In a few days, when his wounds were a little better, he intimated a wish to sit once more upon a perch (always a great step in the convalescence of a bird), and so he was lifted up and placed upon an impromptu perch in the shape of a towel-stand, and there he remained for several weeks, the most grateful of patients to the most tender of nurses, very sorry for himself, but anxious to show pleasure for all that was done for him.

At last, his kind mistress had her reward, and her bird, well enough to descend from his towel-stand, walked out of doors, happy as a king, but shabby as a scare-crow.

The otter by that time was dead and gone, so Jacob took to his old ways, and living his open-air life in the woods, became well and strong, and as fearless as ever.

Time, which clears up all things, at last threw light upon some things, of which in our philosophy we had never dreamed.

Coming events casting their shadows before, should have helped us in divining what the true state of things was, but as it happened, we were helped by neither philosophy, observation, nor divination, until an all-important, and altogether unexpected event, showed that we had been under a delusion of twenty years standing.

Jacob laid an egg !

The announcement was received for the most part, as might have been expected, with incredulity, almost scorn.

Of course the hearers of the story were divided into the clear-headed, who utterly refused the whole as a myth, and the credulous, who being fond of wonders, half believed and half hoped it might be true.

Had not middle-aged lady parrots of fifty years old, and upwards, laid eggs in all ages, although, even were that so, the fact would throw only a very reflected light upon the present crisis, but still in a state of perfect perplexity it was something to dwell upon.

We were so totally unprepared for such a thing. Coming events in the form of the table-cloth nest and the ivory egg had taught us nothing ! The conclusions of half a lifetime seemed a delusion if that egg was Jacob's egg, because if it was his egg, he could not be Jacob, and if he was not Jacob, who could he be ? As nothing helped to lessen the bewilderment, we could only hope that if he had done it, he would never do it again ; but that is just what he did do, he laid *another egg !*

In the face of this fact, incredulity itself succumbed. And now, what was to be done ?

An effort to re-adjust all our ideas and opinions had to be made at once, but a belief of twenty years growth is not so easily up-rooted. As we tried to think of Jacob by the light of this revelation, everything grew unreal ; the dear bird began, himself, to fade off into a myth, and with his lost identity, some of his prestige was lost also ; who could love an abstraction ?

An attempt at reconciling fact and feeling, was made by speaking of him, for some time, as Mrs. Jacob ; but although a really conscientious compromise, it was not very successful, and was gradually dropped. But it was not long before he was Jacob again to everybody, not quite the same dear bird, perhaps at first, to anybody, but he won his way back to his old place in our thoughts, and was dearer than ever before he died. For alas ! the usual ending of all pets was to be his also—disaster and death. Whether the cold March winds had chilled him, or the ivy-berries poisoned him, no one knew ; he died after two or three days of pain.

And now what is left of Jacob ? A white pinion from a wing, and a few primrose plumes from a crest, which we treasure as relics of this dearest of birds, and call *his* feathers, although we know they were *hers* ; but feeling is still too strong for fact, and Jacob is not to his friends, and never will be, what he is and always was, to the world, not Jacob at all—but a Hen-Cockatoo !

Spider Subjects.

Inez and Don Quixote have done best with the Ptolemies, each taking one; Roma, careful; A Bee, good; Hurdy-gurdy, A. D., fair; Lethe has confused Ptolemy Lagos the king, with Ptolemy Claudius the astronomer; and what does she mean by seventy-two versions forming the Septuagint?

HISTORY OF THE TWO FIRST PTOLEMIES.

Ptolemy I. (Lagos, or Soter).

PTOLEMY LAGOS, so called from the name of his father, a Macedonian of obscure position, was certainly one of the wisest men of his time; almost the only one of all the self-constituted heirs of Alexander the Great who did not risk the best part of the prize by an attempt to seize the whole. Uniting with the qualities of a wary and far-sighted statesman such a military capacity as made him the most uniformly successful general of his age, he was ever the most prosperous, because the ablest, of the numerous founders of new dynasties who sprang up at this period.

The historical part of his career may be said to have begun immediately after the death of Alexander, his previous life, though interesting, belonging rather to biography than to history. At the period referred to, Ptolemy was second to none in the king's affection and esteem; and after the death of his friend, this generally recognised fact threatened to become a danger to him, owing to the jealousy of the regent Perdiccas, the general to whom the dying monarch had given his ring. The danger indeed was only averted by the prudence and tact of the son of Lagos, who attached himself at once, with apparent confidence, to the party of the very man whom he had the most reason to dread. It was Ptolemy who, seeing the impossibility of retaining Alexander's unwieldy empire in its integrity, suggested dividing it among the generals, taking care to secure for himself the rich and important province of Egypt, whither he immediately retired.

His first act there was one of much policy, namely, the execution of Cleomenes, the chief officer in that country. By this step he not only rid himself of a dangerous rival, but also won the hearts of the Egyptians, who had been exasperated by the extortions of Cleomenes, and gained for himself the vast treasure which that minister had thus illegally amassed. Ptolemy's next care was to strengthen himself for the struggle with Perdiccas which he saw was impending, and for this purpose he entered into a secret league with Antipater, the general to whose share had fallen the province of Macedon; he also acquired considerable prestige by inducing Arrhidias to convey the body of Alexander for interment to Egypt instead of Greece.

In 321 the expected war broke out. Perdiccas invaded Egypt, but found that naturally defenceless country strongly fortified at the mouths of the Nile. And the danger soon blew over, for a mutiny broke out in the invading army; Perdiccas, who was a most unpopular leader, was murdered by some of his own officers, and the whole army transferred its allegiance to Ptolemy. With characteristic prudence he declined the offer of the regency, which was bestowed upon Arrhidias and Pithon; of course at the consequent adjustment of lands the

regent of Egypt was confirmed in all his possessions, including Cyrene, which he had taken before the war with Perdiccas. In 320 Ptolemy invaded and took the generally-coveted provinces of Phœnicia and Cœlo-Syria, which included Palestine; taking Jerusalem by attacking it on the Sabbath, when the Jews were incapacitated for defence. However, he proved a good and considerate ruler.

The next year Antipater died, and a formidable rival to Ptolemy arose in the person of Antigonus, now regent of Syria, who indeed spent most of his life, quite to old age, at war with Ptolemy. The war began soon after the death of Antipater, and was carried on with varying success for a long time. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the principal events: the siege and capture of Tyre by Antigonus (though this was afterwards retaken), and the taking of Cyprus by Ptolemy, and of Babylon by his ally Seleucus, who had taken refuge from Antigonus at the Egyptian court.

After a very short suspension of hostilities Ptolemy recommenced the war in 310, on the pretext of Antigonus having broken some clause of the treaty. Again success was pretty equally balanced; but the naval superiority which, on the whole, Ptolemy had maintained in the first war, was quite lost in the famous battle of Salamis, in Cyprus (306), in which the Egyptian fleet was entirely defeated. Yet it was after this battle that Ptolemy first took the title of king, not to be outdone by Antigonus, who had taken this means of commemorating his victory. The invasion of Egypt by Antigonus and his son Demetrius (surnamed the Destroyer of Cities, from his fame as a general) met with no better success than that of Perdiccas, the same means of defence being employed; but after this Ptolemy took but a small share in the hostilities which had now become general. It was at this time (304) that he received from the gratitude of the Rhodians the title of 'Soter,' he having rescued them when the island was attacked by Demetrius. In 301 his old enemy, Antigonus, was killed in the battle of Ipsus; but the once refugee, Seleucus, had now become a rival almost as formidable, and he was an object of distrust to Ptolemy for the rest of his life, though the two monarchs stopped short of actual hostilities.

At the court of Ptolemy, at this time, we find a young exiled prince, who, like so many others, had found hospitality and protection at the court of Alexandria, and whom the King of Egypt afterwards assisted to regain his kingdom; and the name of Pyrrhus of Epirus seems to form a sort of link between the histories of the two great European nations of antiquity—between the dying power of Greece and the rising strength of Rome.

The remaining wars of Ptolemy's reign were principally confined to assisting such nations and cities as were at open war with his own enemies, as when he sent help to the Greeks against Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, who had become King of Macedon in 287. But by this time Ptolemy was a very old man, and two years afterwards, in 285, he determined on securing the succession to Ptolemy, the son of his best-loved wife Berenice (the Berenice whose votive offering of her beautiful hair gave its name to the constellation 'Berenice's Hair'). To do this he set aside his two elder sons, and, though some of his counsellors were strongly opposed to this alteration, the choice was generally approved by the Egyptians, with whom the young prince was very popular, and Ptolemy the younger was admitted to a share in the government at once. It is uncertain whether after this the old

king took any active part in the government; and two years later (B.C. 283) he died at the age of eighty-three, and was buried at Alexandria, the city of whose future greatness he himself had laid the foundation.

Ptolemy's claim to distinction as a patron of literature and the arts must not be forgotten. He himself wrote a very accurate history of Alexander's campaigns, valuable as being related by an eye-witness; and to him must be given the praise of the idea and foundation of those great works the Museum and Library of Alexandria, which his son afterwards brought to perfection.

Among the celebrated men with whom his court was crowded may be mentioned particularly Euclid, and the rival painters Antiphras and Apelles.

INEZ.

Ptolemy II. (Philadelphus).

THE chosen successor to the dominions of Ptolemy Soter was the youngest of his three sons, who bore his name, being, however, distinguished in history by the surname 'Philadelphus.' This title was given him, as some say, in derision, owing to his cruel conduct to his brothers, but, according to himself, because of his affection for his sister Arsinoë, whom he eventually married. Two causes probably contributed to the partiality thus evinced by the founder of the late Egyptian monarchy. One was the fact that Philadelphus was the son of his favourite wife Berenice; the other, the mental qualities of the young prince himself, in whom his father doubtless detected the makings of the twofold character in which he himself excelled, that, namely, of a statesman and a man of letters. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that Soter's choice was a popular one. Philadelphus was invested with the regal power B.C. 285, and exercised it, at least to some extent, during the last three years of his father's life. His reign was untroubled by any internal disturbances, with the exception of the rebellion of his half-brother, Magas, Viceroy of Cyrene under Soter, who, after the death of that monarch, aspired to independence. This quarrel was at last amicably settled by the establishment of Magas in the possession of the Cyreniac, and, the usual outcome of a treaty, the betrothal of his infant daughter, Berenice, to the king's son. His chief foreign wars were brought about by his hostility to the Macedonian power, which led him to assist the Greeks in their struggles to free themselves from its dominion. Thus, for instance, we find him in 278 assisting them against Antigonus Gonatas, King of Macedon, the son of Demetrius Poliorcetes. And towards the close of his reign the formation of the Achæan League gave him a further opportunity of harassing his enemy by taking part in it against the great bulk of the Greek states, who were at that time under the power of Macedon. A struggle in which he was engaged during the greater part of his reign with Antiochus III. for the possession of Cælo-Syria was at length concluded by its cession to Ptolemy. These events, together with an alliance which he formed with Rome, and to which he adhered firmly during the period of the First Punic War, constitute the history of the foreign policy of his reign; we must now therefore turn to consider his internal government. This was wholly beneficial to his people, both Greeks and Egyptians, though he contented himself pretty well with granting the latter certain privileges and preserving

them from oppression, his whole sympathy and confidence being given to his Greek subjects. Philadelphus strengthened his power by an alliance with the neighbouring country of Æthiopia, whence he was the first to procure elephants. He was also an explorer and a planter of colonies, sending one of his captains on a voyage of discovery along the coast of the Red Sea and founding several cities on its shores, and in other parts of Africa for purposes of trade. Almost all these cities bore the names of his two favourite sisters, Berenice and Arsinoë. Another act of his which must have been of great service was the destruction of a horde of bandits who infested Upper Egypt. But his name is perhaps best known in connection with literature, through the translation of the Old Testament called the 'Septuagint,' accomplished, according to tradition, by his orders; and through the Library of Alexandria, which, although probably commenced by his father, nevertheless owed its celebrity to the interest and exertions of Philadelphus. He also studied natural history, having in his own palace and gardens a collection of rare and curious animals. As in the time of Soter, the court of Egypt was the resort of many of the most learned men of the age. Altogether Egypt has never perhaps, from the days of the Pharaohs up to the present time, enjoyed such prosperity as she did under this monarch. But when from the sovereign we turn to the character of the man, we see the darker side of the picture. An Oriental and a heathen, his life was such as the former condition, unrestrained by any higher motive afforded by religion, was naturally calculated to foster. He died B.C. 246, aged sixty-three years, leaving his kingdom to his son Ptolemy Evergetes.

DON QUIXOTE.

The Battle-songs are much better this time. Cape Jasmine is, on the whole, best, but she makes short work of the Greeks, on whom K. M. B. is very good, as also on the Americans; Polypodium has the Allelujah victory; President is so excellent on Scotch and English ones that we wish we had room for them, but she omits all between English and Scriptural ones; L. S. R. and Alert, good.

HISTORICAL BATTLE-SONGS.

HOLY SCRIPTURE affords us many of the earliest examples of battle-songs, for the Hebrews were essentially both a warlike and poetical people, and were accustomed to celebrate their victories and render thanks to God in the majestic strains of Hebrew verse. As examples may be cited the song of Moses and the Children of Israel at the Red Sea; the song of Deborah and Barak after the defeat of Sisera; the songs of the women in praise of David after his victory over Goliath; David's Psalm of Thanksgiving after the Lord delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies, 2 Sam. xxiii. (Ps. xviii.). Many other of the Psalms also are battle songs or thanksgivings for victories won, particularly the xlvi., xlvii., lx., cviii., and cxliv. As an example of a Psalm being used as a battle-song may be mentioned the victory of Jehoshaphat over the Ammonites in the wilderness of Tekoah, when the priests and Levites advanced singing the cxxxvi. Psalm, and the enemies turned and fled, dying by the hand of God. And we read of the army of Judas Maccabæus singing the same Psalm after they had discomfited Gorgias and all his host (1 Mac. iv. 24). See also 2 Mac. x. 38, xv. 29. In modern times the Psalms were sometimes

used as thanksgivings after a battle; thus, after Agincourt, Henry V. caused the *cxy.* to be sung on the field of battle. To these may be added, as a lament over the slain, David's pathetic mourning for Saul and Jonathan after the battle of Gilboa.

In Greece, too, battle-songs prevailed. Tyrtæus is the best known for his stirring lays, in which he urged the Spartans to fight to the death. He also wrote marching-songs, which the Spartans sang as they went into battle in a short, sharply-accented metre, called *anapaestic*. Archilochus, another Ionian, who was himself a warrior, also wrote many battle-songs. Only a few fragments remain of the writings of Alcæus, but we learn that he too wrote war-songs. We may now pass to the battle-songs of the Teutonic and Scandinavian races. The ancient Germans used to begin an attack by singing a kind of chant, putting their shields to their mouths to make the sound more terrible; but the words of these songs have not come down to us. One of the earliest poems is the Scandinavian song of Ragnor Lodbrog, relating his prowess in battle; then comes a German song on the victory of Louis III. over the Normans in 883, which Hallam says is full of power and feeling. It is in a Frankish dialect, nearly approaching the Swabian. From the Danish historian, Snorro Sturleson, we learn that the Danes always went into battle singing warlike strains, destined to kindle a Berserker-like fury and thirst for war and bloodshed. For this purpose their skalds or minstrels always accompanied the army. The first poem written in a dialect that may fairly claim to be English is a war-song; it is the story of the hero Beowulf and his deeds. It came originally from Scandinavia, but was rewritten or translated in Northumbria about the time of Cædmon.

War-songs in early Saxon times were frequently sung by the gleemen or bards at feasts, or over the camp-fires at night, to animate the soldiers. Two of these were very celebrated, namely, the Song of Brunanburh and the Song of the Fight at Maldon. The first has been called the noblest war-song since the days of Homer, and is written in a short, stirring metre. It describes a fight between King Athelstan and Anlaf the Dane, A.D. 937. The Song of the Fight at Maldon is also celebrated; it contains an account of the death of Brihtnoth, Earl of Northumbria, fighting against the Danes, described with Homeric-like force and vigour.

The Normans, too, had their war-songs. The Chant de Roland was a favourite one with the Frenchified Normans:—

‘The lusty strains of Roland and of Charlemain,
And the dead, who, deathless all,
Fell at famous Roncesval.’

Tradition states that this is the song with which Taillefer provoked the Saxons to fight at Hastings.

The next war-poet whom we meet in English history is Laurence Minot (1352), who sang the deeds and battles of Edward III. Some of the Spanish ballad poetry, especially a collection known as *Las Guerras de Granada*, contain battle-songs; also those that relate the deeds of the Cid.

But no land is richer in these songs than Scotland, and her gifted son, Sir Walter Scott, has done good service in collecting and editing these gems of Scottish minstrelsy. One of the earliest and favourite is the Battle of Otterbourne. ‘It fell about the Lammas-tide,’ which

tells how 'a dead man won the fight ayont the Isle of Skye.' Several other ballads also commemorate battles, but they are not so well known. Flodden alone gave rise to several, the 'Flowers of the Forest' being the most celebrated, though this of course is rather a lament over the slain. Only two lines remain of the original:—

* * *
' I've heard them lilting at the ewes' milking,

The flowers of the forest are a' wede away ;'

but some verses have been written that admirably carry out the spirit of the ancient rhyme.

Scott has shown that he studied these ancient ballads to some purpose, for his battle of Flodden in 'Marmion' has all the spirit and dash of war, and carries one away with it like the onslaught of his own wild countrymen. There is also a battle-scene in 'The Lady of the Lake,' the battle of Beal-au-Dune, sung by Allen Bane by Roderick Dhu's death-bed. He also wrote a war-song beginning 'To horse, to horse, the standard flies!' which is full of spirit. While talking of Scotland, Burns's poem on the Battle of Bannockburn, 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' must be mentioned. More recently, Aytoun has again related the stirring deeds of Scottish heroes, in short pithy verse, in his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. His 'Edinburgh after Flodden' translates into modern language the lament over the slain commemorated in the 'Flowers of the Forest;' and it is impossible to read the 'Burial March of Dundee' without feeling one's blood stirred within one.

Returning to English history, we find among battle-songs Drayton's 'Battle of Agincourt,' beginning 'Fair stood the wind for France.' As an example of the utter lifelessness of the poetry of the age of Anne, may be mentioned Addison's ode on the Battle of Blenheim, called 'The Campaign,' written to order, and as cold and dead as possible.

Modern English poetry can show some very fine war-odes. Campbell is the author of three of the best known—'Ye Mariners of England,' 'The Battle of the Baltic,' and 'Hohenlinden.' Macaulay has celebrated in stirring verse the defeat of the Armada, 'Attend ye all who list to hear our noble England's praise.' His other poems relate to foreign history, namely, 'The Battle of Ivry' and 'The Lays of Ancient Rome.' To come down to our own day, Tennyson has written but one war-song, 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' for in this age of peace and utilitarianism the glorification of war seems somewhat out of place.

Turning to our neighbours, we may mention Ernest Arndt, a German poet, who in the beginning of this century tried by his verses to arouse the patriotism of his countrymen and cause them to fight to the death. One of the best known of his poems is 'Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland?'

Speaking of France, the 'Marseillaise' first occurs to one, but the memories connected with it are sanguinary, and it is stained with blood shed not on the battle-field, but in civic life. Still the martial ring of the chorus gives it a foremost place among battle-songs, and it was originally written for the army of the Rhine, which fought nobly for the cause of freedom. Music and words were alike composed in one night by a young soldier named Rouget de l'Isle. 'Partant pour la Syrie,' the other French war-song, is rather sentimental than

heart-stirring, and owed its popularity to its connection with the Imperial cause, it being written by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III.

CAPE JASMINE.

During the war Körner composed several songs, one of which, the 'Gebet während der Schlacht,' was sung over his grave by his comrades as they buried him beneath an oak-tree near the village of Wöbbelin. One of his last acts was to compose his 'Schwertlied,' during a halt in the wood of Rosenberg; he was reciting the last stanza—

‘Ihm lässt des Liebchen singen
Die hellen Funken springen,
Der Hochzeit Morgen graut.
Hurrah! du Eisenbraut!
Hurrah!

when the signal for attack was given; he was one of the first to be struck down, and died a hero's death for his fatherland.

ALERT.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Write an account of the Battle of the Nile.

The Botany and Associations of the genus *Viola*.

Muffin Man received too late.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS.

Imp would be glad to know of a pamphlet or small book giving directions for painting on china. She would prefer one stating the price of materials, cost of burning, &c.

Will any one kindly tell *Christine* where she could get a copy of the story called *The New Priest of Conception Bay*, by M. Lowell, an American clergyman, published about twenty years ago?

L. S. T. wishes to know of a good book to put into the hands of an intelligent village lad as yet unbaptised, which would give him suitable information and teaching on the subject of baptism.

Mrs. C. S. Trench will be much obliged if any lady would kindly inform her how a 'Kinder-garten' is managed.—*Clay Hill, Chula, Amelia, County Va., U. S. A.*

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

F. A. L.—The Rev. C. Iven's *Book of Common Prayer, its History and Contents* (Collins) is the best to teach from. Next best, Miss Blunt's *Lessons on the Prayer-book*; or the 'Chapters on Church History' in *The Dawn of Day* (S.P.C.K.); or Miss Yonge's 'Beginning of Church History,' or the 'Questions on the Psalms,' in vols. vi., vii., and viii. of *The Monthly Paper of Sunday Readings*.

A. G.—We do not think that the short office you inquire for is separately published.

A short account of the Iron Crown of Lombardy will be found in the *Student's Gibbon*, with illustrations, pages 379-80. See also Labarte's *Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages*.—*M. Moffett, Dublin*.

Winnie's Difficulties (which was written by G. S. M., author of *Joined to an Idol, Sitting Still in the House, &c.*) was published by the S.P.C.K., and can be procured at any booksellers for 1s. 6d.

TRACTS.

If the Clergyman who wishes for tracts suitable for distribution amongst his new parishioners will write his address to *Mrs. T., Norton House, Warminster*, she will send him a small packet of suitable tracts and leaflets, post free.

Does a Clergyman know twelve Mission Leaflets by the Rev. R. V. Hutton, published by E. Longhurst? Specimen packet, post-free, 2½d.; per 100, 1s. 2d. Mission Tracts, by same publisher, are also well recommended, but of them I have no personal experience.—*M. Moffett, Dublin.*

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

‘And fade into the light of common day.’

—Wordsworth's ‘Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.’

Have ‘members of the English Church’ entirely given up the study of such old-fashioned authors as Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth?

M. W. H. will find the lines—

‘To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,’ &c.,
in *Paradise Lost*, Book iii., line 181.—*A. G.* [Answered also by *A. M. H.* and *L. B.*]

‘Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.’

—Gray's ‘Progress of Poesy,’ III. iii. 2.
—*R. F. L.*

[Answered also by *M. Moffett* and *S.*]

M. J. S. sends the poem containing the quotation—

‘When I see the chastening rod
In Thy pierced hand, my Lord, my God!
I feel so satisfied.’

J. J. will find the lines—

‘Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the good discerns the good,’
in *De Profundis*, one of Mrs. Barrett Browning's *Later Poems*.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

‘Oh God! Thou hast formed us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee.’

—*A. P. H.*

‘Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground.’

O.

Where shall I find the lines—

‘Be not so wholly saint
That I must woo thee to the rhythm of hymns’?

—*Fanoline.*

There is an old ditty of several verses, supposed to be said by an old bachelor, of which the last two lines of every verse are—

‘What do you think of *that*, my cat?
What do you think of *that*, my dog?’

I can only remember half of one verse, viz.—

‘If I must toddle down the hill,
’Tis best to be without a clog.
What do you think of *that*, my cat?
What do you think of *that*, my dog?’

Can any one supply the remainder?—*Jay.*

Ella B. begs to inform *E. L. P.* that Miss Proctor has written a volume of poems entitled *A Chaplet of Verses*. It was written after Miss Proctor became a Roman Catholic.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

OCTOBER, 1878.

THE BASILICA.

BY THE REV. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

PART VII.

IN finishing with mosaic we have done with the least artistic of arts, in the modern sense of the adjective. The great examples of tessellation in no sense comply with the rules of modern taste. Their subjects are religious, and they at once assert an importance of their own which is beyond technique or handling. They refuse, in fact, to be judged of as purely intellectual works, or by the artistic standard only, and appeal to the spiritual judgment. All work does so which appeals to lofty or spiritual thought.* Mosaic is unpopular with many, as specially religious work; it is also objected to, with less reason, as belonging to a special Church. There is a suspicion of Popery about it, which was considered, and, I trust, fairly disposed of in our last number; where it was shown how far its use and progress coincided in time with advancing iconodulism and virtual polytheism in the Church of Christ, but had no necessary connexion with them. But it is further exposed to a not unnatural kind of dislike from the ascetic or penitent character with which it is associated. I mentioned at the end of Part VI. a singularly touching and impressive instance of its modern use, as work of penitent persons, or persons trying to be penitents; and its original cast and import will be felt so to the end of time. In speaking of it one must go out of the province of technical art, and descend so far to personalities as to ask ourselves if we have any real wish to adopt, or sympathise, with the 'art' of penitent persons. Conviction of sin is not an æsthetic feeling, nor are the results of sin, nor distresses of nations, nor the evil work that is done under the sun. And I think, if we are grieved because of sin and

* It is curious that Sophocles' expression, ἀνέμοεν φρόνημα, should so exactly correspond to the words, 'spiritual thought.'

evil, as we ought to be, we shall have a good deal of feeling for those who sorrowed of old, and left us these records. The prevailing, but self-destructive tendency of art, or artistic people, at the present day, is to shut out all this too much. We try to hide from sights and sounds of evil, as it were, behind our painted windows and storied walls, and find that we sit alone with tameness and smooth monotony. We may give up deep feelings, and think no more of great deeds; but the pettier passions will come instead of the loftier. They are intense, and nerve-breaking, and omnipresent. They spoil black and gold furniture, olive green curtains, blue and white china, and all the pedantic perfections of what we call our artistic surroundings. If we will not face the world and take our part of what is going with the rest, we shall only have to face troubles alone; and those chiefly of our own making.

However, mosaic is solemn, and Byzantine, and penitential. It is not only closely limited on the technical side, excluding many delicacies and graces of art, but it appeals in all its highest works to things far beyond technique; and at present its appeal is very imperfectly attended to, either on the religious or irreligious side of literature and taste. One great work in mosaic, already alluded to, may be described as we quit the subject, for in fact it leads us into our present chapter. Thus far we have confined ourselves to the superficial ornament of the walls of the Basilica, or architecturally and properly-built Church; we are going on to consider its sculpture. And we shall find, nobody disputes the fact, that all the fourth century, or earliest Christian sculpture is sepulchral, not religious only. It is not only the decoration of a church, but of special parts of the church, and a special division of her outer symbolic system. But let the great mosaic of SS. Cosmas and Damianus, set up by Paschal I. in the ninth century, about the beginning of the darkest and most hopeless period of Italian or human history, lead us back to its real origin in Attic sculpture; for as sure as the child is father of the man (and *vice versa*, as I have generally been accustomed to consider it), so surely Pheidias was the ancestor of the mosaicist, and as the Olympian Jupiter was the greatest work of the Greek mind in its untaught manhood and glory, so the mosaic shows what the Faith could do for the utter collapse of the Neo-Greek intellect.

The idea of God's being acceptably worshipped, and so coming to His Temple, and filling it with His glory, the great light of His presence, and the thick darkness that is under His feet, is not Greek only, or Christian, or Semitic, but Human. It may be the highest idea of His actual self-manifestation to His people, if they are spiritual-minded enough to form it in the right way, or it may fall to a degrading Fetishism, if they are degraded enough. That God is in His Temple in Real Presence is on all hands granted, and in many hearts at least is felt with awe and hope. That He is

to be brought there in Visible Presence, is, in fact, the root of all human idolatry. Men have so longed to believe that they have Him before their bodily eyes, the evil as well as good have so eagerly sought for a sign, that they have made signs, *signa*, images of Him continually; and the records of that unhappy faculty of theirs are written all through in history in characters somewhat of the reddest.

There are two passages of Scripture in particular, one of the highest flight of inspired song, the other of actual prophetic Vision of the Almighty, which seem to express that which was the real purpose and thought of Pheidias and the monk-mosaicist alike. They are Isaiah vi. 1, and Psalm xviii. 9—11. Both imply a great and overpowering Presence, far more than mortal, high, and lifted up; towering before the shrinking seer; borne on living things bright and terrible; filling the temple with glory, and clouds, and thick darkness. The Hebrew or Christian Greek dwelt more on the awfulness and mystery of the Infinite and Incomprehensible Being Whom he felt to be thus made known to him. The ethnic had had no open vision or Revelation of the Lord; but he had learnt to conceive of Him, from the beauty and the awe which might exist in man, who was made in His Image. And Pheidias too, as we know assuredly from more than one passage, did attain to an expression and impression of sacred awe on all comers, on all at least who entered the Olympian Temple with any genuine purpose of worship. The Greek did not for a moment forget that the Agalma of Zeus at Olympia was an Agalma, or graven image of glory. He did not expect it to wink, or to shed tears, or to cure his complaints, or to knock him down with its sceptre. He never doubted that it was all the work of Pheidias of Athens. Yet it did impress him with the sense that there was a God, and that He was most great and awful, and incomprehensible. Pheidias, I say, attained to awe. His Agalma did not literally reveal Zeus to Greeks, they were far too sharp to believe that; its perfection of execution and their own knowledge of technical beauty prevented their thinking so. But it made them humble themselves before an unknown Zeus—One far above and beyond the children of men; and so far the great image must have had a spiritual effect, and that a good one.* Quintilian says, with deliberate decision, in Instit. xii. 10, that the Zeus of Olympia did, in some con-

* Those who wish to understand how much sincere monotheism underlaid mythology in the souls of the better heathen should read—first, S. Paul's discourse at Athens (Acts xiii.), and then Professor Zeller's *Pre-Socratic Philosophy*, and his article on 'Greek Monotheism,' *Contemporary Review*, vol. iii. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd has struck an important key note to the same purpose in the *Age of Pericles*, vol. i. p. 336:—'This loftier ideal (of Zeus as God and the All-Creator, just and merciful) is from time to time confused with the agencies of a plurality of gods, or with such a defective personality as the poetic Zeus. But this inconsistency did not hinder that sense of the Unity of providential control of the worlds of matter, life and conscience, which is the essence of Monotheism, and towards which the poetry of Æschylus still marks a decided advance.'

siderable measure, interpret to Greeks what they meant by Zeus and the fear of Him. It brought them to a state of awe, and did them incalculable good. It would be an invention of the greatest value in the education of real life if the same feeling could be communicated in a genuine state to all our pupils, and ourselves too. It may at all events have been felt by those who first saw this great statue, that he who carved it had more in him than they could fathom, and worthier thoughts of God than they could frame. For as Professor Zeller has made out quite convincingly,* there was not only a philosophical dogma, but a popular apprehension in the Greeks, of the Being and Unity of a God in whom all higher attributes of all the great gods of Olympus were One. The Theion, the Divinity, was a common term in Greek conversation and argument. He was felt as a practical ruler, whom men seem really to have minded; and of this general sense of Deity the Agalma was an interpretation. It was in its time the chief of all Ethnic or Human symbols; the highest known human 'assertion of the Superhuman.'

I hardly feel inclined to lay much stress on Polybius's story,† that Lucius Æmilius Paulus was utterly struck dumb (ἐξεπλάγη, a very strong word) at sight of it, because he seems to have spoken of it in a rather dilettante tone when he came to express himself. He said that Pheidias alone had given him an idea of Homer's Zeus. He had probably read a good deal of Homer, but I rather doubt if he had read him with such earnestness as to have a fixed critical idea of the Homeric Zeus, which Pheidias came up to and other artists didn't. But Polybius made him say he was very much struck, and doubtless he really was so. His family was the most "cultured" in Rome, and he was at all events more inclined to sympathise with Greeks than Mummius or others.

Setting aside for a little the Hebrew-Christian idea of actual personal Revelation by God of Himself to the human spirit, it is evident that the Christ of the Mosaics and MSS. asserts nothing less, and appeals to something more than the undefined feeling of awe of God, being also connected with a definite Creed concerning their and His Will for mankind. It is a very curious, and not idle or unprofitable exercise of fancy, to think what Pheidias would have thought of one of the colossal Christs of the Byzantine apses, knowing that they were done by Greeks, whose little knowledge of art had come down from him and Attica, and who had quite forgotten its source. To judge by Demosthenes and Plato, Greeks of Athens spoke—either when they were thoroughly excited in a connected speech, or thoroughly at ease in conversation—in a manner very like well-bred and keen Englishmen. I daresay the shade of Pheidias (if he can be imagined to have returned to earth in the ninth century, and for a

* Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, Mr. Mahaffy, and notably Professor Ruskin, all agree in this.

† Apud Suidas s. v. Pheidias.

time forgotten all he had learned in the interval, about his own Zeus and the God of the Christians), would have ruminated much to the following purpose, after picking his way, a living Athenian once more, through the shattered Forum of Paschal I.'s Rome, into the Church of SS. Cosmo and Damian in the ninth century :

'They knew how to build here once, at all events, and somebody has known pretty well how to pull down since. Capital masonry and fine brickwork. We never cared for those round arches in my day, when we could quarry the long blocks from near Pentelicus, and lengthen out our bright entablatures parallel against the horizon. Not but that arches make as good perspectives as my columns on the Acropolis. Ah, well! it never was like that here. How big, and powerful, and crushing, and overloading this great place must have been; a good deal of what we called Banausia.'

All this time the shade has been blinded by the transition from the glare of the Forum to the dark, quiet church on the site of the Temple of Remus. He now looks straight forward, remembering how his Athene always faced him, grand and benign, as he entered the Parthenon, towering above all and seeming to fill her Temple, with thunderous purple robes over gold and ivory, bearing *Ægis* and Gorgon, 'nor wanting in her grasp what seemed both spear and shield.' He is met by the great spare form of the Lord coming with clouds, walking as on the floor of Heaven, and having under His feet the darkness of the sky. Its grave eyes appeal to Him after their fashion, and He feels it.

'Well, this may be barbarism, but there is no doubt it means a good deal. *Σεμνότης*—yes, it amounts to that. Who is it who looks so great and so sad, standing in all that blaze of colour—different from my half-tints, and yet so rich and deep? Something our old *Æschylus* might have fancied in that form. These are all praying before Him: has anything fresh been heard of Zeus since my time? He was bad to find then; they said I revealed him at Olympia, and Polycletus wrought out Here, and Myron pleased the people—our old Demus. There seem to be many here like them—and yet not like. What a worn-out, distressed-looking set they are! They are praying; and this temple of theirs is built of ruin and on ruin; they seem to be in worse trouble than we, when our people got back home after Plataea. We nearly came off here to Hesperia; I remember hearing it all when I was a boy. It's clear they know all about colour, and effect under dim light—more Asian or Persian taste than ours. But that Form stands as Athene used to stand: they have wanted to do what I did—and done it, in their way. This is a sad temple of a sad time, and their gods seem mournful too. Perhaps that is better than Homer's and Hesiod's jovial Olympians. Let me go and talk with the Hierophant yonder, when the rite's over.'

We cannot tell what Pheidias would have thought of such religious

teaching as he could have got in Rome in the ninth century ; but he would have seen that it was the one sole element of order, peace, power, or hope which existed there or in the Roman world. The vast Roman collections of second-rate sculpture which may still have been left would not have given him much satisfaction in the way of art, especially when he came to know that they were all a matter of museums and palatial ornaments, mere curiosities of past war and plunder, which men were far more likely to build into walls, or heave over battlements on the heads of Goths, than to use as models for imitative schools. Had he gone northwards into Lombardy he would have seen much strange sculpture, done by a set of wild hyperborean throat-cutting Keltæ, who indeed refused to be called Keltæ, or by any other name he knew ; but who were adopting the worship and service of the sad God of many-coloured apses, and somehow submitted to the teaching of their own slaves, of priests and monks, who got these great Eikons done—images, by no means agalmata. The priests of Athens had not been his friends, or the noble Pericles's—Eumolpidæ and Ceryces, and the conventional rites and superstitions had had a great deal to do with his imprisonment and death. They were importers, in fact ; but these men worked and taught. He would learn too for a while, among the fair marble Apennines and the Tyrian-blue bays of Spezia and Pisa, so like the Attic mountains and the seas he once had known.

Leaving the representative of Greek art to wait for his best pupil, Niccola Pisano, we go back to the latest Roman sculpture which bears any traces of his traditions. It is all Christian ; for during the second century all sculpture degenerates fast, and by the end of it there are no more Ethnic or Pagan works to refer to except the later carvings on the Arch of Constantine. These show such utter and distressing collapse of heathen skill and spirit, that we find we have a right to point to many fourth century Christian works as indicating a degree of Renascence or fresh effort in sculpture, stimulated by a new faith, with new subjects for the artist, and a certain earnestness of purpose, and cheerfulness of distant hope in the supporters of the art. And here I should like to make my late lamented friend, Mr. C. J. Hemans, speak for me, in one of the best paragraphs of his excellent book on the Monuments of Ancient Rome. This work begins with some excellent remarks on the decadence of sculpture in Rome, to which we shall have to return. For it is necessary for us to understand, and to be able to express to others, speaking as Christian people, that in fact the decadence of the heathen arts had nothing to do with the Christian faith, but had been determined long before the Christian era ; and was caused, not by a new creed of spiritual truth, but by the total loss of all spirit or truth from mythological religion. Of this again ; but Mr. Hemans's sentence establishes important dates and periods so admirably that I had rather quote him here at once.

‘When the light of the setting sun, blent with the mellowing touches of time, gives an almost golden tint to the Arch of Constantine, as it rises in marble relief against the background of ilex and cypress-trees on the Coelian Hill, we may dwell with interest, in the pleasant evening hours, on the contrasted characteristics of Roman art at its zenith and in its deep decline, alike presented before us on the storied surface of that monument. The highest excellence of Roman sculpture is exemplified in the *relievi* and colossal statues of which the now lost Arch of Trajan was despoiled to adorn this later trophy of Imperial victories, while the period of decline, almost to a level with barbarism, is represented by the bas-reliefs prepared in honour of the first Christian Emperor,’ and that too, we would add, before the transference of his seat of power to Constantinople, when art may have fallen with swifter degradation within the forsaken Mistress of the World.

Now this passage is not only beautiful, but very useful indeed to a student of history, because it specifies the period which begins with Trajan, and ends with the Antonines, as the last period of Roman art undecayed. The beginning of the end of Imperial arts, arms, and all else, may be fixed soon after the death of the first Antonine in 161 A.D. Happily a fine work of that date remains in the Vatican Gardens, the horsemen at the base of the Column of Antoninus.* After Constantine there is simply no more secular or Pagan sculpture, except in the form of the Consular ivory tablets or diptychs. We cannot go off to these at present, though there will be something to be said about them in due time. We now want one more quotation and reference to fix the dates and course of Roman decadence in sculpture, and then we must go back to see why Heathen or Ethnic Rome, which did so much on the constructive or engineering side of art, never cared for or got on in sculpture as Greeks, or indeed Etrurians, did. The fact is, the decay of the arts and the culture of the ancient world is always being charged by implication on the Christian faith; and definitely religious opinions and practice are held inconsistent with pursuit of perfect art. And it seems to come to me, as a fair piece of work, to draw out some account of how Roman arts fell to pieces in heathen hands; and show that it is historically untrue that Christianity did what the corruption first of Heathenism and then of Paganism had virtually done centuries before. Then people may learn to think that the modern pursuit of the arts is neither sinful nor infidel in man or woman; and they may see that the Church never objects to anything till it is sinful; but that finding the Romano-Greek arts involved with sin, she had to begin art with a feeble or rough technique, and an archaic treatment of her own.

Now for our other quotation, which illustrates in Seroux D’Agincourt’s quick-flashing French way the consequences of the vast personal

* See Parker’s *Photographs*, 328; and compare them with those on the porphyry tomb of the Empress Helena, *Ibid.* 209, which date about A.D. 330.

influence of the Emperors on all public works, architecture and sculpture in particular.* 'Sculpture was grand and noble under Augustus' (who had Vipsanius Agrippa, one of the stoutest and best of soldiers, workers, and administrators, to keep good Roman order in all things, *testudine et facie*, as he would have said); 'it was licentious under Tiberius; coarsely obsequious under Caracalla, who caused his own infamous head to be placed on the five Greek statues; and extravagant under Nero, who gilded the famous *chef-d'œuvre* of Lysippus.' Caracalla marks positive decline, but there had been a revival under Trajan and Hadrian, in decorative art as well as architecture; and the great dissolution begins with the calamities of Aurelius's reign. This points out that it was fatal to sculpture to be so dependent on the will of the Emperor of the time. But I think when one talks historically of the decline of Roman sculpture, one ought to consider what one means by Roman sculpture. There never was in fact anything of the kind, any more than there is now an American school of literature. There is a great deal of writing of a very high class in America, there were quantities of good carving done in Rome and her subject cities, but both are derivative, perhaps eclectic: all the principles of the worker come from ancient masterpieces and models. The inspirations of literature are English, French, or German in America, and were Greek in Rome. There had been the beginnings of a native, or Etrurian, school of art in Rome. The Brazen Wolf of the Capitol, the 'thunder-stricken nurse of Rome,' is one of the most ancient and momentously-interesting works in the city. Murray's Handbook (Rome—the Capitol) and Sir J. Hobhouse's note to *Childe Harold* (Appendix to Canto iv. No. xxv.) tell us all that is known about it. There seem to have been two bronze she-wolves and twins, one mentioned by Dionysius at the Temple of Romulus; the other mentioned by Cicero as gilded and struck with lightning.†

This bronze group was gilded, and has also been struck thus about the hind-legs; and I do not think any amount of contradiction can get over that. Virgil certainly saw the same wolf, if not the same twins. In any case it is a rather archaic quasi-Etrurian work; probably about the date of the end of the second Punic war; with very grand naturalism in the form. The heavy jaws, and mastiff jowls are very grand, natural, and ideally carnivorous: the look of comfort and maternal happiness in the face is still more remarkable, and the massiveness and power of the limbs, with their loose-jointed expres-

* Quoted by Professor Westwood, *Early Christian Sculptures*, Appendix to Parker's *Archæology of Ancient Rome*.

† Poem, *De Consulatu*, lib. ii. in Catil. iii. 8, De Div. ii. 20. 'He too was struck by lightning, Romulus, who built this our city; the gilded Romulus, whom ye remember to have been (placed) in the Capitol: a small and suckling child, yet pulling at the wolf's udder.' 'The statue of Natta, as well as the images of gods and the forms of Romulus and Remus, with the wild beast their nurse, fell lightning-stricken.'

sion, make up a fine lupine Ideal. When I look at the conventional locks of hair on the shaggy neck and shoulders, I am much reminded of Greek archaic sculpture, as in the cast of the Apollo of Thera at Dresden, and the various examples given in *Aratra Pentelici*. But this group admittedly belongs to Etrurian Rome.

Now, it is of such very high merit and of such distinctly naturalist character, that it shows that a Roman school of sculpture might have come into existence after the Punic Wars, which would have worked from nature, and gathered inspiration by happy study of God's works, as the Greeks had done before, and as Niccola Pisano learnt from Old Greece to do afterwards. It is of no particular use to study the great might-have-been, but still, in the world's history as in the lives of men, there are points of departure and points of divergence. You come to a point from time to time, where an event or course of events has interposed and made a change. We talk of the current of events and the simile is a good one enough. When one stream joins another, there is a necessary effect on both; neither are what they were before and alone: together they become what they would not have been without coming together. So when Rome conquered Greece and took Athens and Corinth, and the generals of the Republic began to 'collect' works of art, exactly as Napoleon's marshals did in after days, what they did had a permanent effect. It gave a death-blow to the perhaps rising school of art at home. It was not worth while now to carve gods and heroes in Rome. If she wanted them the Legions would bring them home by tons. And gods and heroes were the things to have. What fine things had been picked up in Corinth! 'Gods? yes,' said the Roman virtuoso; 'but captive gods—one need not care very much about them. The Flamens seem a good deal inclined to interpose, and stand up for proper reverence to Greek temples. But well now, beloved Æmilius, there's none of them like our own Jupiter Stator, or Romulus, or Mars without the wall. And the old Penates and our fathers, good swordsmen gone before, they show us the way in action; and besides, they are much more decent than all these pretty Corinthian marbles, male and female. I don't think much of their agalmata, as you and they call them. Our own Diespiter and our own Lares, and Mavors, and the wolf have got the better of all the mythology, which Greeks in fact don't believe any more than you or I do. Of course it's as well to be safe; and I should not quite like to be in Mummius's *caligæ*, or to have carried off so many gods into captivity, and burnt and plundered as he has done. He is not easy himself, you know; he is going to dedicate a bronze statue of Jove—Zeus, I mean—in the Grove of Olympia.' *

'What stories they tell of old Mummius and the marble gods,'

* See Pausan. *Eliaca*, (lib. v. cap. 24,) and Pliny, lib. xxxiv., ꝑ. 17, and xxxv. 8.

says his friend.* 'He thinks anybody can make one. Did you hear how he told the *conductores* who were to get all these things over, that if they lost any Zeuses on the run home to the Tiber they'd have to get him bran-new ones instead? and how he let his men play out their game of dice on Aristides's panel of Bacchus? No culture whatever, my dear Caius—a good soldier and awful Tartar; but we really must pick up all we can from these clever fellows at Athens. They can't fight as they did once, it seems; but their books have a great deal in them, and their tragedy——' and he begins to quote Æschylus to his less-travelled companion.

It must be remembered, as we said before, that though Rome had a religion and a ritual of her own, and what is more, a certain piety and strict domestic rule of morality, her religion had very little to do with mythology, or with the arts which were so closely connected with it. What a Roman really did worship was the sacred Hestia, or Hearth-fire, which represented life, before and after death, and represented that to which all duty was due. He adored that fire, and his fathers who had gone before him as its priests. They were his Lares or Penates, or what not. Also Diespiter and Mars and the rest were gods of Rome; they were to the whole city what his Penates were to him; they were to be called on at need no doubt, and woe to him who broke his oath to them, or failed in due obedience to his officers who were above him, under them, or turned back in harness on the day of battle, when they bade him win or die. But till he saw the spoils of Greece he cared very little about images. He had no special sense of beauty; he had no philosophical ideas about beauty being symbolic of good, or of seeking after the good through the beautiful. He had not the Greek sense of grace, fitness, intellectual right; no feeling of the becoming and the æsthetic side of the good. But he had correct and decided convictions that a number of things were good, such as law, discipline, and courage, and a matchless habit of practical obedience, and reliability in seeking them. When he began to follow Greek teaching he was certainly inferior to the best of the barbarian races in after days, when they studied under him. The Italian Gothic arts of the thirteenth century displayed a new and wonderful artistic power, instructed by the last relics of Græco-Roman science. The Romans never learnt any great decoration of their own; their admirable brickwork gave them the arch, the dome, and unlimited power on the engineering side of art. Now, they had no great decoration of their own because its first form is always sculptural ornament either of the temple or the tomb. And they were not Greek enough to carve or paint the one, nor Etrurian enough to carve or paint the other. In ancient Athens art was at its climax in religious work. In Rome it never had any such sanction or inspiration.

* Let me just say I do not forget that Paulus Æmilius died B.C. 160, and that Mummius triumphed in 145.

There is a remarkable statement by Plutarch, that the Romans had no images of their gods before the time of the first Tarquin, and Pliny says that for long after that time all such things were made by Etruscan artists.* Tertullian's severe eloquence seems to assert the same thing, and certainly all the Pagan rhetoric of Julian and Libanius is essentially Greek, as Julian's whole mind was, except that he was a Roman soldier. 'There was a long time ago,' says the African-Roman Father, 'when the idol did not exist; temples were empty, and sacred places void. . . . when the devil brought in makers of statues and images and all kinds of likenesses on the world, all the raw material of human misery, and the name of idols followed.' There had indeed been protests in the best time of Athenian symbolic image-worship against the use of likenesses of gods, by Xenophanes, and afterwards by Zeno (Clem. Alex. *Stromatac.* xi. § 77). But at all events the graven image had a hold on the Greek mind, and therefore on Greek temple-architecture and sculpture, which it never had on Rome. The ancient Latin religion was sepulchral and domestic, as has been said. For the nature of this worship, and its transitions into the more cosmopolite services of the temples, M. de Coulange's *Cité Antique* gives the best account of it which I am acquainted with. It never quite died out, but survived into Christian usage. There seems to be no doubt that the practice of the Agape, or general love-feast, had to be regulated with great strictness, or changed altogether, because disorders took place, like those mentioned by S. Paul in 1 Cor. xi. The real cause of them was the inveterate habits of Paganism, which the rapidly-extending fold of the Faith began to inclose; and one of the earliest of these, which probably showed itself in Corinth, was that of confounding the Cella Memoria of a heathen paterfamilias with the chapel of a Christian saint or martyr, and turning the Christian love-feast into a heathen memorial banquet to dead ancestors and Lares.

The decadence or degradation of Greek art in Greek hands, before Rome took possession of Greece and absorbed her arts, is a separate subject of great importance, which we must not think of at present. I do not think any one seriously denies that it had taken place. But it is worth the attention of anybody who cares for history to consider how sculpture was sacred to the Greeks, and originated in expressing their highest thoughts and spiritual hopes, and therefore thrived with them; and how in hands in many respects stronger and abler

* Plut. *Num.* 88; Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xxxiv. 16, xxxv. 45. 'Numa had forbidden the use of any image of God in the likeness of man or in the form of any animal . . . but that for the first one hundred and seventy years, when they built temples and set up chapels, they made no images in any shape: on the ground that it was an unholy thing to liken the better to the worse, and impossible to reach God otherwise than with the mind.' This would seem to connect the formal commencement of idolatry in Rome with the Etrurian conquest by Porsena, or the power represented by his name.

than theirs it was not held sacred, and came to mere copying, reproduction, decoration, and dilettantism.

But there was another kindred reason why Romans did not take to art. They not only half mistrusted the marble or mythological signa, but they did not personify the powers of nature like the Greek, and therefore they never studied nature like the Greeks. They did not see much in her. They did not think that a beautiful Dryad lived in every oak, or a Naiad in every fountain. They were practical-minded people on the whole, and never populated the hills and streams with imaginative Pantheism. Their ideas seem to have been ruder, yet more spiritual; they thought much of Jove with the soul, and without the signum. Indeed for a long period their personal and domestic morality was much more strict than the Greek. A father was always a father, and a son continued a son 'all the days of his life,' as our proverb says of the daughter only. Old men were not pushed out of the rule of their own houses; and a son who laid rough hands on his father—no very uncommon thing in Athens—would have been in danger of speedy acquaintance with the Infelix Arbor. Then mothers of families had rights and status, and a personal dignity and character, which for a long time made husbands faithful and houses strong in the land. It was not so in Athens; domestic treason and public slavery were two leading causes of her ruin. But the Roman's morale and honour, domestic and military, were independent of sculptures, almost of temples. He thought God was with him by his hearth and in his work; and as for the forest-nymphs and the river-gods, he used to order them about pretty much as he thought best. His own woodland semi-deities, the Sylvan and the Camena, occur now and then in the days of the kings. Numa and Egeria commune by the Erycinian fountain, and the Sylvan cries from the wood, after a drawn battle, that Rome has the better by one less of the slain. But the legions brought with them their own eagles and their own Mars; and the local genii were often sent out of their shades without much sighing. For instance, forests were levelled, or the straight ways cut through them, without fear of fauns and dryads, and Curius Dentatus turned Velino over the rocks of Narni without asking the river's leave, or any nonsense of the sort. In all his travels Julius Cæsar met no nymph so maddening as Cleopatra; and Pan wasn't expected to bellow at and distract the columns of the Twenty-second Legion as it tramped along Watling Street. Fancies like this haunted the Greek continually and delightfully; he was always making pictures of them in his brain, and drew or carved them as if he had seen them with his eyes. The imaginative Pantheism of Greek worship might be thought venial and beautiful if it had advanced spiritual conception of the unity of God, One everywhere, instead of dying away into disbelief of His effective presence anywhere. Nevertheless, the Greek became the great symbol or image-maker

of the world, and he and his conquered gods, as Juvenal says, vanquished their grim victor. The Roman pontiffs interfered to protect the shrines of Greek gods, and a certain amount of respect limited spoliation till the time of the Empire. But the house-worship and lay-religion to which Mummius and other consuls were accustomed, seems to have resulted in a kind of cynical puritanism. *Victrix causa Diis placuit*, they thought; our war-god has the better of all these. They, or some of them, must follow his triumph, and live as his prisoners or tributaries in the Forum or elsewhere. They are fair spoil of open war.

It followed from this habit of associating Greek sculpture with trophies and triumphal processions, and also from the fact that the triumph was the great object of every Roman life, the highest thing and nearest to heaven which a man could have in this world, that all decorative design or work executed to order for Rome by Greeks became processional and triumphal—always excepting memorial or sepulchral works, which we consider by themselves. Italian eyes and hands were as sharp and steady as Greek; and no doubt the Western workmen soon learnt to draw and cut out forms, and perhaps to copy, adapt, and select. But the favourite subjects were always the trophy, the captured spear and shield and coat of mail hung idly on the wall. Roman decoration, and the later French work of the Revolution, which revived it, was all armour and spoils of war; and in the earlier times, as on Trajan's column and elsewhere, there are battles, and more especially there are the triumphal processions—long files of doomed prisoners led by the disciplined banditti of the earth. I may just remark here, what I shall have to notice again hereafter, how these tumultuous and multitudinous subjects interfered with the composition, the balanced grace, the moderation and ease of Greek sculpture. It seems to me that what chiefly spoils a modern English bas-relief is that too many people almost always have to be got into it, and that that was generally the case in a Roman one. The one wonderful instance of disciplined crowding, and that too with mounted men, not disciplined infantry, is the Panathenaic frieze of the Knights of Athens in the Parthenon. Of that, perhaps, one day. But when we come to the other end of ancient sculpture, as to time, and observe the last work of Constantine's days, we shall find the reliefs much worse crowded than ever, and be led to see that the obtrusive technical fault of all decadent sculpture, *i.e.* the making heads much too large, arises from the necessity for introducing senseless numbers of uninteresting figures.

Triumphal or public Roman sculpture was connected with domestic or sepulchral work for the obvious reason that all great houses had long rejoiced in *Imagines*, or portrait casts of their ancestors, to be placed among the *Lares*, and that it became in time the fashion to have these done in marble, and often perhaps at full length and on a large scale of size. One can get a very good idea of a Roman

atrium or hall, as decorated after the Greek fashions of Pompeii in the first century A.D. It is tastefully painted in gay colours suitable to the climate; there are nice panel-pictures of all kinds of pretty unmeaning subjects, or sometimes they mean what they had better not; and the Lares are of marble in the Greek taste. All this must be very different from an old Roman Hall in the time of Scipio Africanus, with its regular hearth-fire, and the waxen ancestors blackening in the smoke. Very sticky and sooty they must unquestionably have been; but they, and the arms and armour which hung round them, would be more of a reality than Pompeian prettinesses. By the time of Augustus they were all fast going, at least; after the fire of Nero they were all gone, and Rome was rebuilt in thoroughly Greek form. However, patrician pride and family affection both retained their strength for many centuries, and produced or ordered much good portrait-sculpture, which culminates with such statues as the Young Octavius in the British Museum, and the great armed Augustus of the Vatican, so admirably represented in Alma Tadema's picture, called 'A Morning at Agrippa's.' Many such portraits survive on the sarcophagi, and the best of the really beautiful sculpture of early Christian tombs is in such medallions as those of Probus and Proba of the Anician family.

But before we describe and illustrate, or give the proper references for illustrations of the regular decadence of heathen sculpture in heathen hands, one more remark has to be made on the enormous and world-wide destruction of great works of art in Rome, as a predatory city, grasping and holding the plunder of the world. It had been the same in Nineveh, and doubtless in Persian centres; but never before had there been such treasures accumulated for destruction as when the gathered rage of generations, and the ignorant contempt of barbarism, fell together on the guilty City of the Seven Hills. At Nineveh the sculptured records of the conquering race seem to have been attacked with a vengeful zeal of obliteration, which history may well regret; but Rome had collected the artistic and historic documents of the older world into her great museums that the new Teutonic world might destroy it all in ignorance. Mr. Hemans gives an account, in vol. iii. of Mr. Parker's *Antiquities of Rome*, of a late disinterment of great sculptures, accidentally preserved under heaps of Roman ruins; but such accidents have been comparatively rare, and the general destiny of great statues has been to be burnt to lime by Goths or thrown over battlements on their heads. All seemed to perish with the Eternal City, except some indestructible secrets and achievements of form and colour, which died down to their roots in Italy, just survived in Constantinople, revived for a few years with Theodoric, were adopted in strange imitation by Western monks, even to Ireland and England; but rose to sudden yet long-enduring splendour with the Lombards.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLI.

THE CONFERENCE OF POISSY.

1559—1562.

THE fiery old Neapolitan, Paul IV., had most unwillingly made peace with Philip II., but having done so, he had time to open his eyes to the real character of the nephews by whom he had allowed himself to be led.

Cardinal Carlo Caraffa fell sick, and the Pope coming to visit him, found men of the worst character in Rome sitting with him, and began to mistrust the prepared surprise of five years ago. A short time after, there was a great street uproar in Rome, on the New Year's night of 1559, in which young Cardinal Monte, the same who owed his promotion to the monkey's exploit, drew his sword. Caraffa hoped to keep it from his uncle, but the Pope was privately informed, and was exceedingly offended by the endeavour at secrecy.

People saw that it was safe to tell him the truth, and a lady, one of his relations, placed a paper in his Breviary, mentioning some of his nephew's crimes, and saying that if he wanted to hear more, he had only to sign his name. He did so, and a fearful shower of accusations were laid before him.

He had just read them, when he had to attend the meeting of the Inquisition, where, with his usual vehemence, he rebuked Monte, and declaimed against the general corruption, crying out, 'Reform! reform!'

'Ah! Holy Father,' said Cardinal Pacheco, 'we must begin with ourselves.'

The old man was cut to the heart. He answered not a word, but went to his own room, and began to investigate the conduct of his nephews. Good men whom they had sedulously kept away from him, were summoned to his presence, and disclosures were made which filled him with such grief and horror, that he could neither eat nor sleep, and had a fever which lasted ten days. Then he summoned a consistory, where, with passionate grief and anger, he dwelt on the behaviour of his nephews, declaring how utterly he had been deceived, dismissing and banishing them and their whole families. Their mother, his sister-in-law, threw herself at his feet as he returned to his palace, but he drove her away with harsh words; and the young Marchesa di Montebello arriving from Naples, found her palace closed against her, and could gain admittance into neither inn nor house within Rome.

The only exception he made was in favour of one young man of

eighteen whom he had made a Cardinal, but whom he cut off from all his relations, and never permitted to speak a word in their behalf. The poor youth was silently broken-hearted, and looked miserable ; the Pope was as stern and grave as ever. The only change was that he was more than ever bent on purifying the Church and his own court and city, and this in the most unsparing manner. A chest with a slit in it was set up, into which papers with complaints might be thrown ; and he went round the city making personal investigations. All gains in money were forbidden to the clergy, even the saying of masses for payment, an abuse long authorised ; he forbade all sale of dispensations, cleared out all heathenish pictures from the churches, and deserved the medal struck in honour of him, representing the cleansing of the Temple. It shows how dreadful the abuses must have been when his preaching himself, and making his Cardinals preach, observe the fasts, and make their Easter Communion were viewed as strange novelties.

He swept away abuses in patronage, and even planned restoring to the provincial Bishops powers that had been absorbed by the Papacy, and preventing that centralisation of everything at Rome which he saw did Rome as much harm as it did to the subject Churches.

But he had begun too late. He had wasted the earlier years of his reign in his hatred of the House of Austria, and he had only seven months in which to attempt his proper work ; and he made himself greatly hated by those who could not endure to be reformed. He was indeed pitiless to all offenders, heretics as well as criminals. He repelled Elizabeth's advances, and pressed on the Inquisition upon France ; and even the Spaniards who had been held as persecutors in England and the Netherlands—yes, even Charles V.'s own Confessor—were called in question on the doctrine of Justification by Faith.

He fell sick in August 1559, called all the Cardinals around him, and recommended his work to them—then died in an attempt to rise from his bed. The people rejoiced as they did at the death of the last reforming Pope Adrian VI. They plundered his buildings, drove out his monks, maltreated his servants, and dragged about the heads of his broken statues in the streets.

There was then an interval of four months while the Cardinals were assembling, and they ended by electing Gian Angelo Medicini, the son of a small tax-gatherer at Milan. He had begun life as a student, and owed his advancement to his brother, Gian Giacomo, whose history had been that of the wild adventurers bred by the stormy intrigues of Italy.

As a mere bravo, Gian Giacomo had been hired by the chiefs of the government at Milan to commit a murder, and soon after was sent with a letter to the governor of a castle in an island on the lake of Como. Suspecting danger, he opened the letter, and found that it contained orders to put him to death. However, he went on, used the

letter to obtain entrance to the castle, and there managed to gain possession of it, and lived as an independent chief, marauding on all parties, till having won himself a name as a terrible leader, he entered the Emperor's army, and was created Marchese de Marignano, commanded the artillery in the German war, and helped to take Sienna. He killed peasants who tried to bring in provisions with one blow of his iron staff, and was said to have put 5,000 men to death; but this made him only the more esteemed, and he married one of the noble Roman Orsini.

His quiet, studious brother profited by his prosperity, as well as by his own merits. He was an excellent lawyer, and was an amiable, good-natured man. Paul III. made him a Cardinal, and at a dinner given by Alessandro Farnese, a boy who was singing as an *improvisatore*, being bidden to carry a wreath to him who would become Pope, took it to Medicini. Paul IV. hated him, and he therefore chiefly lived at Milan and the Pisan baths, spending his time in study, and his wealth in splendid buildings at Milan, and in bounty to the poor, so that he was called their father. He was blameless in life, free, open-hearted, and good-natured, and there was hardly any opposition to his election. He took the name of Pius IV., and immediately showed himself a kindly, friendly Pope, with little love of state or ceremony,—who walked about the streets of Rome with very few attendants, and spoke freely to those he met.

But he did not neglect to punish the Caraffa family. One of them, the Duke of Palliano, had murdered his wife; and on this, the two brothers, and two more equally wicked, were brought to trial for their crimes, and condemned to death. The Cardinal Carlo had not expected this. He was told early in the morning, before he was up. He hid his face in the bed-clothes, and then, sitting up, clasped his hands and said, 'Bene Paziienza.' His last confession lasted so long, as well it might, that the officer who was waiting hurried the unhappy man: 'Monsignore must have done. We have other work on hand.'

The other Caraffe were only made to disgorge their plunder, and the more dangerous among them were kept at a distance from Rome. Pius had nephews of his own, not sons of his brother, but of his sister Margherita, who, in the general promotion of the family, had married Count Gilberto Borromeo, of the Castle of Arona; and she had two sons, Federigo and Carlo, the latter of whom had, from his very infancy, treated the worldly decision, which made the Church his provision, a dedication to the life of a saint.

He had passed unscathed through the temptations of University life, and was just twenty-one when his uncle was chosen Pope. Federigo hurried to Rome to congratulate him at once. Carlo, not choosing to seek preferment, would not come till he was summoned, and almost immediately was appointed Cardinal, and, though only in Deacon's orders, Archbishop of Milan. He did not refuse. Custom and Papal

authority were too much for so young a man, and he never seems to have doubted that he was doing right; but his palace at Rome and his whole conduct were regulated by the highest and purest standards, and he was studying with all his might to enter into the duties of his office. His brother Federigo died in a few months of a fever, leaving him head of the family; and all his relations, Pope and all, were desirous that he should return to the secular life, and marry; so to make this impossible, he quietly went one morning to one of the churches, and was ordained Priest by one of the other Cardinals; but even then the Pope detained him at Rome, and indeed he felt himself needed there, to bring all influence to bear on Pius for the reassembling of the Council of Trent. The representations made by the moderate French Catholics at Fontainebleau convinced the merely politic Romanists that something must be done, or they might unite with the Huguenots, and set up a national Church after the example of England. Both the Emperor Ferdinand, and his nephew Philip II., were as anxious for a Council as their great predecessor had been, though for very different reasons, the one wishing to make the tenets of the Church wider, the other to make them narrower; but they, as well as the French, wished to have a new Council not bound to the decrees already made at Trent. The Emperor sent a memorial begging that it might be held in some place in Germany, and concern itself more with the reforms needed in the Church than with new articles of faith; also that the Communion in both kinds and the marriage of the clergy might be permitted.

Pius would not have been unwilling to grant these, but he wished to continue the old Council; and on the 28th of November, 1560, put forth a bull summoning the Council to reassemble at Easter, at Trent, and sent nuncios to invite not only the Romanist kingdoms, but those who had left the dominion of Rome, there to assemble.

The German Protestants had assembled at Nuremberg, summoned by August of Saxony, the son of Maurice, and there they were hotly quarrelling among themselves, Friedrich, Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, having become a violent Calvinist. But when Cardinal Commendone appeared with the Papal briefs, they only went so far as the first word 'Sons,' declaring that they would not acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as any father of theirs, and did not acknowledge his power to convene a Council.

They even received Cardinal Commendone with personal abuse, to which he made a dignified reply. 'What mean ye, sirs, by these bitter words against one who hath undertaken so long and painful a journey in the service of Christian unity? It would seem that you wish to supply by ribaldrous invention what you lack in argument. What contention reigneth among you on account of Luther's doctrine? Not a city, hardly a house, is free from theological bickerings. Wives dispute with their husbands, children with their parents, on

the interpretation of Scripture. In company, in taverns, over the wine-pot and the dice-box, women and children pronounce on the most awful mysteries of religion.'

His arguments had no effect but to inflame the Protestants. The whole idea of unity had been lost, and the present generation had succeeded to the hates of the first without their religious fervour; and though they signed an agreement to adhere to the Confession of Augsburg, there were fierce dissensions among them, especially between two sects of Lutherans in Prussia.

An invitation was also sent to the English clergy. A nuncio was despatched to Elizabeth, with a kindly letter offering to receive her with joy, like the prodigal son in the Gospel; and with instructions to promise her to recall the sentence on her parents' marriage, to sanction the English liturgy, and allow the cup to the laity. Such a message two years sooner would have been gladly accepted; but Elizabeth was by this time committed to the Anti-Roman party, nor had she any guarantee that Rome might not revoke its permission, so she would not allow the nuncio to set foot in England, and the council lost the great influence that theologians such as were some of the English Bishops would certainly have exerted, so that another chance of unity was lost.

France was in a divided state as usual; but insignificant boy as François was, his death had made an immense change by putting an end to the exclusive influence of the Guises, and throwing the reins of government into the hands of Catherine. She was at this time about forty-three years old, and the little, brown, insignificant-looking girl, whom every one had neglected as a child, had developed into a grand, stately, graceful-looking woman, with a cat-like suavity of manner and address. She was entirely without principle, and had no firmness nor strength of character; but she liked the power and influence which had been so long in coming to her, and hoped to maintain it by judiciously balancing the parties in the state, and keeping them amused and fascinated by the pleasures she provided for them at the court, whilst she permitted no influence but her own to approach her little son, whom she made to sleep in her room, and educated very slightly in the hope of prolonging her power.

She filled her court with a great number of the most beautiful and brilliant ladies she could collect, who were usually called 'The Queen Mother's Squadron.' With these around her she sat in the spacious, exquisite, and beautiful halls of the Louvre, Blois or Fontainebleau, usually engaged in embroidery, while romances, Italian, or French borrowed from the Italian, were read aloud. Court poets, such as Ronsard, declaimed Arcadian or epigrammatical verses; jests were bandied about, songs, music, and games of all sorts amused them; the most admirable Italian works of art decorated the walls and niches. Out of doors, the sports were hunting, hawking, tennis, and mall pall,

a garden game probably nearly the same as croquet, and played by both sexes ; and the evenings were spent in music and dancing, while the sports were diversified by masques and pageants in which the young nobles themselves took a part. Nothing could be more attractive and charming. The gentlemen of the court wandered about among the ladies, and the language of romance was the language of common life ; but all the time this was a school of corruption, and there was an undercurrent of treachery, vice, and cruelty too foul to be described. The purpose of the Queen, who presided, was to flatter into quiet, and then sap the strength of all the strong and earnest men whom she feared, the stanch Catholic Guise, the loyal Montmorency, the turbulent Bourbon, or the earnest Coligni.

She began with flattering the Huguenots as the most dangerous party. She sent for the King of Navarre at once, and not only talked him over, but employed one of her squadron to captivate him. The States-general had their meeting as already arranged, the three estates of the realm all meeting in one chamber, but the clergy, the nobles, and the third estate, all sitting together. A harangue was made by the orator of each. The two lay orders blamed the corruptions of the Church, the clerical one found fault with the innovators ; but no step was taken, financial matters were debated, and the assembly was dismissed early in January.

The Queen seemed wholly under Bourbon and Chatillon influence. During Holy Week, the churches were almost wholly deserted by the courtiers, who thronged to the Huguenot preaching, so that the Constable de Montmorency, and the Duke of Guise, found themselves almost alone in the royal chapel, and there they made up their differences, communicated together on Easter Sunday, and agreed to sink their jealousies in the defence of their religion. On that same Sunday, Cardinal Odet de Chatillon celebrated mass in his Cathedral of Beauvais, with alterations, which the people thought were in the Huguenot direction. They rose against him, murdered a schoolmaster whom he patronised, and would have broken into his palace and murdered himself if he had not been rescued by troops from Paris belonging to his cousin, the Marshal de Montmorency. Moreover he was married, and his wife was allowed to sit on a stool in the presence of the queen.

No one attended to the summons of the Pope, and when on the 9th of April, 1561, his four legates proceeded to Trent to reopen the Council, they only found nine Bishops there, for even the Spaniards had taken offence at some civilities of Pius to the King of the ill-gotten kingdom of Navarre, and a nuncio had to be sent to appease Philip II. ; so that poor Pius might well say to the Venetian Ambassador, while in bed with the gout, ' We have good intentions, but we are alone.'

With a view to the Council, as soon as the boy Charles IX. had been

crowned in May, a Conference was held at Poissy, in June, between the clergy and the Huguenot ministers, to consider what should be demanded of the Council, and whether the Calvinists could be represented.

Most of the Cardinals and Bishops refused. 'What is the use of disputing with such obstinate people?' said the old Cardinal de Tournon; 'if they want to defend themselves, let them go to Trent; we will give them safe conducts, and they may justify themselves there.' But the Queen wrote to the Pope that it was not to concern faith, only discipline; and that it might prove the means of bringing heretics back to the Church, mentioning also points which might be in her opinion safely conceded, such as the Cup to the laity, the vulgar tongue in the prayers, the relinquishing of unnecessary ceremonies in Baptism, and even the removal of images from Churches. Pius answered kindly that such weighty questions must be referred to the Council, and that he trusted to the Queen to allow no discussion except on any corruptions that might have crept into the discipline of the Gallican Church, and even for that he hoped she would wait for the arrival of a legate.

The conference, had, however, met. There were only fifty out of the hundred and thirty Bishops of France, headed by Cardinal de Lorraine. Twelve pastors had been invited, and twenty-two lay deputies. Calvin had been invited, but the magistrates of Geneva demanded that hostages of high rank should be given them for his return; and as this was not granted to them, he was represented by Theodore de Bèze, one of the most able men of the second generation.

He was a native of Vezelai, in Burgundy, of a noble family, who had been brought up in Calvinist opinions, but had led a very gay and thoughtless life in his first years at Paris. He published a volume of light poetry by the name of *Juvenilia*, and afterwards married, but kept it a secret in order to be able to hold some ecclesiastical benefices which had been given up to him by a clerical uncle; a severe illness awoke his conscience, and he avowed his marriage, gave up all his dissipations, and threw himself into the cause of the Reformation.

Having given up his former maintenance, he became a printer, but he was soon nominated Greek professor at Lausanne, and afterwards professor of theology, rector of the college, and pastor at Geneva, where he became very intimate with Calvin. Being the more eloquent man, it was said that he was to Calvin what Melancthon was to Luther; but he was by no means so much on a level with his master as was the gentle Philip, who was in many points Luther's superior.

In 1560, Beza (as he was Latinised), had preached before Jeanne d'Albrêt, at Nerac, and became known to her husband and his brother, by whose influence he was summoned to the Conference. His letters to Calvin are the chief authority for what took place both in public and private.

He arrived at St. Germain-en-Laye on the 23rd of August, and the next day preached in the hall of the Prince of Condé, and in the evening was invited to the lodgings of the King of Navarre, where, besides his two brothers, the Prince and the Cardinal, there were present the Queen and the Cardinal of Lorraine. Catherine was very gracious in manner; she talked of her wish for peace and unity, and asked a few questions about Calvin's age and habits. Then she asked Beza if he had ever written in French, and he named a translation of the Psalms, and a reply to the Duke of Northumberland's recantation on the scaffold.

Then the Cardinal of Lorraine entered into a discussion on the Holy Eucharist, probably for the sake of sounding the Calvinist champion, and he expressed himself glad to find that Beza's opinions were much nearer to those of his Church than he had been led to expect. He concluded the conversation by saying, 'I am delighted to have seen and heard you, and I call upon you in God's Name to confer with me, in order that we may acquaint ourselves with each other's reasonings; and you will find that I am not so black as I have been painted.'

The Reformed continued to preach, and they were promised that the Bishops should not act as judges, and that the dispute should take place in the presence of the King and Queen and Council. The Sorbonne sent a deputation to object to any argument at all being held with heretics, more especially in the hearing of so young a child as the King, but the Queen would not brook the remonstrance.

On the 9th of September the Conference was opened in the refectory of the nunnery of Poissy, the pale, thin, dark-eyed boy, Charles IX., sitting on his throne, with his mother beside him, and the great officers of state around. Five Cardinals and fifty Bishops, with many doctors of theology, were seated on each side of the room, and the young King said a few words, after which the Chancellor de l'Hôpital made a speech opening the Session, and declaring that the Scripture alone was to be accepted as the groundwork of the arguments.

The Cardinal de Tournon showed much displeasure at this, but he was overruled by the Chancellor; and the Duke of Guise introduced Theodore Beza, ten more pastors, and twenty-two laymen. Pietro Martire Vermiglio was the twelfth pastor chosen, but he had not yet arrived.

The pastors, in square caps and plain black gowns, were not allowed to advance beyond a barrier placed across the hall. There Beza knelt down and made a public confession of the sins of the people, after which he presented a written confession of faith to the King, and began to make a speech declaring the chief points on which the Reformed differed from the Church. There was profound silence till he came to these words—

'If we are asked whether we hold that our Lord is absent from the

Holy Supper, we answer that we do not ; but if we look at the distance of place, as we must do when we are concerned with His Bodily Presence and Manhood separately considered, we say that His Body is as far from the Bread and Wine as the Heaven is from the earth.'

The Bishops broke out into the cry 'Blasphemy,' and some would have risen and gone out. Cardinal de Tournon begged the King to silence the speaker, but Charles was instructed by his mother to insist on order, and a hearing for the mouthpiece of the Reformed. Beza finished his speech, and then Tournon, trembling and stammering with horror, said to the King, 'We thought these new Gospellers might say many things unfit for the ear of the most Christian King, but we entreat you not to believe them, and to wait for the answer. We hope you will be brought back to——' and there he caught himself up, and said, 'No, not brought back to, but kept in, the right way.'

After this the Conference broke up, and the clergy considered of the answer, the Cardinal of Lorraine saying that he wished Beza had been dumb or they had been deaf. The most able of their divines, Claude d'Espence, was desired to draw up a statement of the faith to be uttered by the Cardinal, and at the same time orders were sent off to the Governor of Metz to send up express to Poissy some ministers of the Lutheran Church, in the hope of showing the discordance of the sects, and, as the Cardinal said, escaping like S. Paul between the Pharisees and Sadducees.

At the end of a week the reply was ready, and was pronounced by him with much acclamation from the Bishops ; but Beza undertook to make answer, and a hearing was appointed for the next week.

In the meantime the Legate arrived. He was Cardinal Ippolito di Este, son of the Duke of Ferrara, who had married Lucrezia Borgia, and brother of him who had married Renée of France. Legates were almost as much out of fashion in France as in England, and he was insulted on his way by pasquinades on his mother, and by shouts of 'The Fox !' 'the Fox !' He was a fine-looking, stately man, and kept his temper imperturbably through worse provocations ; for Chancellor de l'Hôpital would not seal his commission as Legate, and when expressly commanded to do so by the King, wrote above it, '*Me non consentiente*,' (not with my consent) ; nor would the Parliament register it, so determined was the Gallican Church at that time to assert her independence.

The King had reason to be obliged to the Legate, for on his representation the poor boy was released from the necessity of being present at the controversies, which he did not relish, as Edward VI. might have done.

No one was now present but the Queen mother, the Queen of Navarre, the Princes, the Cardinals, and a few of the Bishops and doctors, and the place was a small chamber of the Prior's, instead of

the great refectory. The Lutherans of Metz did not appear, for on their arrival at Paris, one of them had died of the plague, and the others were kept in quarantine; but the Calvinists had been reinforced by Pietro Martire, and the Catholics by Diego Laynez, the General of the Jesuits.

The argument was carried on between them for some time on the Real Presence, and finally the Queen proposed that five deputies on either side should meet and draw up a declaration, so worded that both parties could subscribe to it, and such as might be offered on the part of France to the impending Council. This was the form it finally assumed :—

‘We confess that JESUS CHRIST, in His Holy Supper, truly presents, gives, and exhibits to us the substance of His Body and Blood by the operation of His Holy Spirit, and that we receive and eat sacramentally and spiritually and through faith that very Body which died for us, that we may be bone of His Bone and flesh of His Flesh, to the end that we may be vivified by it, and perceive through it all things necessary for our salvation. And since faith, established on the Word of God, renders present to us things which are promised, and since through that faith we receive truly and indeed the true and natural Body and Blood of our Lord by virtue of the Holy Spirit, in that manner we confess the presence of the Body and Blood of the same our Lord in the Holy Supper.’

The foremost ecclesiastic who had assisted in drawing this up was Montluc, Bishop of Valence, who was always much inclined to reform; but even the Cardinal of Lorraine declared this had always been his belief, and that he was ready to sign it and present it to the Council.

But the doctors of the Sorbonne pronounced the formula heretical, as indeed it made the Presence *only* through faith, and the Cardinal confessed that he had been misled into accepting it, and thus the conferences of Poissy failed; but Catherine claimed Beza as a Frenchman, and he remained, on her promise not to obstruct the Calvinist worship.

Whole villages embraced the Reformation *en masse*. Old Farel and other ministers returned, and even in the cities there were great demonstrations made, and churches were despoiled of their crucifixes, relics, images, and stained glass, almost as recklessly as had been done in Scotland. The numbers of the Calvinists are uncertain, but L'Hôpital, in a letter to the Pope, called them a fourth part of the French, and Coligny presented a petition on the part of 2,150 congregations.

In Paris, when Beza himself preached, there were assemblies of 8,000 or 10,000—some say 40,000, but of course this proved nothing. In Paris the lower and upper classes were chiefly Catholic; the *bourgeoisie* were divided.

There was a great meeting-house called the Patriarchate, close to the

Church of Medard. Here, on St. John's day, 1561, 1,200 people were assembled to hear a sermon, when they were interrupted by the church bells ringing for vespers, and some person among the congregation went out and requested that they might be stopped. This was of course resented as a great act of insolence, and the man was beaten, pelted, and killed. The alarm was given, and the guard of sixty archers, who had a sort of authority to protect the Huguenots, rushed upon the church, followed by all the men of the congregation, who sat on benches outside those for the women.

These, Beza kept quiet by setting them to sing Clement Marot's version of the sixteenth Psalm; but in the meantime there was a great uproar in the church, where the priests were driven to take refuge in the tower, while the rabble joined the Huguenots, beat and wounded the Catholics, and plundered and outraged all that was sacred in the church. The archers ended by dragging off fifty-six Catholics to prison, among whom were ten priests, after which the men came back to church, and the sermon was quietly finished.

The court of justice held on this affray released the prisoners, and sentenced the captain of the archers; and as he was being led out to execution, the mob took the law into their own hands, seized him, tortured him, dragged him about, and at last threw his body into the Seine. Such disturbances took place in other cities, and at last, what was called the Edict of January was put forth, forbidding all attacks on churches, but sanctioning assemblies of the Huguenots, provided they were held outside the cities where no offence could be given to the populace, and the ministers were to swear between the hands of the magistrates to preach nothing contrary to the Holy Scriptures or to the Nicene creed.

This law was acceptable to the ministers themselves, for they were by no means willing to admit the wild heresies then afloat. Beza continued in favour at court, supported strongly by Bishop Montluc, and holding arguments on the use of images, with the doctors of the Sorbonne in the presence of the court.

One of the Sorbonnists committed himself to the argument that St. Denys, whom he took for Dionysius the Areopagite, had put up painted windows in the Church of St. Benoit, which he was supposed to have founded; and Beza got the laugh on his side, by declaring the argument as fragile as glass. Altogether, things looked to the world at large very much as if France was about to follow the example of England, and set up a national Church, a compromise between antiquity and reform.

However, this conference was declared by the King of Navarre to have convinced him that the Catholics were right, and he turned round on the Huguenot ministers, calling them charlatans and impostors, and taking his young son Henry away from the Calvinist scholars, to whom he had confided him, he gave him Roman Catholic tutors.

His high-spirited wife, Jeanne d'Albrêt, who knew that he acted not from conviction, but because he had been caught by the queen and one of her squadron, hotly remonstrated, telling him as one of the few arguments likely to weigh with him that he was somebody among the Huguenots but nobody among the Catholics.

Catherine advised her to be patient, and submit to her husband ; but she answered—

‘ Madame, rather than go to Mass, if I had my kingdom in one hand, and my son in the other, I would throw them both into the bottom of the sea ! ’

Her kingdom did not exist for her, but her son did ; and she wept over him passionately, telling him she would disinherit him if he left her faith ; but the Duke of Alva, in the name of Philip II., was holding out to Antony hopes of compensation for Navarre, by making him either King of Sardinia or of Tunis.

Jeanne meantime betook herself to her two little counties of Foix and Béarn, which she regulated according to the Institutes of Calvin. All Roman Catholic worship was proscribed, the churches stripped, the convents turned into schools and hospitals, vice and drunkenness were put down, and the people seem to have conformed themselves, and accepted the changes, so that under her there was great prosperity and good order.

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

III.

‘ Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel ; and they saw the God of Israel : and there was under His Feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel He laid not His Hand : also they saw God, and did eat and drink. ’—Exodus xxiv. 9—11. (Cf. Revelations iv.)

‘ We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. ’—2 Corinthians iii. 18.

THE Everlasting Doors lift up,
And Jesus is revealed,
To loving hearts most manifest
Where most He is concealed ;
This is the Paradise of God,
And here in glory stands
The Victim-Lamb, the Eternal Priest,
With censer-laden Hands.

The Princes of the Church of God
His Altar-throne surround,
As priests arrayed in robes of white,
As kings enthroned and crowned ;

The Living Creatures in the midst
Their wondrous chant upraise,
With them we too must celebrate
The sacrifice of praise.

The Eucharist bears witness true
To our celestial birth,
We know, if heaven be His Throne,
God's Footstool is the earth ;
The children of a Royal House
We too must bear our part,
One common rapture of delight
Possesses every heart.

God's Rainbow girdles us, we kneel
O'ershadowed by the Tree
That yields such wondrous fruit, beneath
Sparkles the crystal sea ;
By its clear radiancy ensphered
We see the sapphire stone
Flash back the golden light that streams
From the Eternal Throne.

Though high and lifted up that Throne,
Thereto His Mercy brings
His little children as they pray,
Anointed priests and kings.
So feast we at His Royal Board,
So gaze we on His Face,
By His Beatitude made blithe,
Made gracious by His Grace.

His Purity must make us pure,
His Wisdom make us wise ;
Whose Glory, seen but once of yore,
Now lives before our eyes ;
Our lips must learn His words to say,
Our hands His works to do,
So on our resurrection-day
Shall we be perfect too.

A. G.

MAGNUM BONUM ; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHUTTING THE STABLE DOOR.

‘HURRAH ! It’s Johnny !’

‘Georgie. Recollect yourself.’

‘But, mamma, it was Johnny.’

‘Johnny does not come till evening. Sit still, children, or I shall have to send you to dine in the nursery.’

‘Somebody did pass the window, mamma, but I thought it was Rob,’ said Jessie, now grown into a very fine-looking, tall, handsome maiden, with a grandly-formed head and shoulders, and pleasant soft brown eyes.

‘It was Johnny,’ reiterated little George ; and at that moment the dining-room door opened, and the decorum of the luncheon dinner entirely giving way, the three little ones all precipitated themselves towards the entering figure, while Jessie and her mother rose at their two ends of the table, and the colonel, no luncheon eater, came in from the study.

‘What, Johnny, already !’

‘The tidal train was earlier than I expected, so I have another half-day. Well ! are you all well ?’

‘Quite well. Why—how you are grown ! I thought it was Rob when you passed my window,’ said his father.

‘So did I at first,’ added Jessie, ‘but Rob is much broader.’

‘Yes,’ said his mother. ‘I am glad you are come back, Johnny ; you look thin and pale. Sit down. Some mutton or some rabbit-pie. No, no, let Jessie help you ; you sha’n’t have all the carving ; I’m sure you are tired ; you don’t look at all well.’

‘I was crossing all night, you know,’ said Johnny, laughing, ‘and am as hungry as a hunter, that’s all. What a blessing to see a nice clean English potato again without any flummery !’

‘Ah ! I thought so,’ said his mother ; ‘they didn’t know how to feed you. It was an unfortunate business altogether.’

‘How did you leave those poor boys, Johnny ?’ asked his father.

‘Better,’ said Johnny. ‘Jock is nearly well,—will be quite so after the baths ; and Armine is getting better. He sat up for an hour the day before I came away.’

‘And your aunt ?’ said his father.

‘Wonderful,’ said John, with a quiver of feeling on his face. ‘You

never saw anything like her. She keeps up, but she looks awfully thin and worn. I couldn't have left her if Dr. Medlicott and Lord Fordham and his man had not all been bent on saving her whatever they could.'

Her Serene Highness virtuously forbore a sigh. She never could believe those chains either right or unconscious with which Caroline bound all men to her service. However, she only said—

'It was high time that you came away; you were quite knocked up with being left a week alone with Lucas in that horrid place. I can't think how your aunt came to think of it.'

'She didn't think,' said John bluntly; 'besides it was only four days, and it couldn't be helped. Besides, it was rather jolly.'

'But it knocked you up.'

'Oh! that was only the doctor and my aunt. They said I was done up first because I caught cold, and was glad to wait a day or two longer in hopes Allen and Bobus would have come out before I went.'

'They come out! Not they!' said the colonel. 'Tis not the way of young men nowadays to give up anything for their fathers and mothers. No, no, Bobus can't spare a week from his reading party, but must leave his mother to a set of chance acquaintance, and Allen—whom poor Caroline always thinks the affectionate one, if he is nothing else—can't give up going to gape at the sun at midnight, and Rob was wanting to make one of their freight of fools, but I told him it was quite enough to have one son wandering abroad at other people's expense when it couldn't be helped, and I wouldn't have another unless he was prepared to lay down his share in the yacht, out of his pay and allowance. I'm glad you are come home, Johnny; it was quite right to come as soon as your aunt could spare you, poor thing! She writes warmly about you; I am glad you were able to be of use to her, but you ought not to waste any more time.'

'No. I wrote to my tutor that I would be at Eton to-morrow night, in time to begin the week's work.'

'Papa!' cried out Mrs. Brownlow, 'you will never let him start so soon? He is so pulled down, I must have him at home to get him right again; and there are all his clothes to look over!'

Colonel Brownlow gave the odd little chuckling noise that meant to all the family that he did not see the force of mamma's objections, and John asseverated that he was perfectly well, and that his Eton garments were all at Hyde Corner, where he should take them up. Meantime, he thought he ought to walk to Belforest to report to his cousins, and carry a key which his aunt had sent by him to Janet.

'They will be coming in this evening,' said his mother; 'you had better stay and rest.'

'I must go over, thank you,' said John. 'There is a book Armine wants to have sent out to him. Jessie, will you walk with me?'

'And me!' cried George.

‘And me!’ cried Will.

‘And me, Charlie go!’ cried the smallest voice.

But the colonel disconcerted the petitioners by announcing that he had business at Belforest, and would drive Johnny over in the dog-cart. So Jessie had to console herself by agreeing with her mother that Johnny looked much more manly, yes, and had an air and style about him which both admired very much, though, while Mrs. Brownlow deemed it the true outcome of the admixture of Friar and Brownlow, Jessie gave more credit to Eton and Belforest, for Jessie was really fond of her aunt, to whom she had owed most of her extra gaieties. Moreover, Mrs. Brownlow, though often chafing secretly, had the power of reticence, and would not set the minds of her children against one who was always doing them kindnesses. True, these favours were more than she could easily brook, since her pride and independence were not, like her husband’s, tempered by warm affection. It was his doing that Johnny’s education had been accepted, and that Esther and Ellen had been sent to a good school; thus gratitude, unpalatable though it were, prevented unguarded censure. She abstained from much, and as there was not much quick intuition in the family, even Jessie, the most in her confidence, only vaguely knew that mamma thought Aunt Caroline too clever and fly-away; but mamma was grave and wise, and it was very nice to have an aunt who was young and lively, and always had pleasant things going on in her house. Jessie always had her full share, not indeed appreciating the intellect, but possessing beauty and charm enough to be always appreciated there. ‘Sweetly pretty,’ as Mrs. Coffinkey called her, was exactly what she was, for she was thoroughly good and unselfish, and a happy, simple nature looked out through her brown smiling eyes. She was very fond of her cousins, had shared all the anxieties of the last fortnight to the utmost, and was a good deal disappointed at being balked of the walk with her brother in which she would have heard so much more about Armine, Jock, and Aunt Caroline, than would be communicated in public.

Johnny, however, was glad of the invitation, even though a little shy of it. The *tête-à-tête* drive was an approach to the serious business of life, since it was evidently designed to give opportunity for answering a letter which he had thought out and written while laid up at Leukerbad by a bad cold and the reaction from his exertions at Schwarenbach.

Still his father did not speak till they had driven up the hill, and were near the gates of Belforest. Then he said—

‘That was not a bad letter that you wrote me, Johnny.’

Johnny flushed with pleasure. The letter had cost him much thought and pains, and commendation from his father was rare.

‘But it will take a great deal of consideration.’

‘Yes,’ said Johnny. ‘You don’t disapprove, do you, papa?’

'Well,' said the colonel, in his ponderous way, 'you have advantages you know, and you might do better for yourself.'

There was a quivering impulse on Johnny's lips to say that it was not to himself that he wanted to do good ; but when his father was speaking in that deliberate manner, he was not to be interrupted, and there was nothing for it but to hear him out.

'Your aunt is providing you with the best of educations, you have good abilities and industry, and you will be a well-looking fellow besides,' added the colonel, glancing over him with an approving eye of fatherly satisfaction ; 'and it seems to me that you could succeed in some superior line. Your mother and I had always hoped to see you at the bar. Every opportunity for distinction is given you, and I do not understand this sudden desire to throw them up for a profession of much greater drudgery and fewer chances of rising, unless it were from some influence of your aunt.'

'She never spoke of it. She does not know that I have thought of it, nor of my letter to you.'

'Then it is simply from enthusiasm for this young doctor?'

'Not exactly,' said John, 'but I always wished I could be like my uncle. I remember hearing mamma read a bit of one of the letters of condolence which said "His was one of the most beautiful lives I have ever known," and I never forgot it. It staid in my mind like a riddle, till I gradually found out that the beauty was in the good he was always doing——'

'Ah !' said the colonel, in a tone betokening that he was touched, and which encouraged John to continue.—

'Besides, I really do like and enter into scientific subjects better than any others ; I believe it is my turn.'

'Perhaps—you do sometimes put me in mind of your uncle. But why have you only spoken of it now?'

'I don't think I really considered what I should be,' said John. 'There was quite enough to think of with work, and cricket, and all the rest, till this spring, when I have been off it all, and then when I talked it over with Dr. Medlicott, he settled my mind about various things that I wanted to know.'

'Did he persuade you?'

'No more than saying that I managed well for Jock when I was left alone with him, and that he thought I had the makings of a doctor in me. He loves his profession of course, and thinks it a grand one. Yes, papa, indeed I think it is. To be always learning the ways of God's working, for the sake of lessening all the pain and grief in the world——'

'Johnny ! That's almost what my brother said to me thirty years ago, and what did it come to ? Being at the beck and call night and day of every beggar in London, and dying at last in his prime, of disease caught in their service.'

‘Yes,’ said John, with a low gruff sound in his voice, ‘but is not that like being killed in battle?’

‘The world doesn’t think it so, my boy,’ said the soldier. ‘Well! what is it you propose to do?’

‘I don’t suppose it will make much difference yet,’ said John, ‘except that at Oxford I should go in more for physical science.’

‘You don’t want to give up the university?’

‘Oh, no! Dr. Medlicott said a degree there is a great help, besides that, all the general study one can get is the more advantage, lifting one above the mere practitioner.’

‘That is well,’ said the colonel. ‘If you are to go to the university, there is no need to dwell further on the matter at present. You will have had time to see more of the world, and you will know whether this wish only comes from enthusiasm for a pleasant young man who has been kind to you, or if it be your real deliberate choice, and if so, your mother will have had time to reconcile herself to the notion. At any rate, we will say no more about it for the present. Though I must say, Johnny,’ he added, as he turned his horse’s head between the ribbon borders of the approach, ‘you have thought and spoken like a sensible lad, and so like my dear brother, that I could not deny you.’

If Johnny could hardly believe in the unwonted commendation which made his heart throb, and sent a flood of colour into his cheeks, Colonel Brownlow was equally amazed at the boy’s attainment of a manly and earnest thought and purpose, so utterly unlike anything he had hitherto seen in the stolid Rob, or the easy-going Allen, or even in Bobus, who—whatever there might be in him—never thought it worth while to show it to his uncle.

However, discussion was cut short by a little flying figure which came rushing across the garden, and Babie with streaming hair clung to her cousin, gasping—

‘Oh! Johnny, Johnny, tell me about Army and Jock!’

‘They are ever so much better, Babie,’ said Johnny, lifting the slim little thing up in his arms, as he had lifted his own five-year-old brother; ‘I’ve got a thick parcel of acrostics for you, Army makes them in bed, and Lord Fordham writes them out.’

‘Will you come to the rosary, Uncle Robert?’ said Babie, recovering her manners, as Johnny set her down. ‘It is the coolest place, and they are sitting there.’

‘Why, Babie, what a sprite you look,’ said Johnny. ‘You look as if you were just off the sick-list too!’

‘I’m all right,’ said Babie, shaking her hair at him, and bounding on before with the tidings of their coming, while her uncle observed in a low voice—

‘Poor little thing! I believe she has been a good deal knocked up between the heat and the anxiety; there was no making her eat or sleep. Ah! Miss Elfie, are you acting queen of roses?’ as Babie

returned together with Elvira, who with a rich dark-red rose over one ear, and a large bouquet at her bosom, justified the epithet at which she bridled, and half curtsied in her graceful stately archness, as she gave her hand in greeting, and exclaimed—

‘Ah, Johnny ! are you come ? When is Mother Carey going to send for us ?’

‘When they leave Leukerbad I fancy,’ said John. ‘That’s a tiresome place for anyone who does not need to lead the life of a hippopotamus.’

‘It can’t be more tiresome than this is,’ said Elvira, with a yawn. ‘Lessons all day, and nobody to come near us.’

‘Isn’t this a dreadful place ?’ said John, merrily, as he looked into the rosary, a charming bowery circle of fragrance, inclosed by arches of trellis-work on which roses were trained, their wreaths now bearing a profusion of blossoms of every exquisite tint, from deep crimson or golden-yellow, to purest white, while their more splendid standard sisters bloomed out in fragrant and gorgeous magnificence under their protection.

At the shady end there was a little grass plat round a tiny fountain, whose feather of spray rose and plashed coolness. Near it were seats where Miss Ogilvie and Janet were discovered with books and work. They came forward with greetings and inquiries, which Johnny answered in detail.

‘Yes, they are both better. Armine sat by the window for an hour the day before I came away.’

‘Will they be able to come back to Eton after the holidays ?’ asked his father.

‘Certainly not Armine, but Jock seems to be getting all right. If he was to catch rheumatism he did it at the right place, for that’s what Leukerbad is good for. Oh, Babie, you never saw such a lark ! Fancy a great room, and where the floor ought to be nothing but muddy water or liquid mud, with steps going down, and a lot of heads looking out of it, some with curly heads, some in smoking-caps, some in fine caps of lace and ribbons.’

‘Oh ! Johnny ; like women !’

‘Like women ! They are women.’

‘Not altogether.’

‘Yes, I tell you, the whole boiling of them, male and female. There’s a fat German Countess, who always calls Jock her *liebes Kind*, and comes floundering after him, to his very great disgust. The only things they have to show they are humans still, and not frogs, are little boards floating before them with their pocket-handkerchiefs and coffee-cups and newspapers.’

‘Oh ! like the little blacks in the dear bright bays at San Ildefonso,’ cried Elvira.

‘You don’t mean that they have no clothes on ?’ said Babie, with

shocked downrightness of speech that made everybody laugh ; and Johnny satisfied her on that score, adding that Dr. Medlicott had made a parody of Tennyson's *Merman*, for Jock's benefit, on giving him up to a Leukerbad doctor, who was to conduct his month's *Kur*. It was to go into the *Traveller's Joy*, a manuscript magazine, the first number of which was being concocted and illustrated amongst the Leukerbad party, for the benefit of Babie and Sydney Evelyn. As a foretaste, Johnny produced from the bag he still carried strapped on his shoulder, a packet of acrostics addressed to Miss Barbara Brownlow, and a smaller envelope for Janet.

'Is it the key?' asked Colonel Brownlow.

'Yes,' said Janet, 'the key of her davenport, and directions in which drawer to find the letters you want. Do you like to have them at once, Uncle Robert?'

'Thank you—yes, for then I can go round and settle with that fellow Martin, which I can't do without knowing exactly what passed between him and your mother.'

Janet went off, observing—'I wonder whether that is a possibility;' while Miss Ogilvie put in an anxious inquiry for Mrs. Brownlow's health and spirits, and a good many more details were elicited than Johnny had given at home. She had never broken down, and now that she was hopeful was, in spite of her fatigue, as bright and merry as ever, and was contributing comic pictures to the *Traveller's Joy*, while Lord Fordham did the sketches. Those kind people were as careful of her as any could be.'

'And what are her further plans?' asked Miss Ogilvie. 'Has she been able to form any?'

'Hardly,' said Johnny. 'They must stay at Leukerbad for a month for Jock to have the course of waters rightly, and indeed Armine could hardly be moved sooner. I think Dr. Medlicott wants them to keep in Switzerland till the heat of the weather is over, and then winter in the south.'

'And when may I go to Armine?'

'When shall we get away from here?' asked Babie and Elsie in a breath.

'I don't quite know,' said John. 'There is not much room to spare in the hotel where they are at Leukerbad, and it is a dreadfully slow place. Evelyn is growling like a dozen polar bears at it.'

'Why isn't he gone back with you to Eton?'

'I believe it was settled that he was not to go back this half, for fear of his lungs, and you see he is a swell who takes it easily. He would have been glad enough to return with me though, and would scarcely have endured staying, but that he is so fond of Jock.'

'What is there to be done there?'

'Nothing, except to wade in tepid mud. Fordham has routed out a German to read *Faust* with, and that puts Evelyn into a sweet temper.'

They go on expeditions, and do sketching and botany, which amuses Armine ; but they get up some fun over the queer people, and *do* them for the mag., but it is all deadly lively, not that I saw much of it, for we only got down from Schwarenbach on Saturday, and they kept me in bed all Sunday and Monday, but Jock and Evelyn hate it awfully. Indeed Jock is so down in the mouth altogether I don't know what to make of him, and just when the German doctors say the treatment makes people particularly brisk and lively.'

'Perhaps what makes a German lively makes an Englishman grave,' sagely observed Babie.

'Jock grave must be a strange sight,' said the Colonel ; 'I am afraid he can't be recovering properly.'

'The doctor thinks he is,' said John ; 'but then he doesn't know the nature of the Skipjack. But,' he added, in a low voice, 'that night was enough to make any one grave, and it was much the worst to Jock, because he kept his senses almost all the time, and was a good deal hurt besides to begin with. His sprain is still so bad that he has to be carried up stairs and to go to the baths in a chair.'

'And do you think,' said the Colonel, 'that this young lord is going to stay on all this time in this dull place for the sake of an utter stranger ?'

'Jock and Evelyn were always great friends at Eton,' said John. 'Then my uncle did something, I don't know what, that Medlicott is grateful for, and they have promised to see Armine through this illness. The place agrees with Fordham ; they say he has never been so well or active since he came out.'

'What is he like ?' inquired Babie.

'Like, Babie ? Like anything long and limp you can think of. He sits all in a coil and twist, and you don't think there's much of him ; but when he gets up and pulls himself upright, you go looking and looking till you don't know where's the top of him, till you see a thin white face in washed-out hair. He is a good fellow, awfully kind, and I suppose he can't help being such a tremendous—' John hesitated, in deference to his father, for a word that was not slang, and finally chose 'don.'

'Oh,' sighed Babie, 'Army said in his note he was jolly beyond description.'

'Well, so he is,' said John ; 'he plays chess with Army, and brings him flowers and books, and waits on him as you used to do on a sick doll. And that's just what he is ; he ought to have been a woman, and he would have been much happier too, poor fellow. I'd rather be dead at once than drag about such a life of coddling as he does.'

'Poor lad !' said his father. 'Did Janet understand that I was waiting for those letters, I wonder ?'

'You had better go and see, Babie,' said Miss Ogilvie. 'Perhaps she cannot find them.'

Babie set off, and John proceeded to explain that Mrs. Evelyn was still detained in London by old Lady Fordham, who continued to be kept between life and death by her doctors. Meantime, the sons could dispose of themselves as they pleased, while under the care of Dr. Medlicott and were not wanted at home, so that there was little doubt but that they would remain with Armine as long as he needed their physician's care.

All the while Elfie was flitting about, pelting Johnny with handfuls snatched from over-blown roses, and though he returned the assault at every pause, his grey travelling suit was bestrewn with crimson, pink, cream, and white petals.

At last the *débris* of a huge Eugénie Grandet hit him full on the bridge of his nose, and caused him to exclaim—

'Nay, Elfie, you little wretch; that was quite a good rose—not fair game,' and leaping up to give her chase in and out among the beds, they nearly ran against Janet returning with the letters, and saying 'she was sorry to have been so long, but mother's hoards were never easy places of research.'

Barbara came more slowly back, and looked somewhat as if she had had a sharper rebuke than she understood or relished.

Poor child! she had suffered much in this her first real trouble, and a little thing was enough to upset her. She had not readily recovered from the petulant tone of anger with which Janet told her not to come peeping and worrying.

Janet had given a most violent start when she opened the door of her mother's bedroom where the davenport stood; and Janet much resented being startled; no doubt that was the reason she was so cross, thought Barbara, but still it was very disagreeable.

That room was the child's also. She had been her mother's bed-fellow ever since her father's death, and she felt her present solitude. The nights were sultry, and her sleep had been broken of late.

That night she was in a slumber as cool as a widely-opened window would make it, but not so sound that she was not haunted all the time by dread for Armine.

Suddenly she was awakened to full consciousness by seeing a light in the room. No, it was not the maid putting away her dresses. It was Janet, bending over her mother's davenport.

Babie started up.

'Janet! Is anything the matter?'

'Nothing! Nonsense! go to sleep, child.'

'What are you about?'

'Never mind. Only mother keeps her things in such a mess; I was setting them to rights after disturbing them to find the book.'

There was something in the tone like an apology. Babie did not like it, but she well knew that she should be contemptuously put down if she attempted an inquiry, far less a remonstrance, with Janet.

Only, with a puzzled sort of watch-dog sense, she sat up in bed and stared.

'Why don't you lie down?' said Janet.

Babie did lie down, but on her back, her head high up on the pillow, and her eyes well open still.

Perhaps Janet did not like it, for she gave an impatient shuffle to the papers, shut the drawer with a jerk, locked it, took up her candle, and went away without vouchsafing a 'good-night.'

Babie lay wondering. She knew that the davenport contained all that was most sacred and precious to her mother, as relics of her old life, and that only dire necessity would have made her let any one touch it. What could Janet mean? To speak would be of no use. One-and-twenty was not likely to listen to thirteen, though Babie, in her dreamy wakefulness, found herself composing conversations in which she made eloquent appeals to Janet, which she was never likely to utter.

At last the morning twitterings began outside, doves cooed, peacocks miawed, light dawned, and Babie's perceptions cleared themselves. In the wainscoted room was a large closet, used for hanging up cloaks and dresses, and fortunately empty. No sooner did the light begin to reflect itself in its polished oak-panelled door, than an idea struck Babie, and bounding from her bed, she opened the door, wheeled in the davenport, shut it in, turned the big rusty key with both hands and a desperate effort, then repairing to her own little inner room, disturbed the honourable retirement of the last and best-beloved of her dolls in a pink-lined cradle in a disused doll's house, and laying the key beneath the mattress, felt heroically ready for the thumbscrew rather than yield it up. She knew Armine would say she was right, and be indignant that Janet should meddle with mother's private stores. So she turned over on the pillow, cooled by the morning breeze, and fell into a sound sleep, whence she was only roused by the third 'Miss Barbara,' from her maid.

She heard no more of the matter, and but for the absence of the davenport could really have thought it all a dream.

She was driving her two little fairy ponies to Kenminster with Elvira, to get the afternoon post, when a quiet, light step came into the bedroom, and Janet stood within it, looking for the davenport, as if she did not quite believe her eyes. However, remembering Babie's eyes, she had her suspicions. She looked into the little girl's room and saw nothing, then tried the closet door, and finding it locked, came to a tolerably correct guess as to what had become of it, and felt hotly angry at 'that conceited child's meddling folly.'

For the awkward thing was that the clasped memorandum-book, containing 'Magnum Bonum,' was in her hand, locked out of instead of into its drawer.

When searching for the account-book for her uncle, it had, as it

were, offered itself to her ; and though so far from being green, with 'Garden' marked on it, it was Russia leather, and had J. B. upon it. She had peeped in and read 'Magnum Bonum' within the lid. All day the idea had haunted her, that there lay the secret in the charge of her little thoughtless mother, who, ignorant of its true value, and deterred by uncomprehended words and weak scruples, was withholding it from the world, and depriving her own family, and what was worst of all, her daughter, of the chances of becoming illustrious.

'I am his daughter as much as hers,' thought she. 'Why should she deprive me of my inheritance?'

Certainly Janet had been told that the great arcanum could not be dealt with by a woman, but this she did not implicitly believe, and she was in consequence the more curious to discover what it really was, and whether it was reasonable to sacrifice the best years of her life to preparing for it. The supposed unfairness of her exclusion seemed to her to justify the act, and thus it was that she had stolen to the davenport when she supposed that her little sister would be asleep, and finding it impossible to attend or understand with Babie's great brown eyes lamping on her, she had carried off the book.

She had been reading it even till the morning light had surprised her, and had been able to perceive the general drift, though she had leaped over the intermediate steps. She had just sufficient comprehension of the subject for unlimited confidence that the achievement was practicable, without having knowledge enough to understand a tithe of the difficulties, though she did see that they could hardly be surmounted by a woman unassisted. However, she might see her way by the time her studies were completed, and in the meantime her mother might keep the shell while she had the essence.

However, to find the shell thus left on her hands was no slight perplexity. Should she, as eldest daughter left in charge, demand the desk, Barbara would produce her reasons for its abstraction, and for this Janet was not prepared. Unless something else was wanted from it, so as to put Babie in the wrong, Janet saw no alternative but to secure the book in her own bureau, and watch for a chance of smuggling it back.

Thus Babie escaped all interrogation, but she did not release the captive davenport, and indeed she soon forgot all about it in her absorption in Swiss letters.

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOODED AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GATE AJAR.

'Oh live !
 So endeth faint the low pathetic cry
 Of love, whom death hath taught, love cannot die.'
Poems by the Author of 'John Halifax.'

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap :
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated over-head,
 He giveth His beloved sleep.'

E. B. BROWNING.

THE fever had run its course,—never virulent or excessive, there had still been no abatement in the unfavourable symptoms, and, as the critical days approached, Mildred's watchfulness detected an increased gravity in Dr. Heriot's manner. Always assiduous in his attentions, they now became almost unremitting ; his morning and evening visits were supplemented by a noonday one ; by and by every moment he could snatch from his other patients was spent by Olive's bedside.

A silent oppression hung over the vicarage ; anxious footsteps crept stealthily up to the front door at all hours, with low-whispered inquiries. Every morning and evening Mildred telegraphed signals to Roy and Polly as they stood on the other side of the beck in Hillsbottom, watching patiently for the white fluttering pendant that was to send them away in comparative tranquillity. Sometimes Roy would climb the low hill in Hillsbottom, and lie for hours, with his eyes fixed on the broad projecting window, on the chance of seeing Mildred steal there for a moment's fresh air. Roy, contrary to his usual light-heartedness, had taken Olive's illness greatly to heart ; the remembrance of his hard words oppressed and tormented him. Chriss often kept him company. Chriss, who grew crosser day by day with suppressed unhappiness, and who vented her uncomfortable feelings in contradicting everything and everybody from morning to night.

One warm sunshiny afternoon, Mildred, who was sensible of unusual languor and oppression, had just stolen to the window to refresh her eyes with the soft green of the fellsides, when Dr. Heriot, who had been standing thoughtfully by the bedside, suddenly roused himself and followed her.

'Miss Lambert, do you know I am going to assert my authority !'

Mildred looked up inquiringly, but there was no answering smile on her pale face.

'I am going to forbid you this room for the next two hours. Indeed,' as Mildred shook her head incredulously, 'I am serious in what I say; you have just reached the limit of endurance, and an attack of faintness may possibly be the result, if you do not follow my advice. An hour's fresh air will send you back fit for your work.'

'But Olive! indeed I cannot leave Olive, Dr. Heriot.'

'Not in my care?' very quietly. 'Of course I shall remain here until you return.'

'You are very kind; but indeed—no—I cannot go; please do not ask me, Dr. Heriot;' and Mildred turned very pale.

'I do not ask, I insist on it,' in a voice Mildred never heard before from Dr. Heriot. 'Can you not trust me?' he continued, relapsing into his ordinary gentle tone. 'Believe me, I would not banish you but for your own good. You know'—he hesitated; but the calm, quiet face seemed to reassure him—'things can only go on like this for a few hours, and we may have a very trying night before us. You will want all your strength for the next day or two.'

'You apprehend a change for the worse?' asked Mildred, drawing her breath more quickly, but speaking in a tone as low as his, for Richard was watching them anxiously from the other end of the room.

'I do not deny we have reason to fear it,' he returned, evasively; 'but there will be no change of any kind for some hours.'

'I will go, then, if Richard will take me,' she replied, quietly; and Richard rose reluctantly.

'You must not bring her back for two hours,' was Dr. Heriot's parting injunction, as Mildred paused by Olive's bedside for a last lingering look. Olive still lay in the same heavy stupor, only broken from time to time by the imperfect muttering. The long hair had all been cut off, and only a dark lock or two escaped from under the wet cloths; the large hollow eyes looked fixed and brilliant, while the parched and blackened lips spoke of low, consuming fever. As Mildred turned away, she was startled by the look of anguish that crossed Richard's face; but he followed her without a word.

It was a lovely afternoon in July, the air was full of the warm fragrance of new-mown hay, the distant fells lay in purple shadow. As they walked through Hillsbottom, Mildred's eyes were almost dazzled by the soft waves of green upland shining in the sunshine. Clusters of pink briar roses hung on every hedge; down by the weir some children were wading among the shallow pools; further on the beck widened, and flowed smoothly between its wooded banks. By and by they came to a rough foot-bridge, leading to a little lane, its hedgerows bordered with ferns, and gay with rose-campion and soft blue harebells, while trails of meadow-sweet scented the air; beyond, lay a

beautiful meadow, belting Podgill, its green surface gemmed with the white starry eyebright, and golden in parts with yellow trefoil and ragwort.

Mildred stooped to gather, half-mechanically, the blue-eyed gentian that Richard was crushing under his foot; and then a specimen of the soft-tinted campanella attracted her, its cluster of bell-shaped blossoms towering over the other wild-flowers.

'Shall we go down into Podgill, Aunt Milly, it is shadier than this lane?' and Mildred, who was revolving painful thoughts in her mind, followed him, still silent, through the low-hanging woods, with its winding beck and rough-stepping-stones, until they came to a green slope, spanned by the viaduct.

'Let us sit down here, Richard; how quiet and cool it is?' and Mildred seated herself on the grass, while Richard threw himself down beside her.

'How silent we have been, Richard. I don't think either of us cared to talk; but Dr. Heriot was right, I feel refreshed already.'

'I am glad we came then, Aunt Milly.'

'I never knew any one so thoughtful. Richard, I want to speak to you; did you ever find out that Olive wrote poetry?'

Richard raised himself in surprise.

'No, Aunt Milly.'

'I want to show you this; it was written on a stray leaf, and I ventured to capture it; it may help you to understand that in her own way Olive has suffered.'

Richard took the paper from her without a word; but Mildred noticed his hand shook. Was it cruel thus to call his hardness to remembrance? For a moment Mildred's soft heart wavered over the task she had set for herself.

It was scrawled in Olive's school-girl hand, and in some parts was hard to decipher, especially as now and then a blot of tear-drops had rendered it illegible; but nevertheless Richard succeeded in reading it.

'How speed our lost in the Unknown Land,
Our dear ones gone to that distant strand?
Do they know that our hearts are sore
With longing for faces that never come,
With longing to hear in our silent home
The voices that sound no more?
There's a desolate look by the old hearth-stone,
That tells of some light of the household gone
To dwell with the ransomed band;
But none may follow their upward track
And never, ah! never, a word comes back
To tell of the Unknown Land!

We know by a gleam on the brow so pale,
When the soul bursts forth from its mortal veil,
And the gentle and good departs,
That the dying ears caught the first faint ring

Of the songs of praise that the angels sing ;
 But back to our yearning hearts
 Comes never, ah ! never, a word to tell
 That the purified spirit we love so well
 Is safe on the heavenly strand,
 That the Angel of Death has another gem
 To set in the star-decked diadem
 Of the King of the Unknown Land !

How speed our lost in the realms of air
 We would ask—we would ask—Do they love us there ?
 Do they know that our hearts are sore,
 That the cup of sorrow oft overflows,
 And our eyes grow dim with weeping for those—
 For those who shall “ weep no more ? ”
 And when the Angel of Death shall call,
 And earthly chains from about us fall,
 Will they meet us with clasping hand ?
 But never, ah ! never a voice replies
 From the “ many mansions ” above the skies
 To tell of the Unknown Land ! ’ *

‘ Aunt Milly, why did you show me this ? ’ and Richard’s eyes, full of reproachful pain, fixed themselves somewhat sternly on her face.

‘ Because I want you to understand. Look, there is another on the next leaf ; see, she has called it “ A little while ” and “ for ever. ” My poor girl, every word is so true of her own earnest nature.’

“ For ever ” they are fading,
 Our beautiful, our bright ;
 They gladden us “ a little while,”
 Then pass away from sight ;
 ‘ A little while ’ we’re parted
 From those who love us best,
 Who gain the goal before us
 And enter into rest.
 Our path grows very lonely,
 And still those words beguile,
 And cheer our footsteps onward ;
 ’Tis but a little while.
 “ A little while ” earth’s sorrow,—
 Its burdens and its care,
 Its struggles ’neath the crosses,
 Which we of earth must bear.
 There’s time to do, and suffer—
 To work our Master’s will,
 But not for vain regretting
 For thought or deeds of ill.
 Too short to spend in weeping
 O’er broken hopes and flowers,
 For wandering and wasting
 Is this strange life of ours.
 Though when our cares oppress us,
 Earth’s “ little while ” seems long,
 If we would win the battle
 We must be brave and strong.

And so with humble spirit,
But highest hopes and aim,
The goal so often longed for
We may perhaps attain.

"For ever" and "for ever"
To dwell among the blest,
Where sorrows never trouble
The deep eternal rest.
When one by one we gather
Beneath our Father's smile,
And Heaven's sweet "for ever"
Drowns earth's sad "little while."

'Well, Richard?'

But there was no answer; only the buzzing of insects in giddy circles broke the silence, mingled with the far-off twitter of birds. Only when Mildred again looked up, the paper had fluttered to their feet, and Richard had covered his face with his shaking hands.

'Dear Cardie, forgive me; I did not mean to pain you like this.'

'Aunt Milly,' in a voice so hoarse and changed that Mildred quite started, 'if she die, if Olive die, I shall never know a moment's peace again;' and the groan that accompanied the words wrung Mildred's tender heart with compassion.

'God forbid we should lose her, Richard,' she returned, gently.

'Do not try to deceive me,' he returned, bitterly, in the same low, husky tones. 'I heard what he said—what you both said—that it could not go on much longer; and I saw his face when he thought he was alone. There is no hope—none.'

'Oh Richard, hush,' replied Mildred in uncontrollable agitation; 'while there is life, there is hope. Think of David, "While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept," he could not tell whether God meant to be gracious to him or not. We will pray, you and I, that our girl may be spared.'

But Richard recoiled in positive horror.

'I pray, Aunt Milly? I, who have treated her so cruelly? I, who have flung hard words to her, who have refused to forgive her? I——' and he hid his pale, convulsed face in his hands again.

'But you have forgiven her now, you do her justice. You believe how truly she loved, she will ever love you.'

'Too late,' he groaned. 'Yes, I see it now, she was too good for us; we made her unhappy, and God is taking her home to her mother.'

'Then you will let her go, dear Cardie. Hush, it would break her heart to see you so unhappy;' and Mildred knelt down on the grass beside him, and stroked back the dark waves of hair tenderly. She knew the pent-up anguish of weeks must have its vent, now that his stoical manhood had broken down. Remorse, want of rest, deadly conflict and anxiety, had at last overcome the barrier of his reserve; and, as he

flung himself down beside her, with his face hidden in the bracken, she knew the hot tears were welling through his fingers.

For a long time she sat beside him, till his agitation had subsided ; and then, in her low, quiet voice, she began to talk to him. She spoke of Olive's purity and steadfastness of purpose, her self-devotedness and power of love ; and Richard raised his head to listen. She told him of those Sunday afternoons spent by her mother's grave, that quiet hour of communion bracing her for the jars and discords of the week. And she hinted at those weary moods of perpetual self-torture and endless scruple, which hindered all vigorous effort and clouded her youth.

'A diseased sensibility and over-much imagination have resulted in the despondency that has so discouraged and annoyed you, Richard. She has dwelt so long among shadows of her own raising, that she has grown a weary companion to healthier minds ; her very love is so veiled by timidity that it has given you an impression of her coldness.'

'Blind fool that I was,' he ejaculated. 'Oh, Aunt Milly, do you think she can ever forgive me ?'

'There can be no question of forgiveness at all ; do not distress her by asking for it, Richard. Olive's heart is as simple as a little child's ; it is not capable of resentment. Tell her that you love her, and you will make her happy.'

Richard did not answer for a minute, his thoughts had suddenly taken a new turn.

'I never could tell how it was she read me so correctly,' he said at last ; 'her telling my father, and not me, was so incomprehensible.'

'She did not dare to speak to you, and she was so unhappy ; but, Richard, even Olive does not hold the right clue to all this trouble.'

He started nervously, changed colour, and plucked the blades of grass restlessly. But in his present softened mood, Mildred knew he would not repulse her ; trouble might be near at hand, but at least he would not refuse her sympathy any longer.

'Dear Cardie, your difficulty is a very real one, and only time and prayerful consideration can solve it ; but beware how you let the wishes of your dead mother, dear and binding as they may be to you, prove a snare to your conscience. Richard, I knew her well enough to be sure that was the last thing she would desire.'

The blood rushed to Richard's face, eager words rose to his lips, but he restrained them ; but the grateful gleam in his eyes spoke volumes.

'That is your real opinion, Aunt Milly.'

'Indeed it is. Unready hands, an unprepared heart, are not fit for the sanctuary. I may wish with you that difficulties had not arisen, that you could carry out your parents' dedication and wish ; but vocation cannot be forced, neither must you fall into Olive's

mistake of supposing self-sacrifice is the one thing needful. After all, our first duty is to be true to ourselves.'

'Aunt Milly, how wise you are !' he exclaimed in involuntary admiration. 'No one, not even my father, put it so clearly. You are right, I do not mean to sacrifice myself unless I can feel it my duty to do so. But it is a question I must settle with myself.'

'True, dear, only remember the brave old verse—

"Stumbleth he who runneth fast ?
Dieth he who standeth still ?
Not by haste or rest can ever
Man his destiny fulfil."

"Never hasting, never resting," a fine life-motto, Cardie ; but our time is nearly at an end, we must be going now.'

As they walked along, Richard returned of his own accord to the subject they had been discussing, and owned his indecision was a matter of great grief to him.

'Conscientious doubts will find their answer some day,' replied Mildred ; 'but I wish you had not refused to confide them to your father.'

Richard bit his lip.

'It was wrong of me ; I know it, Aunt Milly ; but it would have been so painful to him, and so humiliating to myself.'

'Hardly so painful as to be treated like a stranger by his own son. You have no idea how sorely your reserve has fretted him.'

'It was cowardly of me ; but indeed, Aunt Milly, the whole question was involved in difficulty. My father is sometimes a little vague in his manner of treating things ; he is more scholarly than practical, and I own I dreaded complication and disappointment.'

Mildred sighed. Perhaps after all he was right. Her brother was certainly a little dreamy and wanting in concentration and energy just now ; but little did Richard know the depth of his father's affection. Just as the old war-horse will neigh at the sound of the battle, and be ready to rush into the midst of the glittering phalanx, so would Arnold Lambert have warred with the grisly phantoms of doubt and misbelief that were leagued against Richard's boyish faith, ready to lay down his life if need be for his boy ; but as he sat hour after hour in his lonely study, the sadness closed more heavily round him—sadness for his lost love in Heaven, his lost confidence on earth.

Dr. Heriot gave Mildred and Richard a searching glance as they re-entered the room. Both looked worn and pale, but a softened and subdued expression was on Richard's face as he stood by the bedside, looking down on his sister.

'No change,' whispered Mildred.

'None at present ; but there may be a partial rally. Where is Mr. Lambert, I want to speak to him ;' and, as though to check further

questioning, Dr. Heriot reiterated a few instructions, and left the room.

The hours passed on. Richard, in spite of his aunt's whispered remonstrance, still kept watch beside her; and Mr. Lambert, who as usual had been praying by the side of his sick child, and had breathed over her unconsciousness his solemn benediction, had just left the room, when Mildred, who was giving her nourishment, noticed a slight change in Olive, a sudden gleam of consciousness in her eyes, perhaps called forth by her father's prayer, and she signed to Richard to bring him back.

Was this the rally of which Dr. Heriot spoke? the brief flicker of the expiring torch flaming up before it is extinguished? Olive seemed trying to concentrate her drowsy faculties, the indistinct muttering became painfully earnest, but the unhappy father, though he placed his ear to the lips of the sinking girl, could connect no meaning to the inarticulate sounds, until Mildred's greater calmness came to his help.

'Home. I think she said home, Arnold;' and then with a quick intuitive light that surprised herself, 'I think she wishes to know if God means to take her home.'

Olive's restlessness a little abated. This time the parched and blackened lips certainly articulated 'home' and 'mother.' They could almost fancy she smiled.

'Oh, do not leave me, my child,' ejaculated Mr. Lambert, stretching out his arms as though to keep her. 'God is good and merciful; He will not take away another of my darlings; stay a little longer with your poor father;' and Olive understood him, for the bright gleam faded away.

'Oh, father, she will surely stay if we ask her,' broke in Richard in an agitated voice, thrusting himself between them and speaking with a hoarse sob; 'she is so good, and knows we all love her and want her. You will not break my heart, Livy, you will forgive me and stay with us a little?' and Richard flung himself on his knees and buried his head on the pillow.

Ah, the bright gleam had certainly faded now, there was a wandering, almost a terrified expression in the hollow, brilliant eyes. Were those gates closing on her? would they not let her go?

'Cardie, dear Cardie, hush, you are agitating her; look how her eyelids are quivering and she has no power to speak. Arnold, ask him to be calm,' and Mr. Lambert, still holding his seemingly dying child, laid his other hand on Richard's buried head.

'Hush, my son, we must not grieve a departing spirit. I was wrong. His Will be done even in this. He has given, and He must take away; be silent while I bless my child again, my child whom I am giving back to Him and to her mother,' but as he lifted up his hands the same feeble articulation smote on their ear.

‘Cardie wants me—poor Cardie—poor papa—not my will.’

Did Mildred really catch those words, struggling like broken breaths?—was it the cold sweat of the death-damp that gathered on the clammy brow?—were the fingers growing cold and nerveless on which Richard’s hot lips were pressed?—were those dark eyes closing to earth for ever?

‘Mildred—Richard—what is this?’

‘“Lord, if he sleep he shall do well,” exclaimed the disciples.’

‘Hush; thank God, this is sleep, natural sleep,—the crisis is passed, we shall save her yet,’ and Dr. Heriot, who had just entered, beckoned the father and brother gently from the room.

(To be continued.)

ALL NO HOW.

CHAPTER V.

‘Too many cooks spoil the broth.’

SUNDAY was such a pouring wet day, that going out, except to Church, was impossible, and time hung heavily on hand. Every one seemed snarly, as if an outbreak might come at any moment, and Florence racked her brains to find employment that would keep the little ones steady. Last Sunday, Fred, as well as Arthur, had joined in the reading with mamma, and all had enjoyed it; but to-day the two boys got out of the way, and though of course it was not likely they would take a lesson from Lizzie, Florence did wish that Arthur had stayed in the room so as to keep Tony in check. Tony was in a most idle mood, and Lizzie could do nothing with him; and as careless irreverence was certainly not one of Arthur’s faults, he would probably have checked the way had he been present. Dr. Restryfe would have read with them himself, but it was a well-known fact that his patients were always worse on Sunday, especially if it was wet, and he was out nearly all day.

The rain still continued on Monday. Dr. Restryfe went to Hastings; and Lizzie and Florence secretly wondered how they would get through another wet day. The girls’ practising and Tony’s holiday task took up a little time, and then the children went to play in the hall. Fred was finishing a letter to his mother, and Arthur was busy over some schoolwork, so they had it all their own way, and indulged in the favourite wet day amusement of athletic sports, astonishing Grace by their performances, especially when they built up an erection of chairs and stools, and jumped over the back to the ground!

'Don't you see, Grace, Tony was the champion jumper at Easter. He jumped to the third crack in the boards, and I only jumped to the second; so it's very important indeed to have this trial to-day, to see if he can retain his posture.'

'But you'll tumble down!'

'Oh dear no! Not a chance. Do try. You can't think how jolly it is!'

But Grace was much too timid for such an exploit, though she had no objection to look on and measure the leaps.

'I say! Lizzie will hear!' exclaimed Tony, as Julia uttered an unearthly yell on not jumping as far as she intended.

'Let her! I wouldn't have thought it of you, Tony, to want to hide your actions from the light of day!'

'She'll want to stop us.'

'I don't care. Mamma never told us not. I say, Herbert! You'll be over!'

The erection was becoming rickety, and as Julia was about to make her fourth spring the chair slipped, and down she came, the chairs upon her, with a crash that brought half the household to see what had happened.

'"Fell it alone?—Alone it fell!" Only it didn't!' she exclaimed going into fits of laughter.

'What in the world have you been doing? You naughty child! How often am I to tell you I won't have such unladylike games?' cried Lizzie.

'As often as ever you like.'

'You'll break every bone in your body some day, Miss Julia, as sure as you're alive,' chimed in nurse.

'Then I'm afraid I shouldn't be alive! But I didn't crack my crown. I was only Jill tumbling after.'

'I am determined to put a stop to it,' said Lizzie.

'Are you? but mamma isn't. She always lets us have athletic sports, so I mean to go on.'

'You must mind me now she is away.'

Tony and Herbert fired up at the idea of their favourite amusement being stopped; and Julia stood a minute with her hands on her head, and then exclaimed—'I'll tell you what, Lizzie. It is wrong whether I do it or don't; so I may as well be in disgrace for myself as other people; so I shall do what mamma lets us do.'

'I am sure she never saw you do it,' said Lizzie, which Julia could not exactly contradict.

'What is the row now?' exclaimed Arthur, pausing in astonishment at the chaos of ruins.

'Arthur, now isn't it a shame to say we mustn't have athletic sports?' all the children shouted at once; but when Arthur understood, he for once sided with Lizzie. His ideas of what was proper for young

ladies were somewhat strict, and he pronounced jumping over chairs and tables to be a regular tomboy trick, not at all what he thought correct for *his* sisters. Fred looked as if he agreed; and Julia was so annihilated that she was quite meek all the rest of the morning; but Florence was afraid such extraordinarily good behaviour must produce a reaction.

Grace plumed herself not a little on having had 'nothing at all to do with it,' and having 'told Julia it was not right'; but Julia, who seemed to have returned to the resolution of shunning her company, would not take the trouble to contradict her; and taking down the *Lady of the Lake*, lost all sense of everything else in dreaming over Ellen.

It was a comfort, at any rate, not to have Lizzie and Arthur at daggers drawn. Lizzie was busy upstairs in the afternoon, and meanwhile the mushroom idea came up again in the schoolroom. It would be such fun to try experiments this wet day! It was not raining quite so hard now, and Fred and Arthur, who were tired of staying in, would run out and get some. Julia wanted to go too, but Florence, wisely keeping to herself the opinion that Lizzie would object, persuaded her she had much better stay and prepare for the cookery, and Julia gave in the more readily that Arthur took the same view of the case. Herbert had managed so badly on Saturday that he was not employed again, and Florence was sent to coax cook, and thought it better to make everything safe by getting Lizzie's permission first.

'Oh, well, I suppose you can't come to any mischief. I don't mind, if cook doesn't. But don't make a mess, or drive her distracted.'

Florence would have been rash to promise the fulfilment of either condition; but she was satisfied with the permission, and went to cook, who was also propitious. She had lived with Dr. and Mrs. Restryfe ever since their marriage, and loved the children dearly in spite of the way they tormented her, and she was often coaxed into allowing a little cookery on a wet day. She advised toasting the mushrooms on the bars of the grate, but that was far too common-place. Julia was bent on trying her Devonshire cream receipt, and did her best to wheedle cook out of some milk to make cream, but failing in this, she and Fred settled butter would do, and the performances with toast, butter, salt, and pepper, were appalling.

'More butter! That's bread and scrape.'

'You'll ruin mamma in butter.'

'Nonsense, Floss! Besides, Lizzie pays the bills now.'

'I tell you what, Miss Julia, that's all the butter you'll have, and if you can't make that do you'll go without.'

'Oh, just a little bit more! Just a molecule, there's a good old cooky! I say! We must have some pepper. Tony, get the pepper-pot.'

'Now a podge of butter in the middle.'

'Don't you touch, Arthur. You and Floss mind your own business. You can't apprehend this confabulation.'

'I do apprehend you'll upset the pepper-pot.'

'Stuff! Now a tumbler! Here's one. Turn it over to keep the vapour in! Now another mushroom! Eggs! Oh, that's the thing! Cook, where are you? I must have some eggs!'

'I've no eggs for you to waste, Miss.'

'Tisn't waste. Well, a lemon, then! There's a receipt for grilled mushrooms. How are you doing yours, Floss?'

'Toasting.'

'Oh, how slow! The stupid old way we always did!'

'I don't know how to do anything else.'

'What does that matter?'

'Everybody can't strike out in new lines and make discoveries,' said Fred.

'No. It needs a great mind.'

The minds of Fred and Julia must have been great indeed, judging by the new lines in which they struck out, while Arthur and Florence stewed and toasted in the ordinary fashion, Grace and Tony burnt one set of mushrooms, and struggled helplessly over another, and Herbert helped and hindered all in turn, and obtained various small favours from cook, in the shape of raisins she was stoning for a cake.

The butter ran very short, and a piteous outcry came from Grace and Tony: 'I say, you've got it all and left none for us!'

'I haven't had a grain more than my share,' said Julia. 'It's no fault of mine. I only wish I had some. Come, a little teeny morsel! There's a good old cooky.'

'No, Miss Julia. What do you think Miss Restryfe will say if you run up the bills that fashion?'

'Oh, never mind Miss Restryfe! Come, you good old thing!'

Cook was inexorable; and just then crack went Julia's tumbler.

'Oh, I say! Oh dear, I forgot, the receipt said keep turning it to prevent its breaking! Oh dear—oh dear!'

'*That* tumbler too!' cried cook. 'You should have had a kitchen one! I never see such a child as you in all my life, Miss Julia!'

'How lucky you are to see one now!' said Julia, whisking round; whereupon came another outcry of 'pepper-pot!' and a terrific sneezing followed.

'Of all the——' began cook in a state of exasperation, increased by Julia finishing the sentence for her—'brave birds that ever I see.'

'Miss Julia!—I'll tell master—that I will!'

'Do! Tell him the pepper-pot was so near the edge of the table it couldn't help tumbling off; but don't forget to tell him who put it there—WHO?'

Cook had left it there herself after taking it from Julia, and the question was not pleasant to her feelings.

'A regular bad one you are, Miss Julia! There, Miss Florence, dear, never mind the pepper; I'll clear that up. What a blessing it would be if you were like your sister, Miss Julia.'

'Wouldn't it? There, never mind. We must rehabilitate ourselves from the wreck. Oh, I say! Grace's does look good!'

Grace was toasting hers on the bars, and her face looked rather roasted. Presently nurse came down for the bread and butter for the nursery tea, and they heard her exclaim—'Well, cook, you need not give us such a messy pat of butter for the nursery as that! It looks as if the cat had been at it!'

Nurse and cook were both faithful servants; but they were not the best of friends, and jangles were not uncommon.

'Messy, indeed!' said cook, huffily. Then, looking at the pat, she exclaimed—'Well, I never! That was all right when I brought it up! Now, Miss Julia, you've been up to your tricks again.'

'Me!' cried Julia, looking round with flashing eyes. 'Do you think I would take butter behind your back? If I had meant to do it, I would have confronted your gaze! I would as soon rob the Bank of England by night!'

'You wouldn't mind doing it by day,' said Fred; but cook was persisting 'It was all right ten minutes ago, and Miss Julia was trying to coax me out of some.'

Arthur exclaimed at the impossibility of Julia taking it slyly; and nurse was equally indignant. Julia was the first of the family she had nursed from babyhood, and was her special pet, and she would not stand patiently to hear her accused. She defended her; cook stuck to her assertion; some of the children said one thing, and some another; and Lizzie, who entered the kitchen in the midst of the storm, stood aghast; the first words she clearly heard being, 'I tell you, if any one took it, it was Grace!'

'A likely story! A little quiet thing like Miss Grace!' cried cook.

'Tisn't always those smooth silky people——' began nurse.

'Julia, I am shocked at you!' said Lizzie, gathering the meaning of what was going on. 'What right have you to accuse Grace of such a thing? Why should she do it more than you?'

'Oh! You think I did it! Very well. Pray do!' and Julia marched out of the kitchen.

'Come here, Lizzie. I'll tell you all about it,' said Arthur, who did not consider the kitchen a suitable place for a discussion; but Lizzie was bent on having it out with the servants, and he walked off, followed by Florence. The others had run away, and he began exclaiming to Florence about Lizzie's injustice and absurdity.

'I don't believe she really suspected Julia,' said Florence.

'She will when she's heard cook's story, if she doesn't now. Making mountains out of mole-hills in that way! Either that Grace did it on the sly, or one of the little boys, meaning to laugh at cook

afterwards. I'll give it to Lizzie! I will not stand her sitting upon us all.'

Lizzie did not really suspect Julia, but she was worried by the servants' squabble, and found it impossible to make peace, for they looked on her as a child, and she wanted to hold her place as mistress of the house. She came out of the kitchen, feeling that she had lost her dignity; and when Arthur attacked her, her little remains of self-command gave way, and she accused them all of combining to get Grace into a scrape. Julia took the high and mighty line, saying *she* did not care, Lizzie might say what she pleased, she would never, never stoop to vindictiveness; and whether she meant that she had no vindictive feelings, or that she would not vindicate herself, was uncertain. Lizzie said her attempt to throw the blame on Grace made her think worse of her than she had ever done before; to which Julia replied, 'That must be something supereminent!' Arthur declared it was plain Lizzie was totally unfit to manage them if she could not rule her own temper; and in short all three said a great deal more than they meant, and the dispute only stopped when the tea-bell rang, and Lizzie and Julia had to run away to get ready. Arthur looked round and saw Florence quietly crying in the window-seat. She was not a strong child, and was very easily upset, and he was generally very tender of her; but the mood he had been in lately had made him surly to her as well as to every one else, and he was in no humour to be softened by her distress.

'How can you be so silly?' he said, roughly.

'Oh, Arthur I am so sorry! Mamma will be so vexed!'

'I can't help it. It's no fault of mine.'

'Lizzie wouldn't—wouldn't—if you——'

'Yes, I know! It's my fault, of course. I'm to give in to Lizzie, and she is to do just as she likes, and trample on us all. I used to think you held with me, but it's all Lizzie now. You go your way and I'll go mine.'

'Oh, Arthur dear!' Arthur was gone, and Florence laid her head on her knees and sobbed bitterly. She knew Arthur only said all that because he was regularly out of temper, and would be very sorry soon; but that did not console her at the moment. Lizzie called her, and she ran up stairs and washed her face, and took her place at the tea-table; but she felt as if she could not eat. Grace and Tony had been found coolly playing ball in the dining-room, and Fred had taken refuge from the squabble in his own room, so he did not know all that had passed; but it was easy to see everybody was out of sorts, and no one cared to joke on the mushrooms cook sent up for tea.

Every one straggled about afterwards forlorn and uncomfortable. Arthur and Fred began inspecting their butterfly nets in the hall; and Florence, seeing Arthur in difficulties with a hole, sprang up to help. She was very neat-handed, and he generally demanded her help

on every occasion, but to-night he shook her off, saying gruffly, 'I can manage myself.' She went back to the schoolroom window-seat, and sat leaning her forehead against the glass; and Fred looked up amazed. If he had had a loving little sister at hand, ready to slave for him from morning till night, would he have repaid her with black looks and gruff words? He felt so indignant, that he could not help saying, 'How can you be such a brute, Arthur?'

'If you were plagued as I am you would know!' said Arthur.

Fred could not see that Florence had plagued Arthur, whatever the others had done; but he said nothing, and Arthur evidently felt a little uneasy, and presently remarked, 'Nobody ever was so badgered! Lizzie is enough to try the patience of anybody. Even you must own that!'

'Try it. Yes, that's the thing,' said Fred, and then he coloured, as if he were ashamed, and went on talking about butterflies.

Lizzie was heard to say in the schoolroom, 'If your head aches Florence, you had better go to bed,' and Florence came into the hall, saying, timidly, 'Good-night, Arthur.' Arthur's conscience smote him as he saw how pale and heavy-eyed she looked, and he returned her good-night more kindly than she seemed to expect; but he had an idea that Lizzie wanted to make him sorry, and was therefore too proud to show that he was beginning to feel so, though Fred's words and Florence's wistful looks made him so uncomfortable that he tried to satisfy himself by resolving to be very kind to her to-morrow—only he must show her that he did not intend to give in to her nonsense about Lizzie.

Lizzie, on the other hand, had nearly made up her mind that she must complain to her father. She could not stand this perpetual worry, and, unwilling as she was to vex him, she thought she must call in his authority to set matters straight. It was a pity neither she nor Arthur saw what a difference forbearance would have made! Florence saw it, though she could not have expressed it, and she cried herself to sleep over the prospect before them, and woke in the morning with a bad headache, feeling that things would go wrong, and it was no use for her to try to keep them straight. She was creeping down stairs, longing to cry in a corner by herself, when there was a rush behind her, and Arthur came sliding down the banisters, alighting at the bottom with his hands on her shoulders.

'I say, Floss! Have you heard what a jolly lark we are in for?'

'No. What?' Florence did not feel much inclined for 'jolly larks' just then.

'Going over to see mamma and Charlie!'

'Oh, are we really? How nice!' cried Florence, lighting up. 'Who? All of us?'

'All of us!—No!—You and I!'

'Not Lizzie?'

'No; Lizzie is afraid to trust the children without her watchful

supervision.' Arthur's tone made Florence wince, which he saw, and added, 'Mamma wants to see some of us, so I am to take you over. Papa said it would put some colour in your cheeks.'

In fact, Dr. Restryfe had come back the evening before with a poor report of Charlie, and looking so uneasy that Lizzie could not tease him with complaints. Mrs. Restryfe was tired with nursing and anxiety, and he had not been able to cheer her with a very good account of the home-children, so that she wished much to see some of them and judge for herself how things were going on. Lizzie declared she could not possibly go; the children were so little to be trusted that she could not say what might happen if she were absent, and though her father thought the expedition would do her good, he saw it was useless to press it. It was therefore settled that Arthur should take Florence over for the day, and he felt so important at the prospect of escorting her on a railway journey for the first time, that he quite brightened up. There was some talk of Fred's going; but he had a strong feeling that he should be in the way when their mother wanted to talk to them, and as he was never at a loss for occupation and amusement it was settled that he would stay at home.

All this was so delightful, that Florence nearly forgot her troubles as Arthur explained it to her. How delicious it would be to tell mamma everything! and she would talk to Arthur and show him he was mistaken. He was very fond of Charlie, and Florence had a strong suspicion that it was partly because he had been more uneasy about him than he cared to show, that he had seemed so particularly unamiable lately; but a good talk with mamma would be sure to set everything straight, and Florence looked quite bright as she went into the dining-room when the prayer-bell rang.

The weather was perfect after the rain, and the air felt fresh and cool as they walked up to the station with their father, who was starting with them, and going to leave the train at the next station to see a patient. Half-way up the street they were overtaken by Mr. Candy, who said to Dr. Restryfe, 'I wanted to warn you that your children had better keep clear of my chalk-pit to-day, if they don't want to be buried alive.'

'Why so?'

'All this rain has loosened the soil. There was a downfall on one side last night, and the part where it is undermined is so shaky. I shall have it dug out in a day or two. Meanwhile, I should think even Miss Julia, with all her pugnacity, would hardly appreciate such a catastrophe as the whole army being buried in the ruins of the castle!'

'No, indeed! Thank you for the warning. Were they going there to-day, Florence?'

'I don't know, papa. I think they were sure to, for they stopped in the middle of a battle that had to be finished.'

Florence's account made her father and Mr. Candy laugh, and Dr. Restryfe said, 'You are not going back by our house?'

'Why, the fact is I am going to town for a week, by the 10.20 train. I meant to stop at your house as I passed, only I saw you before me.'

'We are going by train too,' said Dr. Restryfe. 'Let me see. Oh! Ten minutes to spare. Arthur, you will have time to run back and tell Lizzie not to let them go. Meet us at the station.'

'All right, sir.' Arthur ran back, met Lizzie in the hall, shouted the message, ran up the street again, and arrived at the station just as the train was coming in, to Florence's relief.

It really was quite delightful after all the harass of the last few days to sit quietly in the railway carriage, with nothing to do and nobody to be troubled about! Arthur was especially kind in his manner, and loyal little Florence felt quite sure it was only circumstances that had made him so sulky. Nobody could have helped being annoyed in his place, and it was quite different for Fred, for Lizzie was not his sister. The carriage was full, so there was no chance of confidences; and even had it been empty probably none would have passed, for it was only very, very seldom, now and then in the dark, that Arthur ever let even Florence into any of his real feelings. However, she was quite happy now, and had forgotten his unkind speeches as completely as if he had never made them, or only remembered them to wish she had been able to help teasing him.

The sight of the beautiful sparkling sea and the smell of the fresh salt breeze were very delicious; but it was still more delicious to see mamma in the passage as the door opened and spring into her arms! Florence thought she had never enjoyed a hug properly before.

'Why, my little mouse, you have grown thin!' said her mother. 'I am afraid you have not taken proper care of her, Arthur.'

Oh yes, he has, mamma! He has taken quite as much care of me the way as if he had been papa! He has really!

Mrs. Restryfe smiled. She had never doubted Arthur's care of his son on the journey; but she guessed how matters were going on at home, and Florence's looks confirmed her fears. She said no more but determined to have a quiet talk with her before she went.

Little Charlie looked very thin and fragile; but it was pretty soon his large blue eyes brightened under their heavy lids at the brother and sister, and Arthur seemed like a different boy, by his bed amusing him with histories of mushrooms and snails. But Charlie soon grew tired, and as the sea looked tempting, Arthur went to bathe, and Florence sat at her mother's side, resting her head on her lap in a state of perfect content, and Charlie to sleep; and before the story was ended he was asleep too.

He came back, saying the sea was jolly; and after dinner he

coaxed his mother, who looked very tired, to let him sit by Charlie while she rested; and as she knew he was thoroughly to be trusted, and wanted herself to talk to Florence, she agreed to lie down on the sofa in the sitting-room and leave him in charge, an arrangement which was equally pleasing to Charlie and Florence, for Charlie liked nothing so well as to have Arthur with him, and Florence was delighted to have her mother to herself, and curled herself at her feet with a most satisfied air.

CHAPTER VI.

‘Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall,
Each rushing down with thunder sound.’

ROKEBY.

‘Now, my darling!’ began Mrs. Restryfe. ‘Tell me all about everything. You are unhappy about things at home?’

‘How did you know, mamma?’ Florence’s blue eyes opened so wide, that they looked as large as Charlie’s, and her mother laughed at her surprise.

‘What is it, dear?’ she said. ‘Has Julia been very wild?’

‘Yes!—no!—Not particularly. It’s all no how!’ said Florence, hiding her face and speaking so low her mother could hardly hear.

‘We do so want you, mother dear! When will you come home?’

‘My dear, I can’t tell yet. Poor dear little Charlie is not fit to move, and I can’t leave him; but I hoped you would all be happy with Lizzie. Don’t cry, darling; but tell me what is wrong. Is Fred Mortimer disagreeable?’

‘Oh, *no*! He’s very nice indeed! But you don’t know how hard it is, mamma. I do try to help Lizzie, as you said, but they all skrimmag about, and I don’t know whether it’s my fault, but I really, really can’t help it! I do try!’

‘I am sure you do, my dear. Tell me some of the things you mean.’

‘Oh, I don’t know. Lizzie doesn’t like things, and they call her a fidgety old maid, and she gets cross, and they ask papa, and he doesn’t know, so he says, “Yes,” and I know she’s dreadfully unhappy. I’m sure she wants Fanny, and Julia doesn’t care what she says, and it’s all—oh, so horrid! I didn’t mean to trouble you, mother dear, but it is so miserable I couldn’t help telling you.’

‘My dear, if you didn’t tell me I could not do anything to set it straight; but I am very sorry to hear all this. How does Grace behave?’

‘Oh, Grace is the worst of all—only Lizzie won’t believe it. I’m sure she is sly, and pretends to be all right and does things when nobody is there. She twists Tony round her finger, and Lizzie thinks Julia does the things, and that makes Julia worse than ever.’

‘Are you sure, Floss? I should never have thought that of Grace.’

‘Yes, mamma, quite sure. I did try to tell Lizzie, but I think I did it when she was put out, for she wouldn’t listen.’

‘Poor Lizzie! She has a great deal upon her, and misses Fanny, as you say. I hope Arthur helps her?’

Florence hid her face again, and it was some time before her mother could extract the answer. ‘Lizzie does provoke Arthur so! I really do think it is her fault!’

‘What is her fault, dear?’

‘Why, whatever he says she is put out. She thought he interfered, and—and—so he doesn’t care for her, and the others see he doesn’t, and so that makes them worse.’

‘In short he has been in one of his surly moods.’

‘It really was Lizzie’s fault, mamma! He would have helped her, if she had not shut him up whenever he spoke a word.’

‘Not Arthur’s fault in your eyes of course,’ said Mrs. Restryfe, stroking Florence’s hair.

‘Lizzie *does* like her own way, mother dear. I don’t know whether it’s naughty to say so, but she really does.’

‘And does she shut you up?’

‘I don’t know. She doesn’t like to be interfered with, and there was a horrid skrimmage yesterday when we were cooking mushrooms.’

‘What?’

Florence told her mother enough to show her that Lizzie and Arthur had both lost their tempers, and it was difficult to know how to console the little girl as she said, ‘I shouldn’t care if only Lizzie wouldn’t plague Arthur! If he wasn’t so teased the others would behave much better.’

‘That is to say, if he set them a good example.’

‘He doesn’t set them a bad example! He never gets into scrapes!’

‘No, I know he does not. I can’t tell you how thankful papa and I are that Arthur is so steady, Floss! So you need not look so fierce; but you know you and he both look at the gloomy side of things, only it makes him sullen and you desponding, and you must try and be bright. You will be much more help to him, and the others too, so, than if you look dismal.’

‘Yes, mamma, but it is so hard! and the little boys follow Julia so much more than me.’

‘And one reason of that is, Julia is so much brighter. I don’t mean I want you to be such a tomboy as Julia—it would not suit you at all; but I do want you to make a duty of being cheerful, even when things seem all wrong. No, darling, I am not finding fault. I know you have tried, and papa told me he was very much pleased with you, so that will give you heart to try still more!’

Florence coloured rosy-red, for praise from their father was very rare. ‘I will try!’ she said, less dismally.

‘I know you will; and Floss, do you remember the illuminated Collect in my room? The Collect for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.’

“That we being ready both in body and soul may cheerfully accomplish those things that Thou wouldest have done.” said Florence, reverently.

‘Cheerfully! Not gloomily. And what you have to do now is to try and carry a cheerful face through the bothers, without brooding over what goes wrong. You don’t know how infectious both cheerfulness and gloominess are!’

‘Yes!’ Florence sighed; and presently added, ‘Mother dear, I should like to say that Collect always when I say my prayers.’

‘Do, darling, and I am sure you will be helped. Come in, Arthur. Does Charlie want me?’

‘No, he’s asleep,’ said Arthur, seating himself on a stool as if he had something to say; whereupon Florence said, ‘Shall I go and sit by him?’ and slipped away

‘Well, my boy, what is it?’

‘I say, mother, is he very ill? He does look so awfully bad!’

‘I am afraid he is, Arthur. Your father quite hopes he will get over this attack; but we shall have to take the greatest care of him for I don’t know how long, if he is spared.’

‘Then will you soon bring him home?’

‘That I can’t possibly tell. As I was saying to Floss, it must depend on how he is.’

‘I say, mother! I wish you would let me come and stay here with you when Fred goes at the end of the week.’

‘My dear boy, what put that into your head?’

‘Oh, it would be so jolly. There’s the sea and the rocks, and I could help you take care of Charlie, and it will be awfully slow at home.’

‘But I want you to help to keep the others in order at home!’

‘I can’t when Lizzie is always bothering.’

‘Poor Lizzie! She has a great deal to trouble her, with the children and house on her hands, and Fanny away. I thought you would help her, Arthur.’

‘She won’t let one.’

‘Have you tried?’

‘She snaps one up whatever one says, and she’s most awfully unjust to Julia; and you’ve no idea what a worry she keeps about what they may and mayn’t do, interfering where I know you would let them alone!’

‘Poor child! I can believe she overstrains her authority sometimes, and I daresay you find it hard to put up with, but you won’t improve it by gloomy looks. You might by laughing at her good-temperedly.’

‘But it would be so jolly here! and really I could help you, mother’

‘Not near so much as by making things go smoothly at home, which I know you *can* do if you try. I never thought of *your* wanting to run away because duties were difficult and disagreeable, Arthur.’

‘You don’t know,’ said Arthur, fidgeting.

‘My dear boy, I do know that if you set your will to it you can lead the younger ones any way you like, and I hope that way is not setting them against Lizzie. Poor little Floss looks so unhappy, I can’t help fearing things are very wrong !

Arthur coloured and looked ashamed. ‘I know I did snub her, and it was too bad,’ he said ; ‘but she is so regularly under Lizzie’s thumb.’

‘Snub her, did you ? She did not tell me that.’

‘Yes,’ said Arthur, honestly. ‘Did she tell you it was all my fault ?’

‘No, she tried to make out it was not ; but I don’t think I am wrong in believing you could do a great deal by example ! Don’t leave all the trying to Floss. She looks so white and thin, poor little dear, I can’t bear to see it.’

Arthur looked down and said nothing, and his mother added—

‘I know you would never set the children against me, and you know Lizzie must take my place when I am out, so making them set light by her is really making them disobedient to me. And remember, my boy, real manliness lies in grappling with difficulties and overcoming them in Strength not our own ; not in running away from them.’

Charlie was heard coughing, and his mother hastened to him. There was no more chance of confidential talk ; but it was a good sign that Arthur said no more about leaving home, and he was very careful of Florence on the journey back.

(To be continued.)

MARIE AND JEANIE ; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER V.

SHADOWS IN SPRING.

‘Smiling now, wondering why
 So slight a thing should move her—
 Just a cloudlet in the sky ;
 Smiling now, wondering why
 She swelled its frailty with one sigh
 As it moved above her ;
 Smiling now, wondering why
 So slight a thing should move her.’

THE same months passing over those two young lives ; oh ! how ripe these made them ; how the whole being became enlarged, heightened,

was beautified of each — how the mingling of them enriched one another ; yet it was only by a swift, sweet meeting now and then, for opportunities were hard to find by the unacknowledged lovers ; besides that, Marie was far too modest to take advantage of any except for a sudden moment now and then. Rarely did they meet before others either, because of Marie's constant occupation in house and field, and Sébastien's steady labour at the forge.

Those were bright days for the lovers when Madame Dallon, Sébastien's sister, sent for Marie to watch the house for her when she went to the fair at Eye, or to help her in household work when laid aside by her constant illnesses. Sébastien never forgot one of these happy days when, coming in suddenly from the forge to the house, he found Marie in the kitchen, just arrived there from a quick walk through the valley, her large hat only that instant laid aside, a basket of pretty little dainties on her arm for the sick Louise, and a handful of *Roses de Marie* ready also to offer to the invalid. Do you know the scent of the *Rose de Marie* ? Sébastien knew it well enough, of course ; as a boy he had gathered baskets and baskets full of these roses for the perfumery houses in the early May mornings ; but that one rose, which he begged of Marie then, and kept by him in the black workshop all day, and laid upon his pillow at night, left a memory within him that could not fade.

Later on in the afternoon, Sébastien saw Marie again in the church, for it was then Mary's month during which the young girls say the litany of the Virgin every day. Sébastien knew that he should find Marie in the church, and went on purpose to seek her, and the two knelt side by side at the altar of our Lady. These were the moments of the day which Marie best remembered, when she said all her rosary with an intention for her friend and lover.

The Sunday village dance also was an occasion for their meeting, and once that year chance threw them together in an unexpected way.

It was in September ; Marie had been sent up to a town on the mountain to spend some days with a brother-in-law of Madame David, who lived in the town of St. André on the mountain, and plied the trade of weaver. Madame David was accustomed to take her spun threads to him every now and then to be woven into the linen which she valued so much, and of which she had such large stores in her chests, all laid by for Jeanie's marriage *dot*. On this particular occasion, instead of going herself she had sent Marie, who, upon a hot evening about sunset, arrived so far upon her homeward journey which she had made alone and on foot like a true Provençal peasant-girl, as to the votive chapel of Vacluse, which stood by the road-side, about a mile from the opening into her valley. Marie stopped when she reached the chapel, and stepped aside to rest beneath the *mico-couliers* which formed a short shady avenue before the door. She

sat on a wooden bench under the trees, and laid her bundle beside her. The white winding road on either hand was hot and dusty ; the red-stone-terraced vineyards upon the slopes were rich with heavy bunches of grapes, full ripe ; fields of tall tuberoses and jasmine close at hand gave forth the overpowering fragrance of their breath ; it was over-ripe, heavy autumn, and Marie thought of the fresh spring-time of the year that was passing with a sigh of regret, for her heart was heavy that afternoon, like the autumnal earth. What ! the heart of seventeen heavy with autumnal regret ! How could that be ? Marie had, as I said, been living at St. André for the last few days in the home of the weaver Ambrose, a simple little house in the main street of the quaint, quiet town. One would have thought that the pure fresh air of the mountain would have intoxicated the valley-girl like a wine of hopefulness and joy ; and Marie loved the mountains, and had never failed on other occasions when she had been to St. André to come back with an added bloom upon her cheek, and a more than usually cheerful contentment in her heart. But she was so much older since a year ago, and one way in which this increased age showed itself was that *people*, at that time, affected her more than *things* did. Now Madame David's *beau frère*, Ambrose, had a sister living with him, a *vieille fille*, who kept his house, for he was a widower and childless. This sister, called Victorine, was older than Ambrose, hard-featured, sharp-tongued, and possessed of certain not particularly amiable traits of character. Marie, as a child, had been used to think of Victorine merely as a power to be propitiated, or as an old woman to be borne with, above all as the hostess whom a well-mannered guest would be anxious neither to neglect nor to offend ; and Marie being ever a sweet-tempered amiable girl, had been a favourite with the sour-hearted old maid, and had generally been fortunate enough to touch and draw out whatever was still tender in the nature and to leave the unlovely impulses asleep.

It had never occurred to the *child* to take note of the individuality of this power, this influence, in the house of Ambrose : this cloud upon the quiet sunshine of that little spot so near the sky as the mountain-dwelling of the old weaver seemed to be. But that autumn it was different ; Marie thought, and hoped, and looked forward, and calculated even, like a woman. The last spring had made her a woman, and it then first occurred to Marie to look upon Victorine as a woman like herself. Like herself ! ah no, could Victorine ever have been like herself, Marie wondered, as she watched the hard, withered, woeful face. Yes, she saw at last that the hardness and bitterness were both born of woefulness, were both only that itself in another guise ; the girl watched and wondered why had she never seen this before. Had Victorine *always* looked so sad ; her tender, little heart softened to the lone woman, whose frozen life she longed to touch tenderly with her own young happy one.

The kind-hearted girl had been doubly ready, therefore, with offers of help and gracious little attentions during the few days she spent with Ambrose and his sister; and one afternoon it happened that Victorine allowed Marie to accompany and assist her in carrying some rolls of linen to a village on the other side of the mountain, where she was engaged to take them. The old woman and the young girl climbed up and up the barren mountain with their burdens on their heads, through wind and sunshine; round that last point from whence they could descry the expanse of sea below, so mingled with sky, that one could not discern one from another; round the mountain's head, and down again to gentle slopes, where the lonely village lay to which they were bound. There the burdens were disposed of, a little gossip indulged in, some bread and fruit partaken of, and the pair set off home again.

Released from encumbrance, Marie ran up and down the slopes to gather the wild lavender, which grew on either hand, whilst Victorine plodded on steadily by the path alone. By and by, whilst Marie, laden with sweet bunches of the mountain-flower, was walking dreamily behind her companion, they heard the sound of a man's voice singing from the road up above; the sound came on steadily nearer and nearer, until the singer passed them, a young soldier, going home perhaps to the very little village they had left behind, or to some other quiet nest among the hills. It was a doleful enough ditty that the young man was singing so happily as he went along, the old song of the *Vieille Fille*, in fact, which describes so touchingly the love and desertion of a beautiful peasant girl, who afterwards joined the gipsies from despair and hatred of her life.

The speaker paused for a moment, and raised his hat with a polite *bon soir* as he passed the two women, and then resumed his song, and the well-known mournful melody floated towards them more and more faintly, till the notes died away in the distance.

'But when the fields revived before
The balmy breath of spring,
She opened wide her cottage door
To hear the throstle sing.

'The bright green earth,' she cried, 'awakes,
The sky is soft and fair,
But in the midst my lone heart breaks
For cause of its despair.

'The birds together build their nests—
With me no love shall mate,
No child hang on these barren breasts :
Alas ! my mournful fate !

'Blow, freely blow, thou sportive wind,
Through grass and trees and flowers ;
Go, leave this aching heart behind,
Lone 'mid the torturing hours.

‘ The wandering people passed me by,
A friendly hand one laid,
With tears of pity in her eye,
Upon the sorrowing maid.

‘ Behind the tears her eyes dark fire
Into my vision shone—
The wandering people never tire—
For ever on and on.

‘ My life is faint, my limbs are strong,
My heart is sick with pain,
I’ll herd the wandering folk among,
Nor homeward turn again ;

‘ From land and kindred far away
Under an endless sky,
I’ll wander on through night and day
On, on—until I die.’

‘ With me no love shall mate.’

These were the last words that fell distinctly upon Marie’s ears as the verses came round, and almost mechanically she took them up, singing the cadence softly to herself over and over again.

‘ What are you doing that for, child ?’ said Victorine sharply, as she paused at the top of the hill to gain breath a little.

‘ Victorine,’ said Marie, ‘ why didn’t she ask the good God to take her life away at once. I should, if I had been as unhappy as she was.’

‘ You talk foolishly, child,’ answered Victorine, ‘ and wickedly too, since it rests with the blessed Saviour Himself to determine when we shall die. How should *we* know what’s good for us ; the troubles of this world are bad enough to bear—but depend upon it, the fires of purgatory will be harder still.’

‘ But God and our Lady would never let any one be so miserable as she was,’ said Marie.

‘ How do you know that ?’ asked Victorine, sharply again, and then they both relapsed into silence for a while.

At last Victorine began—

‘ Miette, silly child, listen to me ; trust the good God and our Lady and the holy angels, that’s all well enough, but don’t put your faith in any *man*, Marie. I did, and you see what I am now.

‘ Dear Victorine, how was it ?’ asked Marie gently.

And Victorine went on—

‘ I was a handsome woman when I was young ; tall, and straight, and upright, and held my head high amongst the girls—not a puny, small thing like you, Marie ; and many a young man there was asked me of my parents, but they said “No,” to all of them, until one came that wouldn’t be said nay to—young and belonging to a good family, and one I fancied somehow more than the others that had come before. It was something like such a day as this when he first saw me walking

along the mountain with a bundle of wild broom on my head I had been collecting for my rabbits ; he didn't live in our village, and he was coming over the hills from Castellan that day, going down to Éze by St. André.'

' " That's the very wife for me," he said to himself, as he told me afterwards, and he looked a long time after me up the road ; but I hadn't an eye for him then—happy and proud and free as any mountain-girl in the land. The very next morning he came to my father's house. I can't tell you all, Marie—how he came and came, and how father and mother liked him first, and how I got to love him at last, and how we were to have been married and settled amongst his own people, in the midst of plenty, the spring after we first knew each other, and how pleased dear mother was thinking of it all ; but somebody willed it differently—the good God, or I don't know what, Marie. He drew a bad lot when the drawing for soldiers came that winter, and went away to serve for seven years. " I don't ask you to wait for me, Victorine," he said, when he wished me good-bye, and his tears fell upon my cheeks as he kissed me ; " but I shall never marry any one else, not if I should have to wait fourteen years instead of seven ; and if you will keep yourself for me, love, you shall never have to repent it as long as you live." And I thought he was sincere when he said it. Well, child, you see he did not marry me. One after another the young men came round me again when he was gone, and father and mother looked kindly upon one or two ; but I wouldn't give so much as a word to any of them ; and everybody said I was a fool. But the seven years were over at last, and I thought to myself now everybody will see how wise I have been. He didn't come near us for six months after his return home, and my heart grew sick with waiting, but still I felt sure that he would come at last. He's getting a home ready for me—all to ourselves, I thought, for a nice surprise. At length, one afternoon late, he called at my father's door, and one of his comrades with him. *My* heart was full—full, but the minute I looked into his face I knew well enough that his was empty of all love for me. I remembered how he had been used to look long ago—I thought of his words at parting, and I turned away and left father to entertain him, for I was too troubled to trust myself to speak. After that I never saw him again ; his comrade came to our house a month afterwards to tell us that he was married to a young girl of Castellan ; she'd been only a child when he went away, and by that time I suppose she was about what I had been once.' ' Never trust promises, Marie, resumed Victorine, after a pause ; ' if your lover cannot marry you at once, child, take your heart back again out of his keeping, and keep it yourself, lest you should find it cast out by the roadside one day, as I found mine, left for the evil ones to devour, as the Gospel says.'

Marie looked up at Victorine as she finished her sorrowful tale, and noted the hard, dull set face which was the saddest commentary it

could have had. She understood poor Victorine's life at last then, the gloom which had overhung old Ambrose's house ever since Marie could remember, the cloud still stretching on and on without any end—did all the sorrow of it come from just that one thing, trusting—yet trust was such a beautiful thing, and Marie had been hugging it to her heart during all those months of summer ; must she really let it drop down from her for ever on the bare hill-side.

The next day Marie returned home ever so much sadder, poor child, as she walked down the mountain-paths, than she had been when she walked up them, for the impression of Victorine's history rested like a heavy weight upon her heart. It was a hot weary day on which she came home, a weary way from St. André to the valley, and a weary traveller was Marie as she stepped aside into the shade of the micocouliers that September afternoon ; she sat beneath the spreading trees, and debated within herself. Love and hope and trust had all betrayed Victorine, but for trust might she not have been then perhaps just such a happy grandmother as old Madame Brun was, who might be seen spinning at her cottage door in the village any bright afternoon, her two little granddaughters sitting beside her, or skipping for joy as they greeted her on their return from school—so eager, so happy to fetch and carry for her, so pleased with granny's songs, so proud to show her the paper flowers they made, and the samplers they worked under Mademoiselle's superintendence in lesson hours—dear old Madame Brun, whom everybody loved, and who was wont to call herself the mother of all the village babies. Ah ! could Victorine ever have been like that ? Marie shuddered as she realised the contrast. If Victorine had been less noble and constant-hearted then, she might have been all that great deal happier through her long, long life ; it was being good when she was young, that had made her hard and sad and lonely now. What then should *she* do ? take warning in time by Victorine, turn hope out of her heart at once, tell trust that he was a liar, and the next time she saw Sébastien say to him, ' Let everything be at end between us, Sébastien—love and everything ; we're too poor to be married, you see, and it's wisest so,' and then when Sébastien had become rich, and should have forgotten her, he might marry some younger girl. O ! there were plenty more as good as she, whom Sébastien could love by and by, not so well, perhaps, as he had loved her, but enough ; and she, when she should have forgotten Sébastien—but Marie went no further, for *that* ' when ' she knew would never come. So she sprang up, and went hastily into the votive chapel, whose open door was only a few paces from where she had been sitting. In there she flung herself upon her knees before the altar of our Lady of Succour, and covered her face with her hands, and wept into them and sobbed out her whole heart, its love, and hope, and perplexity, and fear into the sympathising ear of the blessed and sorrowful above all other women. Ah ! it was all so beautiful in

there; the flower-decked altar and the tall, kind Madonna above it with her stately figure, gentle face, and arms so motherly about the Holy Babe; and all her first tenderness rushed back into Marie's heart at sight of that symbol so infinitely tender, and then and there for ever she laid down distrust upon the altar of virginity and single-hearted love—perfect love and perfect purity in the perfect womanhood.

'For it is equal to me, dear Mother,' little Marie whispered in her heart; 'it is equal what becomes of me, only let my heart be kept faithful and pure. And yet thou wilt be kind,' she murmured, after a pause, 'thou wilt be kind, O Mother of help. O be kind—be kind to us,' she pleaded, and then she made her vow of some simple offering to be given to the chapel upon the day when she and Sébastien should be united before God.

When her prayers were completed, Marie got up with a heart as light as air, the sweet young smile upon her lips again, and all the sadness of the mountains was as if it had never been. Going out of the chapel she found Sébastien, who had come to meet her, and as he stooped to relieve her of her bundle on the way home—

'I have been to our Lady of Succour, Sébastien,' she said to him, 'and she has promised that she will be our friend.'

'Oh, certainly; she will be our friend,' Sébastien had answered, with careless confidence; 'but we have not come to need *succour* yet, Marie. Everything is friendly to us, depend upon it—time, and luck, and all manner of things; who can say what piece of good fortune may not fall to our share some day? Oh! we have no need to make vows and prayers yet, Marie, trust me.'

And reason comforted Marie as well as faith, and as Sébastien's free words had done. 'She had been foolish to apply Victorine's story to her experience,' she said to herself many times during the next few days whilst she was busy helping Aunt David with a grand *lessive*. They were too young to marry; it was youth which kept them apart more than poverty; there were so many years before them; it was not *waiting* with them, but *growing* rather. Ah! yes, they were two happy children walking together in the light of God's countenance, which would *never, never* be clouded over them, Marie felt sure; surer and surer as, a month or two later on, the pleasant freshened winds arose, and light frosts crisped the exhilarating air.

But no help came with the years as they passed, and the two lovers had long been ripe in early Southern maturity. Marie never lost her cheerful confidence, but to the young man the trial was of a harder, more immediate nature.

The girl would sigh when Sébastien used to say, as he did more and more frequently during the years—

'I see no hope in front of us, Marie—none, and I shall never dare to ask you of your friends.'

This was so different from his past boyish confidence, which Marie

had thought would never fail, that it made her anxious for his sake; she saw that he was suffering, and this saddened her. Sometimes he would tell her of their increased poverty since the birth of a little boy to Louise; at another time he would dwell upon his brother-in-law's idleness and gambling, and would predict that the business would drift further away from them to the steady new *maréchal* whom everybody was beginning to speak so well of.

'The money isn't more than sufficient to keep the four of us poorly, Marie; and how am I ever to save enough for setting up a business of my own?'

'We will be patient, dear,' Marie used to say to him then with tears in her eyes, 'and help is sure to come.'

So Sébastien would go away strengthened for a time; but slowly, by little and little, his endurance was wearing away, perhaps owing to the very strength of his love, for such is the way with men.

Things had been in this condition, and a sort of sombre sky had been hanging for some time over Marie's head before that sunny April day, when I found her so radiant in front of her aunt's cottage door.

(To be continued.)

ULRIC.

A TALE OF THE NOVATIAN HERESY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOUNTAINS.

'Once in His Name Who made thee,
Once in His Name Who died for thee,
Once in His Name Who lives to aid thee,
We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea.

'Christian, dear child, we call thee;
Threefold the Bath, the Name is One:
Henceforth no evil dream befall thee,
Now is thy heavenly rest begun.'

Lyra Innocentium.

THE twelve days' stages to the frontier were accomplished with comparative comfort and ease. Water was more abundant at that season, and the climate less exhausting, above all, when they had fairly turned their faces northward. At length the verge of the Great Desert was attained; the guides discharged with words of gratitude and generous gifts; the very sea of sand itself parted from almost as a friend. Next Ulric hired a single native to pilot him through the intervening sterile country to the boundaries of the vast mountain system now commonly designated Great Kabylia. It was then, as at

present, peopled by the Kabyles, a branch of the Berber family ; the Arabs, though largely represented, like other nationalities, during the Roman sway, not having as a body migrated to Northern Africa until the early days of the Mahometan religion. Arrived among the hills, Ulric dismissed his solitary guide, preferring thenceforth to proceed alone. His funds were sinking to a low ebb ; he had no especial destination, and he believed the actual hiding which was now essential would be the less perilous the fewer there were to conceal. He had bought good mules at the border village for Columba and himself, as also a store of parched corn and dates. Water, late fruits, and herbage for the animals were plentiful in the beauteous zone that they were now traversing, but in which, alas ! they dared not linger. It was about the middle of the rainy season, but there chanced just then to be one of those lovely golden interludes which are characteristic of the climate. Moisture evaporated speedily from the baked soil, a fact which mitigated their discomfort under the necessity of camping out. Ulric determined, as far as possible, to avoid all settlements, or even single habitations, until they should have attained the bitterly-bleak gorges which the Romans, unless on the track of fugitives, were morally certain to have deserted. Oh ! for the privilege of sheltering Columba in some nook of these Italian-like fertile hills ! How hard he felt it to expose her fragile health to all the rigours of the loftier elevations whither they must hasten !

Beautiful were those intermediate slopes during that placid breathing-space between the torrent-like storms of North Africa. No cloud flecked the transparent sky ; the brilliant, breezy heat was that of a fresh early June or a magnificent October. The broad landscape, lately robed in one uniform dun colour, resulting from six months of drought and dust, had melted with the welcome rain into the sweetest flush of tender springtide beauty. There were no outward tokens of December, except that some species of trees were leafless, while the fragrant snow of the orange groves had matured into pale green fruit. Not even the great golden globes which blazed in the low-lying orchard-lands beyond the plain of the Motidgia, were prized at the tables of the wealthy as were these sun-kissed, wind-rocked nurslings of the Atlas. None others could vie with them in their luscious taste or delicate aroma, but they seldom reached perfection till the latter end of spring. These choice Southern productions flourished at a height which would in colder latitudes have been frost-bound, or at the best clad only with a sparse and stunted vegetation. Mingled with them were pomegranates, both sweet and acid ; the sweet lemon, suggestive of a very insipid water-melon ; the fig, mulberry, oil-olive, apricot and almond, with a wealth of cereals which in that age won for the region the name of 'The Granary of Italy' Now, as then, the exuberant soil is ready to yield up its teeming treasures, but its capabilities are no longer developed by the enterprise and tyranny of ancient Rome.

The general aspect of the country was Sicilian rather than semi-tropical. The date-palm, the banana, and the guava were left far below, and as they still wound upward vegetation decreased in luxuriance, and day by day Columba's thirst for gorgeous colouring found less scope for indulgence. Beneath her serene contentment lurked a growing home-sickness for the Sahara, to which, despite its sad associations, her affections clung with singular tenacity. 'It was so unlike everything else,' she once remarked to Ulric, who laughed, and said, 'Yes, I admit it bears away the palm of ugliness; you would not compare it with this fair scene?' 'Certainly not,' agreed Columba, for the fact was undeniable; but although silenced she was not convinced.

Before Ulric and Columba could gain the inhospitable regions of comparative safety, the rains had returned with such violence as to render the tent an insufficient shelter. Never had they imagined tempests of such fury; it often seemed as though the solid mountains must be swept away by the resistless rush of waters. The district which the fugitives had reached was thinly populated, but there were small settlements sprinkled among the rocks, and Ulric never had the slightest difficulty in procuring food. The wretched huts were in every respect unsuited to Columba, more particularly since the increased delicacy which had resulted from her illness. Had he felt free to settle for a while, Ulric could have caused a suitable dwelling to be constructed; but the principle to which he most strongly adhered was that of shifting his abode as frequently as possible. He and Columba were hence forced to hide in the dens, caves, and fissures of the rocks, as Christians of yet earlier date had done before them. This arrangement was no hardship to Columba, for, apart from the advantages of cleanliness and privacy, these natural habitations were frequently spacious and more weather-proof than the native hovels. Ulric proved an adept in the difficult art of kindling a wood fire under adverse circumstances, and its cheery blaze afforded them the solace of almost human companionship. Their chief danger arose from wild animals; but after all Ulric doubted whether the unprotected villages were really more secure. The poor mules were nightly tethered within the space encircling the fire, and never did evil assail them or their masters.

During this rainy period the temperature continually fluctuated: sometimes the air was hot and steamy as a vapour-bath, completely enervating Ulric and acting like a tonic upon his wife. In this state of the atmosphere they had occasional shocks of earthquake, so slight that the novelty of the sensation only interested Columba. Then the wind veering suddenly round would usher in a storm of mingled rain and thunder, borne on the wings of a bitter blast. Next would succeed fresh floods of rain, attended by a clammy chilliness which seemed to paralyse the faculties. 'Were the rains likely to subside soon?' Ulric frequently inquired of the natives. He was met by the

unvarying response, 'They hoped not ; every drop that fell was needed to keep off the locusts.'

Often when a wild gale sprang instantaneously out of the darkness, the nocturnal chorus it awakened became deafening as it swelled to its full awful diapason. Then the Numidian lion, the hyena and the jackal, blended their familiar cries with a deep surging undertone of indistinguishable notes, perchance so many discords if heard separately, yet, united, forming a grand though terrific symphony, as 'the beasts of the earth' raised their appointed strain in the choir of creation. Ulric feared the effect of constant terror on Columba, and at first her nervousness exceeded his worst apprehensions ; then, as was usual with her, the very excess led to a reaction. One night, when the concert had reached its climax, she exclaimed compassionately—

'Poor beasts ! Listen, Ulric, they appear more frightened than we are, and no wonder, for they do not know they are watched over and protected. I like to think that God feeds and takes care of them. They are His creatures ; one ought not to be so very much afraid of them.'

'No, dearest,' rejoined Ulric, 'they have never disobeyed Him ; and besides, our Blessed Lord was with them in the wilderness for forty days and forty nights.'

'How could I have forgotten that ?' exclaimed Columba ; 'I am so glad you have reminded me. Perhaps the beasts know we belong to Him, and that is why they never injure us.'

Ulric sighed inwardly as he reflected upon how much safer they were among beings who shared with them only the tie of creation, than among their fellow-men, to whom they were united in the holier bond of mutual Redemption. He did not give vent however to the sad thought, and Columba was soon slumbering as sweetly in the rocky cavern as she had ever done in their tranquil home before the issue of the Edict. As she repeatedly observed to Ulric, 'The dear sign of the Cross was everywhere their shield.'

During the periods of sharp frost Ulric was much puzzled to account for the immunity from suffering enjoyed by Columba and himself. They scarcely endured real discomfort, while the hardy mountaineers were grouped around, cowering, dejected, and wrapped like Egyptian mummies in the folds of their long woollen robes. The fact was that the young Romans had absorbed so much caloric in the Desert that they were inwardly fortified from the assaults of cold. The same phenomenon is still often experienced by Anglo-Indians in sound health when they return to Europe. Throughout the first winter they almost fancy themselves invulnerable, though a second season finds the spell dissolved.

One afternoon Columba and Ulric reached a ravine formed by tall, splintered peaks, one of which had a windy cavern in its side. The place was not inviting for repose, but they were tired, and resolved to

halt there for a night. Through the gorge swept a boiling torrent, which the summer drought dwindled to a mere thread, but which was just then swollen by the rains into a large volume of water. There were miniature rapids nearly upon a level with the cave, and underneath a cataract of which the picturesque beauty might have eclipsed many on a far grander scale. Its colouring of pale translucent green and virgin white recalled the purity of the snowdrop, as it lay fairer than drifted sea foam in the rugged bosom of the gorge. An archipelago of river rocks fringed with luxuriant verdure broke it into several distinct falls, each marked by its separate individuality. One, like a sportive genie, seemed to pour in a solid mass of glittering quartz crystals from a ledge of rocks into the yawning crevice far below ; a second, soft, fleecy, and pure as carded wool, fell noiselessly over mossed boulders into a deep silent pool. Another gleamed aloft ethereal and delicate as though a veil of silver gauze had been woven out of the tissue of spray. The sweetest of them all lay clasped in the embrace of the twin isles which encircled its narrow bed, like a babe clad in the white robes of innocence. As Ulric and Columba gazed, a driving shower hid every object from their sight, then suddenly the heavens cleared, a double rainbow spanned the chasm, and a stormy sunset painted the magnificent wild landscape with dead gold, such as we often criticise in the works of Byzantine art. Such an extraordinary freak of light was melancholy, scarcely beautiful, but wonderfully alluring. The eye sought to rest longer upon it, and craved for a repetition of that most unearthly glow, as it faded away, perchance not to revive until after the lapse of centuries.

The ensuing morning dawned gusty and grey, but without rain ; so Ulric deemed it prudent to proceed in quest of a more comfortable shelter. They had food enough in the mule's pack for several days, but he preferred to be within reach of some spot where the supply could be renewed in case of accident. The air was besides heavy with a peculiar stagnant cold, such as they never had felt in Africa, and which forbade the idea of risking another night in their late haunt, which seemed a veritable 'cavern of the winds.' About noon they entered a region graced by noble cedars, and pressed forward, feeling such a spot was nearly sure to be inhabited. They soon found themselves, however, on the edge of a large forest, formed by the same wide-spreading stately trees. They did not know that many a tawny lion had been thence conveyed to Rome, to drink the blood of Christians in the Flavian amphitheatre. Meanwhile no trace of man was visible, and only too soon the cause of the raw chilliness was explained by a downfall of snow. No refuge could be found upon the outskirts of the wood, and Ulric dared not penetrate its gloom lest they should be hopelessly lost, or exposed to the fury of wild beasts in their forest lairs. That evening sorely tested the fortitude of the wanderers, for there were no means of kindling a fire. Ulric could only give his

little half-fainting Columba the best nourishment their stores afforded, fold her in warm coverings, and then, seated upon the snow, with no support except a cedar-trunk, hold her in his arms through the livelong night, which seemed interminable to them both. Ulric's eyes never closed, and his frame felt benumbed by frost, yet morning found him less wan and exhausted than Columba. The exposure and fatigue of those few hours seemed to have wrought her irremediable injury. Even when the storm ceased, and the mild south wind fanned the forest, there was no reviving influence in it for Columba. She stood shivering upon the sunniest slopes at noontide, with a little icy hand clasped around Ulric's wrist. The healthful mountain breeze, even if only fresh, seemed to shrivel her like a leaf, and when keen-edged, to cut her chest like the thrust of a poniard. Ulric had at first dreaded a return of the African fever, but only a short time elapsed before the roseate flush, dry cough, and panting breath awakened a more terrible anxiety. To detain her in that rarefied air would be to seal her doom. Were the risk trebled he must descend to a level where the temperature should be better adapted to her tender lungs. Further they must abandon the nomade existence for the present. He was clear as to this being his immediate duty, and could only trust that there would be fresh indications to direct the shaping of his future course.

After a descent of three thousand feet, Columba breathed with less pain, and the lovely bloom which mantled her cheek faded. How devoutly Ulric thanked God when that exquisite carnation flush had vanished. The peculiar waxen delicacy of complexion which in general we associate with ill-health was natural to Columba, while with her the softest tinge of colouring betokened fever or exhaustion. Yet hers was neither the cold pallor of marble, nor the wanness of the snow-drop, rather the immaculate purity of the white camellia. It accorded well with the luxuriant dark hair, and mild expressive eyes, and rounded, dove-like form; even with the melodious voice, of which each accent seemed attuned to gentleness. There was nothing in her akin to the celestial radiance of S. Agnes, far less to the latent mournful heroism with which our fancy invests the Blessed Virgin before her high destiny had been revealed. Columba was essentially a child, while yet a pensive grace and sweet, unconscious dignity, lent to her a charm far surpassing the mere careless mirthfulness of youth. Perhaps no image so exactly suited her as did that of her own namesake, the Bird of Peace.

There are some constitutions which flourish more vigorously on the plains than in the highlands, and Columba had this physical peculiarity strongly developed. The mere fact that her amendment was so visible while yet leaving so much to be desired, made Ulric ardently long to complete the cure by taking her down to the orange groves beside the coast. Such a proceeding would have been insanity, however, and he was forced to be contented with the benefit already gained. Still

roving on hither and thither, with no definite interest, they reached a tract comprising several circular ranges of wooded mountains, with bright little intervening valleys rich in pasture, and each marked by a cluster of tents. Most fair to look upon were these sweet scenes, but Ulric could find none which he deemed suited to Columba. Some were already overpopulated, others damp from a network of hidden springs, or from the overhanging shadows of the forest. Some, again, owing to their depth, and to encircling hills, were nearly sunless, and one, lovely in itself, was so confined and narrow as not to allow a free passage of air, so that its very aspect was suggestive of malarious fever. Throughout this series of failures in the search for an abode, the weather was transparently beautiful, like a fresh European June. Columba and Ulric wandered on like two children in a gallery of dissolving views, halting nowhere beyond a single night, pausing whenever they were pleased or weary, and enjoying such a holiday existence as had never previously fallen to their lot.

About a week had thus elapsed, when on a radiant spring-like morning at the end of January they unexpectedly found themselves, after an hour's ride, beyond the confines of the forest. Before them spread an undulating open country, nearly bare of trees, and equally devoid of loveliness and grandeur. The soft air, however, was deliciously bracing and pure, and for the sake of breathing it they were contented to forego other advantages. Still riding onward, they soon reached a cone-shaped hill, rising abruptly from the almost level plain, and looking artificial from its extreme regularity. Now, as then, the steep sides are thickly sprinkled with the tents and huts of a rude Kabyle village. Now, as then, patriarchal olives crown the summit. But not until after the lapse of centuries, gleamed white upon the topmost crest the tiny village mosque, like toy model of the stately structures found in Moslem cities. The slumberous noontide silence was unbroken by the wailing chant that now arises at the hour when sweet-toned bells in Christian lands ring out the mid-day Angelus.

The general aspect of the scenery was European; its details and animated features, Oriental. The hill-slopes were matted over with a tangled growth of dwarf palm, aloes, and camel's thorn, or wild jujube. The dark tents, mingled with huts of the most primitive description, bespoke a type of existence almost coeval with the human race. The tribe which dwelt in them was simple, kindly, and of more stalwart frame and robust organization, than the Arabs who flooded the plains and desert in subsequent ages. The women wore, as they do now, a veil thrown gracefully backward over the shoulders, not concealing the face, but disclosing features somewhat plain, yet pleasing from their modesty and candour. They and the children of both sexes were painted on chin, cheeks, and forehead with mystic devices in dark colours, the tips of the fingers being of course stained with henna.

Nearly all of the women and girls wore a profusion of ornaments, which indeed constituted their chief personal wealth. Many displayed circular ear-rings as large as an ordinary bracelet, and composed of several distinct substances, such as cornelian, coral, and agate, the whole cunningly inwrought with gold. A few possessed necklaces of rich gems, which lost much of their beauty and lustre from not being mounted, but embedded in a flat setting of silver.

Here, as elsewhere among the natives, Ulric and Columba were received with frank and urbane hospitality. The best hut in the place was pressed on their acceptance, but as the rains were nearly past, and meanwhile the weather continued fair, Ulric preferred pitching his tent within the shelter of the olives overhead. The temperature was moderately cold, but so still that warm coverings afforded them ample protection. Columba's oppressed breathing was always relieved by a free circulation of pure air, and Ulric dreaded to expose her to the stifling atmosphere of the low hut. They went early to rest after a comfortable meal, and awoke with the pleasant sense of having drifted into a haven of peace. The blue sky gave promise of settled brilliancy, perchance for weeks, and their first task was to select a site for a small waterproof tenement, merely to serve as a retreat against the deluge-like farewell showers of the season. Ulric had no difficulty in procuring several helpers, who worked so ably under his direction, that the dwelling was completed in a single week. It simply consisted of four walls forming a square, and covered with a roof impervious to rain. The floor was strewn with dry, clean sand, brought from a neighbouring ravine, and the main requisite of height and spaciousness, doubly essential in an Eastern climate, were abundantly provided. Very inviting it appeared when rugs and mats were tastefully dispersed, and when the door, made for admitting or excluding light and air at will, was found to serve its end better than many more elaborate contrivances. Columba, like the child she was, eagerly wished a storm might come to test the merits of their new abode. She did not care to make it a regular habitation, being true to her pet theory, that not even the most stately Roman palaces could vie with the attractions of a tent.

For the first fortnight Ulric fancied that his darling rallied; then dawned the slow, sure conviction that she became weaker every day. The fatal roses bloomed again on her soft cheek, the small hand grew almost transparent in its delicacy, and the eyes, while retaining their liquid tenderness, were starry with incipient fever. Day by day the exploring rambles in which she delighted had to be curtailed, till such was her increasing lassitude that she could only bear a short ride every morning on the mule which Ulric led over the easiest tracks. Her yearning for the desert assumed an intensity which seemed born of the very instinct of self-preservation, and Ulric lived in the prospect of returning thither by a circuitous route, as soon as the hot season

fairly opened. Meanwhile Columba's happiest hours were spent in listening to his bright auguries of how they should discover some yet more remote oasis, where they might abide in peace under God's blessing, until the withdrawal of the Edict. Then they would seek a home amid the islands of the Indian Sea, where not a blight of chilling air should ever more assail Columba. Poor child! the deadly shivering which had first attacked her on the heights, clung to her with inveterate persistency. Often when her head burned with fever, her feet were benumbed with cold, yet her disease seemed not the common ague of the country, but rather the hopeless ebbing of vitality. Months of exhaustion and privation had been gradually sapping her strength, although the visible failure was sudden, and appeared to have resulted from a trivial cause. The delicate system had been undermined, and now not even youthful elasticity could check the progress of decay.

This chapter of Columba's history was more replete with human interest than had been the case in any former period of their wanderings. She was the privileged pet of the village, and a welcome visitor in every family. The women never wearied of admiring each detail of her dress, and looking over the few European trifles which she still possessed. They trustfully permitted her in her turn to handle all the treasured heirloom jewels, which are in general so jealously guarded from a stranger's touch. Occasionally, when less ill than usual, she amused herself by helping them in grinding corn, milking the goats, or shredding herbs for pottage. As a rule, however, she felt quite unequal to such pleasant toils, but was forced to lie passively under the trees and watch the Biblical scenes of domestic life which were outspread before her. Nearly everywhere she was the centre of a knot of little ones, who thronged her footsteps and gazed into the sweet eyes that always smiled upon them with responsive tenderness. She was cast much upon the natives for companionship, since Ulric was forced to absent himself during a portion of each day. He knew no peace when he omitted making a wide circuit of the neighbourhood, thereby assuring himself that no foe was near; and latterly another duty had devolved upon him.

One of the symptoms of Columba's illness was a constant craving for animal food, to which she was particularly indifferent when in health. Meat could not always be obtained in that poor settlement, where indeed it was seldom used except at feasts. Ulric, however, was skilled in the art of snaring birds, and his exertions kept Columba supplied with the nourishment she most required. Often indeed there was a surplus, which she rejoiced in distributing among the sick or aged in the village.

One morning Ulric went out earlier than usual, intending, as the air was balmy, merely to provide the evening meal, and then return to take Columba for a ride. At no great distance was an Oriental burial-

ground, itself half-buried in a hollow of the hills. Since Ulric's chance discovery of this pathetic spot, Columba had been longing to behold it, but in vain. Now, for the first time, she felt equal to the undertaking, and Ulric acceded to the wish. He only counselled her to keep perfectly still, and try to sleep, that she might be the better able to encounter such unusual fatigue.

Columba having watched until her husband's form was lost to sight, retired behind the curtains of the tent, and strove obediently to follow his injunction. The restlessness of mortal sickness left her no repose, however, and she soon felt sure that enforced quiet would do her more harm than moderate activity. Rising from her couch, she accordingly sauntered down the steep goat-track to the village, confident of finding interest and diversion among its simple inhabitants. Most of the men were absent, as was usual at that hour, but children, dove-eyed as herself, came trustfully forward to be caressed; while their mothers, who were just then chiefly employed in spinning goat's hair, looked up with a smile of salutation as she passed. Columba returned all the greetings with her wonted graceful sweetness, but did not delay, for there was one house, the last in the village, which she felt anxious to reach. It was tenanted by an Arab family, of which the head was a mere lad, with as yet only one young wife, who had not numbered fourteen summers. Columba fancied, and with reason, that this wild rose of Arabia was scarcely less an object of devotion to the boyish bridegroom than she was herself to Ulric. The bliss of the youthful strangers had been rendered perfect within the past fortnight by the blessing of a first-born son. He was a lovely babe, with slender bronze limbs of exquisite symmetry; large, dark, almond-shaped eyes, and tiny features, which already promised to develop into the majestic yet delicate beauty of his race. Even thus early an observant eye could see that this infant was cast in a nobler mould than were the children of the same age who swarmed around him.

Upon nearing the hut, Columba called aloud on the young mother, but received no answer. She, however, perceived Hassan seated passively under a clump of aloes, his hands folded on his breast, and his face wearing that expression of hopeless submission to an irreversible decree which seems the common stamp of Oriental grief. Columba had seen that deportment too frequently to mistake it; not a word was needed to convince her she approached the house of mourning.

Restrained by timidity from addressing Hassan, she advanced awe-struck and shy, yet strong in her inherent womanly and Christian power to console. Pausing a moment, she looked through the opening into the hut. It was of the primitive Kabyle type, completely circular, with a flat roof, and a doorway so low that entrance could only be gained on hands and knees. The floor, of hardened earth, was strewn with water-skins, pots, pans, and the few other simple requisites of Oriental life. As usual, its owner sat cross-legged upon a square of

carpet in the centre, but never before had Columba been brought face to face with such an overmastering weight of agony.

The babe lay senseless in his mother's passionate embrace, not uttering the feeblest moan, apparently suffering no pain, while yet the vital current ebbed perceptibly away. There had been no tangible cause of illness—only the frail little life seemed about to be suddenly extinguished like a feeble taper on a gusty night.

Columba's first impression was that the child lived—then in her inexperience she fancied he had ceased to breathe. She knelt down pityingly at the mother's side, making instinctively that holy sign which seemed with her the natural expression of all strong emotion. At that moment the babe stirred and gave a plaintive wail. The sound was lost in a wild cry of anguish from the mother, who turned one mute, eloquent glance of appeal upon Columba, as though she could succour in that direst need. Columba, crushed by a sense of human nothingness, could not reply, but, amid heaving sobs and blinding tears, bowed down her head upon the infant's feet, while the young mother's arm stole tenderly around her neck. There was a pause—so brief, that it could only be counted in seconds ; then Columba's head was raised exultingly, while a smile brilliant as the sunbeam of the morning flashed amid her tears. She cradled the infant upon her arm, while the young Arab gazed awestruck, confiding, a pale gleam of hope struggling with her despair. One look Columba cast around the hut ; it lighted on a gourd, filled with cool, sparkling water from the spring. Three times Columba poured the mystical wave of regeneration over the babe's brow, solemnly invoking the awful name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. With trembling love and adoration she imprinted the sign of the Crucified on the wan forehead, bending rapturously to kiss the symbol which her own weak hand had traced in sacramental dew. That kiss of welcome into fellowship with the Redeemed, the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, was mingled with the parting breath of the newly baptised. The mother saw that the vapour which we call life had fled, nor knew she that the true life had begun, yet there was more of wonder than of grief in the look which she bent on Columba, who still clasped the infant, and gazed down on it as one inspired. Her very mien had altered ; she seemed less a timid, shrinking maiden than a queen, invested consciously with royal authority, and exercising one of its loftiest prerogatives. Ulric had reached the hut in time to hear Columba speak the name of Mervarid before her invocation of the Triune God. He recollected having once told her it was a Persian appellation, signifying Child of Light, and how she had observed that it seemed most appropriate to Christians. And now, before he could collect his thoughts, the seal of mercy had been set upon that infant—an immortal soul had been translated from the kingdom of the Prince of Darkness to the heritage of the saints in light. Bewildered, touched, goaded by the necessity for immediate action, Ulric still

hesitated to address Columba while the halo of that tearful radiance hovered around her. She caught sight of him, however, and subsided instantly into the simple child he loved so well. 'Dear Ulric,' were her only words, 'I wish you had been here; but there was no one else to do it, and the Holy One let *me* place this babe in His arms.'

'It is a work which Seraphim might envy you, my precious one,' said Ulric; 'but alas! the soldiers are upon us; we must fly, and that on foot! God grant that even this delay may not prove fatal!'

'But Ulric,' pleaded Columba, who seemed upraised above her ordinary fears, 'may we not stay to bury this little new Christian, and carve a cross and *in pace*, to mark where he sleeps?'

'Dearest,' rejoined Ulric, imploringly, 'for *my* sake do not linger. The babe is secure from harm; we are in deadly peril. Lean on me, Columba, and walk fast, but not too hastily until we shall have rounded that projecting rock. Then we must run for very life to gain the thickest cover of the woods.'

'Our friends would not betray us,' said Columba, half-reproachfully, as she quitted the hut, after a parting caress to the young mother, who had fallen into a state of leaden apathy.

'No,' answered Ulric, 'they are brave and loyal, but I have thought best to acquaint none of them with our secret. Whether or not I acted wisely it is now too late to determine. Should we be seen leaving the village I wish it supposed our only object is a walk for pleasure. The soldiers may then wait a while expecting our return, and this will give us the advantage of a start. But see, the rock is left behind. Be swift, my darling, till we cross this open plain and get within the shadow of the trees.'

Columba's flight for a few seconds seemed airy and rapid as that of a bird upon the wing. Her light step barely skimmed the ground, and on she sped until the friendly copsewood was within two hundred yards. Then she stopped with a cry of pain, pressed both hands tightly on her side, and gasped for breath. Ulric caught her up in his arms, bounded across the intervening space, and scarcely relaxing his speed plunged deep into the shadiest recesses of the wood. Only the instinct of self-preservation, strengthened by a Christian's noble resolve to do his own part manfully unto the end, prompted his actions in this last extremity. Humanly speaking, he regarded capture as inevitable. He had done so from the moment in which he descried the reconnoitering party of Romans on the direct road to the village, which he was able to reach half-an-hour in advance of them by means of a goat track winding along a dizzy ledge of rocks.

And now began the closing stage of these eventful wanderings, a period so fraught with anguish as to seem like the wild mazes of a troubled vision from which there was no awakening. For a few days they wandered on, subsisting on wild fruits, snatching repose only when too exhausted to proceed; feeling, though how and wherefore

they could not explain, that the pursuer was dogging their footsteps and must overtake them. Thus drifting ever downward they at length reached the magnificent gorge of the Chiffa, where rich flowers perfumed the February air, and brown Numidian apes swung fearlessly from tree to tree in the noontide sun.

And now a sudden inspiration flashed on Ulric. He remembered that a noble Roman lady, who in former years had known Columba, owned a villa in the centre of extensive orange gardens near the entrance of the Chiffa Gorge. As a faint hope he resolved on appealing to her for mercy on behalf of the innocent child whom she had often fondled and caressed. Lurking till twilight in a leafy dell, Columba and Ulric stole forth with the first dusky gloom, and flitted noiselessly as the evening shadows to the princely villa where they trusted that a human heart would open pityingly to receive them. On arriving a young female slave conducted them immediately to the presence of her mistress, and the audience being thus obtained, a few words sufficed to explain their sad position. The lady, with the dauntlessness of her patrician birth, scorned to consider the risk which she might incur in harbouring those who lay under the imperial ban. With warm and eager hospitality she urged them to become her guests, pledging her word to shield them to the utmost of her power, and to give such explanations of their presence as should allay the suspicions of her household. Then ensued three calm blissful days which seemed a very foretaste of eternal rest. Nourishing food and wine, the half-forgotten luxury of the bath, and the no less refreshing change of raiment wrought a transformation in Columba, and Ulric liked ever afterwards to think of that short lull before the tempest overtook them. On the fourth morning, before sunrise, the villa was suddenly encompassed by armed horsemen. Ulric and Columba were captured, dragged forth and mounted on fiery Arab steeds to be conducted to the place of trial near Icosium, there to answer for the charge of disobedience on which they were arrested. Their protectress would fain have thrown her ægis around them; but she had no power to save. Only her prompt sacrifice to the heathen gods, together with the potent influence of lofty rank and vast wealth lavishly expended, preserved her from sharing their fate. The immediate though innocent cause of their capture was the Arab mother, who, in answer to the soldiers when they reached her dwelling, had not scrupled to describe the young pair who had sojourned there as strangers in a strange land like herself and Hassan. Then pointing to the dead babe, she detailed the ceremony of its baptism, which she viewed as an incantation whereby Columba had vainly tried to save its life. The sign of the cross was recognised with a vengeful shout of triumph by the Romans, who, convinced they had now tracked their prey, sped forth with haste. Fierce as the tiger, cunning as the serpent, deadly still as the red simoom of the desert, baffled occasionally like a bloodhound, but anon

recovering the scent, they persevered, until with fiendish exultation they had traced the fugitives to that last hiding-place.

‘My precious one, we must prepare for death!’ said Ulric tenderly, when the walls of Icosium arose white and glittering beyond the plain of the Metidja, across which they were careering on their arrowy steeds.

‘Yes, Ulric,’ said Columba; ‘but I could not have helped baptizing the infant even had I known beforehand that it would be at the cost of both our lives.’

‘No!’ exclaimed Ulric, with kindred fervour, ‘when one remembers the value of a ransomed soul one cannot coldly calculate the measure of self-sacrifice.’

‘To do so would make us unlike the Holy One,’ added Columba. ‘Besides,’ and the sweet voice sank into a soft whisper, ‘it brought back my own baptism, Ulric.’

‘Yes,’ he rejoined; ‘it seems only like yesterday since I saw you coming out of the baptistery on Easter Even in your robes of innocence. Then for one golden week we joined with saints and angels in the Church’s most jubilant strains, and at its close——’

‘The holy Bishop Fabian made me yours, and blessed us both on that bright fair *Dominica in albis*,’ murmured Columba.

‘Your spotless nuptial white was your baptismal vesture not yet laid aside,’ continued Ulric fondly. ‘Then my own treasure, as we knelt together, I vowed by God’s help that it should be my aim through life to guard its purity and shield you from the slightest breath of ill.’

‘Yes, you have always tried to make me good,’ answered Columba, simply. ‘I have done wrong very often, but my faults would have been worse had you not taken so much care of me.’

The childlike words and manner almost unnerved Ulric, and he did not attempt to reply. Columba’s raiment even then was of virginal hue. When summoned on that fearful morning she had robed herself in the attire nearest at hand, a snowy ample tunic, the garb which best suited her, and in which Ulric delighted. He alone knew how meetly it symbolized the conscience undefiled by mortal sin since its New Birth, and daily through acts of contrition washed from venial transgressions in the Precious Blood. Not only the Grace but the very *freshness* of the Font seemed hovering around her as she neared the Rest of Paradise. Ulric did not delude himself as to the issue of that trial. He knew well that the stainless white folds which veiled Columba’s tender form would prove her winding-sheet.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER IN THE APENNINES.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

CHAPTER IV.

DOWN THE ROAD AND UP THE HILLSIDE.

As the summer went on, and both the hotels and nearly every vacant room in the town were occupied by friends and acquaintances, we no longer found San Marcello the tranquil haven of perfect rest and undisturbed study that it had been during the first weeks of our stay. There was now an atmosphere of (mild) dissipation about the place by no means conducive to steady work, while the increasing heat gave a decent excuse for laziness. It was all very well to shut oneself up in the house bent on much writing, even to appear at the window sternly flourishing an ink-bottle over the idle heads of passing friends who were trying to beguile one out into the woods; but often when afternoon came the ink-bottle was nearly as full as it had been hours before, the day little more fruitful than if one had yielded readily to the sweets of the *far niente*. At least once a week the gayer portion of our community assembled in the hospitable Cini house, from whence strains of dance-music resounded through the trees far into the small hours of the night. Those who took no part in these festivities were not proof against the more rural amusements of picnics, and gradually found themselves drawn into the current of dissipation. The thermometer was really too high to leave one energy enough to fight against the stream. Picnics became *the* topic of the day, and whenever one stopped in walk or climb to admire some pretty glade or cluster of rocks, some one always took a practical view of its beauties, by immediately suggesting that it would be the very spot for a picnic.

We were always invited, in right indisputable of the possession of the only real *tea-kettle* in San Marcello, for, as every one knows, wherever the Anglo-Saxon element prevails, no picnic is possible without a *tea-kettle*.

Water-melons may be an appropriate refreshment for Continentals, but the British constitution demands its tea, no matter at what season of the year. But before entering fully on this important business, we felt that it would be well to fulfil our duty as tourists by visiting the great paper-works down in the valley, knowing well that, once engrossed by picnics, it would be difficult to turn our minds to industrial matters.

These works are the largest paper-mills in Italy, employ about 400 hands, and are carried on with all the latest improvements in machinery.

So, one evening, armed with a pass from the proprietor, we set off down the winding, chestnut-shadowed road, to the picturesque gorge in which the works are situated, and where houses are rapidly springing up round this nucleus of industry. The establishment not only furnishes employment to the inhabitants of the valley, but also promotes their moral well-being. There is a school and playground attached to it; a Crèche where the infants of the female hands are carefully tended during their mothers' working hours, and last but not least a brass band, more numerous and better drilled than that of San Marcello. Of the keen rivalry between these two musical institutions, and its dire effects upon our ears, we shall have more to say hereafter.

If one could only photograph in words the enchanting scenery of this valley of the Lima, and convey with the pen the subtle charm of this mingling of austere mountain and verdant woodland, of foaming torrents and flowery pastures! There on the opposite bank of the rapid stream is the ribbon-like road winding round the wooded heights of Poppilio, towards Lucchio and the Baths of Lucca. Far away to the right, two or three little hill-towns, each crested by an ancient tower, stand out on the mountain side among the trees. The chestnuts, which are everywhere, about, above, below you, are in their fullest summer luxuriance; and now, as you near the head of the gorge through which the Lima rushes down under an imposing stone bridge by the paper-mill, you have peeps of grander scenery. There is the snow still lingering on the double peak of the 'Libro Aperto,' or Open Book, above the dark fir-forests of the Bosco Lungo. Each summit is called by some fanciful name, such as Orlando's Hat, The Written Stones, &c.; and, as no one can deny that mountains with names are far more fascinating than mountains without, one is grateful for the poetic titles bestowed on these Apennine crests.

The origin of the name *Sassi Scritti*, or Written Stones, has been the argument of many learned discussions; but, so far, little light has been thrown upon the matter. That of the Libro Aperto speaks for itself. Before the snows melt, that double peak, seen from afar, really resembles the open page of some monstrous book, with its upper right corner slightly turned down.

And now, having crossed the great bridge by which the high road to Modena passes the Lima, having gazed down upon the rushing stream, and looked at that red mark, near the top of the pole, denoting the level the water reached at the last flood, we are at last knocking for admission at the gate of the mill, surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive women and curly-headed, rosy-cheeked children.

As most people are familiar with the interior of a paper-manufactory, it is useless to give a detailed description of this, which, although the best in Italy, will not perhaps bear comparison to those in our own land. It is said to turn out yearly about 800,000 seilos of paper.

There, in a large hall, were the famous continuous machines ; and you saw all the processes by which the muddy liquid, running from those huge tanks at one end of the room, gradually acquired consistency, and came forth as sheets of fair white paper at the other.

As it happened, three dear little American children were of our party, the youngest of whom, a fair-haired, four-year-old boy, commonly known as the Viking, was so scared by the clatter of the machinery and the uncanny mystery of those revolving wheels, that he burst into a mighty roar, and had to be carried kicking and struggling into the courtyard. One of his sisters had to be kept out of draughts, and the other to be saved from tumbling into the tanks, so that it cannot be said that we examined the manufactory in a calmly scientific spirit. However, we roamed all over the huge building, up stairs and down, now passing mountains of rags, now walking between walls of paper, white, grey, and brown. We saw what seemed to be a private guillotine of the daintiest construction, presided over by a smiling, bald-headed executioner. The gentle force with which reams and reams of paper were cut through by this polished machine was perfectly appalling.

We walked through rooms full of brightly-tinted papers, much used in these parts for the fabrication of those fire-balloons and lanterns without which no village fête is considered complete ; and here our children gleaned a rich harvest of gay scraps from the good-natured workwomen.

Returning down stairs, we saw a mysterious pile of slowly-revolving caldrons, in which the rags undergo a thorough purification ; we dived down slippery cellar-stairs into grimy vaults, where we were deafened by machinery, and saw masses of wood-shavings quickly reduced to pulp.

The hands all wore a contented air, and showed a personal pride in their work, which spoke volumes in favour of the manner in which the establishment is conducted.

Still we were not sorry to escape from all the din and find ourselves once more breathing the pure outer air, for now all that remained to be seen were the huge supplies of wood stacked in the yards by the river, and those great reservoirs that we would have so willingly seen converted into swimming-baths. It was a delicious evening ; we had still more than an hour's daylight before us, so, packing the weary children into a little chaise, we despatched them homewards, and then set off up a narrow ravine near the bridge, towards the famous Grotta delle Macerati, one of the numerous places suggested for a forthcoming picnic.

Climbing the steep track, we soon saw the roofs and chimneys of the mills far beneath us, and had a splendid bird's-eye view of the whole settlement. Then, as we advanced up the narrow ravine, we felt completely shut off from the work-a-day world, and the profound

quiet of the nook was a refreshing contrast to the turmoil of labour we had so lately left. The occasional twitter of a belated bird, the murmur of the little torrent far down beneath us, were the only sounds that broke the prevailing stillness. It was a longer walk to the Grotto than we had expected, and the sun had set, the brief Italian twilight begun, by the time we had made our way through the chest-nuts to the grand masses of rock overhanging the cavern.

Geologically, this is the most interesting spot in the neighbourhood of San Marcello. It must indeed have been a mighty convulsion of nature that upheaved those enormous masses of limestone. It is like a bit of the Grand Chaos de Gavarni in the Pyrenees, with this difference however, that here the strata are so regular, so castellated, that, at first sight, it is hard to believe that no human hands have helped to pile them thus symmetrically. Behind the grotto rises an imposing mass, the very ideal of a robber fortress; and we learnt from one of our friends that in fact it bore a very close resemblance to some of the ancient forest fortresses in the wilds of South America. Walls, battlements, all were here on a monstrous scale. One could fancy this to have been a last stronghold of the conquered Titans; Jove's thunderbolts alone could have riven these yawning fissures. The Grotto itself is merely formed by the fall of a great square mass of moss-covered rock on two lower ones. Men's hands have filled in the interstices, and it has probably often served as a snug refuge for brigands and smugglers.

Literary associations, too, give it a romantic interest, for it was in this cave that the luckless heroine of Massimo Azeglio's *Niccola' de' Lapi* took refuge, maddened by grief, after the fall of Florence in 1530, and for fifty years dragged on a miserable existence, incessantly praying for the soul of her treacherous lover Troilo, and respected as a saint by the scattered inhabitants of the valley.

Then one day, so the story goes, some Florentine sportsmen, who had lost their way, chanced upon the cave, and found a white-haired spectre of a woman in a dying state, in whom they discovered the once-beautiful, long lost Lisa de' Lapi.

Altogether, this rocky wilderness has an uncanny reputation, for near the Grotto is one lonely hut, with smoke-blackened, paneless windows—chimneys are unknown in these out-of-the way dwellings—which until a few years ago was the home of three old sisters, popularly believed to be gifted with supernatural powers.

A lady of San Marcello had often seen these poor, half-crazed, tabooed old women, and told us that the last surviving one used to earn a scanty livelihood by selling mushrooms, bundles of brushwood, &c., and would occasionally stray as far as San Marcello, looking, with her quaint high hat, grizzled elf-locks, bent form and scared expression, truly the traditional witch.

Now the cottage has passed into more commonplace hands; bright-

eyed, grimy children were playing near it on our first visit, and another time we found their mother spinning in its uninviting doorway.

But now darkness was coming on apace ; it would probably have alarmed our friends had we elected to pass the night on those velvety, moss-cushioned rocks outside the cave ; so with many a slip and stumble we followed the windings of the path along the face of the mountain leading down into the high road, about two miles from home. As regarded picnics, regretfully enough we were compelled to note the Grotto a failure. There was no water near, and it was too far from the carriage road for children and feeble walkers. A donkey might indeed be found for the conveyance of provisions and kettle, but the whole resources of San Marcello would not suffice to mount all our party.

As pleasant perhaps as the picnics themselves were all these discussions about them. The Anglo-Saxon mind likes a practical object even for a mountain ramble. Purposeless wanderings are good for a time, but not for three or four months ; and the vague feeling that we were being, somehow, intensely practical, increased the poetry of that homeward march under the dark trees, and past meadows now, under the fairy sway of the fireflies, converted into seas of gleaming, dancing light.

(To be continued.)

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE

IV.—THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

(*Supposed date 1590–2, published 1623.*)

We have had our one glimpse into Fairyland, and must come back to the ordinary world again. It may be that the English mind would soon grow tired of moonlight, and needs something more than the shadow-world for a continuance, so in this play we find ourselves on solid ground again, and in Italy, for this is the first of those Italian stories which afforded Shakspeare such a field for his powers. Two stories are known from which the plot of this play may have been drawn. *The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena*, and *The History of Apollonius and Sylla*, both Italian novels, translated into English about this time.

- Our story starts in Verona—though any other Italian town would have done as well, for if Shakspeare got his characters to his mind (and in this play several of them are thoroughly Italian in type), neither he nor his audience cared much about ‘local colouring,’ and could hear the familiar circumstances of London life transferred to foreign parts without any shock. Thus the tide ebbs and flows through the plays, as through the heart of London the great river thoroughfare was

ever before the eyes and minds of the citizens of that day, and the tidal river figures in connection with these inland Italian towns, and Valentine goes from inland Verona to inland Milan by sea quite as a matter of course. In much more important points this play reflects more of the contemporary English life than any of our previous ones. The great burst of activity of all sorts which marked Elizabeth's reign finds expression here; the opening speech echoes the feeling of those Englishmen who, finding the little home island too strait for them, were bursting out in all directions 'to see the wonders of the world abroad.' A restless spirit of enterprise was stirring the young men 'to seek preferment out,' as Panthino says (Act i. scene 3). 'Some to the wars, to try their fortune there, some to discover islands far away,' like those fairy West Indies so lately made known; 'some to the studious universities;' so the adventures of the two gentlemen of Verona must have had a special interest for their first spectators. We do not get here the enchanting beauty of the *Dream*, but we do find more strongly marked characters, especially in those of the women, who indeed exhibit the greatest difference to be noticed between this and our preceding plays. The dramatic construction is better than in the *Dream*, though not by any means perfect; for we have, as it were, to get through several scenes of introduction before coming to the main story, and though these scenes are necessary to explain the sequel, they are disjointed and awkward in themselves. As in so many of the plays, there are many slight inconsistencies of detail, which give it the appearance of having been written in a hurry and imperfectly corrected, as, for instance, Valentine and Proteus are supposed to go to the Emperor's court (or the Imperial's court, as Launce puts it); but when we get to Milan the Emperor has changed into a Duke, who exercises despotic power in his own territories. However, these small matters do not spoil the main story, which is still all of love and lovers, still complicated by mistakes in identity, and still on the same idea of two men in love with one girl, and so far connected with the *Dream* story. As the play opens, the two heroes come first into view, Valentine and Proteus. Valentine is another Lysander; but we realize his personality more clearly, even in this first scene where he bids Proteus farewell, and laughs at his friend's love for Julia; in his own careless good humour he is so sure of Proteus that he can make fun of him. There is something wholesome and cheery about this simple Valentine as he comes before us, he is so natural and hearty, he won't be so foolish as to fall in love, not he, at least not yet; these good fellows all think that, till their time comes! He wants to go and see the world, not hang about after any woman. No fool is Valentine, though a trifle slow at times, and apt to be absorbed in one idea; one might consider his nature more English than Italian. His love for Proteus, though deep and strong, does not blind him to the necessity of leaving his friend and going on his travels, though he would gladly

have had Proteus, along with him ; Speed sketches Valentine as he is at the opening of the play (Act ii. scene 1), and a healthy, jolly young man he seems to be, eating, drinking, laughing heartily, walking 'like a lion,' 'only sad when his purse is empty,' enjoying a joke, and generally finding his life pleasant. Everybody knows this sort of young man, who keeps a dash of the schoolboy in him all his life ; there are plenty of Valentines about England at this moment—many of them go into the navy.

By Valentine's side stands Proteus, whose character offers a contrast almost too clearly marked. Throughout the play he is one of those clever-headed, shallow-hearted people who are so taking at first, and so disappointing afterwards. The difference between the two men shows clearly in their parting words to each other, even in this first scene : Valentine simply content to wish his friend well and to promise to write to him, while Proteus pours out floods of protestation of affection and remembrance. Still as he first appears, thus affectionately, even sentimentally taking leave of his friend, the darker shades of his nature are all concealed, and we only indistinctly feel that he is a weak creature, essentially selfish, in spite of his shallow, easily-excited feelings.

A certain wise description of the human race divided it into—Honest men, who mean to do right and do it ; knaves, who mean to do wrong and do it ; and fools, who do whichever of the two is the pleasantest ; and this last clause exactly fits Proteus. With all his cleverness (and he is much cleverer than Valentine), he is, in this sense, but a fool, only swayed by what is pleasant. In this part of his story his attraction is the pleasure of making love to Julia, though he seems to think that she ought to be a little grateful to him for what he loses for her sake : 'Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me, made me neglect my studies, lose my time,' conceited fellow that he is ! This young man's career would entirely depend on his surroundings, not on himself. As long as no strong temptation came he might do very well, particularly in Valentine's honest company ; but when any real test came he would surely fail. In this play we are never allowed to get an overdose of sentiment, for two irresistibly comic characters are ever at hand to change the current of our ideas, and one of them now cuts into Proteus's soliloquy. Speed reminds us of the Dromios, he is as cheery, as fond of his master, and as much given to argument ; but being not a slave, but a servant, he is more independent in his ways than the long-suffering twins. He is a close observer : in a subsequent scene (Act ii. scene 1) we hear how he watched Valentine's earnest looks, freely criticised their object, and pondered his master's altered ways. Here we have him keeping an eye on his own interests, seeing no propriety in doing Proteus's errands gratis, and keeping to his point with his own droll persistency till he gets his pay ; and again we find the old word-playing coming up ; our sentimental Proteus can forget his regret at Valentine's departure in

this sort of battle with Speed. In this play we do not have the characters introduced to us in groups as in the *Dream*, but become acquainted with them in pairs, or even one by one; and the next couple to appear are Julia and Lucetta. Julia's character is not hard to read; everything with her is quick, vivid, impetuous, a true southern nature, which Shakspeare has caught in the pretty wilfulness of girlhood, when the feelings are just beginning to stir; and yet the maiden does not quite know what she wants, or would be at. Julia is still something of a spoilt child; we see her moving under the trees with Lucetta, half cross, half loving; wholly charming, wanting to have her confidante talk about Proteus, yet shrinking away in girlish perversity when his name comes up; angry with the letter, rather angry that she should be supposed to want it, then loving even the scraps of it—so like a girl's way. This hot-tempered Julia might not be very amiable, but she is so warm-hearted, so bright and quick, that Proteus might well be absorbed in her while he was under the spell of her charms. We are led to infer that he pushes his suit and brings Julia to owning her love, and that their courtship goes on in a semi-clandestine fashion, as the fathers are unfavourable; but all this is a little indistinct, and Proteus seems to be content to put off any vigorous effort to bring his love affair to any definite conclusion. It settles itself through his weakness, when his ease-loving nature leads him to give a false account of Julia's 'sweet lines,' to avoid his father's anger; and from this first step all his other troubles follow. Antonio, who is a very peremptory old gentleman, cuts through his son's plans and despatches him to Milan, after a characteristic scene of farewell with Julia, where the impetuous girl startles her lover by her sudden disappearance when he begs her not to cry.

The scene shifts rapidly about between Verona and Milan, and the double thread of the story is sometimes confusing, so that we have to change the order of the scenes to get at their sequence, and put those concerning Julia and Proteus together. Just as the lovers disappear from view, the quaintest figure of all comes before us, worthy Launce and his dog, for the dog is almost a part of his master. Launce has a genuine English sort of feeling for his four-footed companion, who, alas, only repays it by perpetually getting him into trouble. Theseus is proud of his fine hounds, but they are not to him what ugly 'Crab' is to Launce, for Crab is Launce's friend, his other self. Launce is certainly an indifferent servant to Proteus, always blundering so absurdly, inverting his words perpetually, making mistakes of every kind, thinking of Crab instead of his business, laughing, crying, and being ridiculous, till Speed appears a sober and discreet man beside him. His talk so mixes up sense and nonsense, wit and folly, that it is hard to say whether he is most knave or fool; but he has wit enough to see through Proteus, and think his master 'a

kind of knave,' while the rest of the world still holds him for a fine fellow. If this part were well represented, how amusing it would be ! This first soliloquy, for instance, gains greatly in effect, if we can imagine the rueful figure, enacting the scene of his leaving home, his comical grief and pathetic reproaches to the unmoved Crab, who sits stolidly on his haunches, staring at his master's vagaries. Launce's scenes and speeches are delightful in their way, but it will be noticed that they have very little to do with the plot. In later plays we shall find the comic element more intermingled with the whole, and we shall gradually lose this sort of semi-soliloquies, addressed more to the audience than to any one else.

Now we may take up the thread of Valentine's story, and follow his fortunes at Milan, where, of course, he has fallen in love. Such an affectionate heart was sure not to remain long unoccupied. He falls in love as heartily as he does everything else, and as openly, for anybody may see his heart in his eyes as he sits gazing at his idol instead of eating his supper. From this it would appear that Valentine formed part of the ducal household, and had frequent intercourse with the fair lady at the head of it, who sets his heart on fire, and forces him to confide in Speed for lack of a more sympathising adviser. This brings us to our second heroine, who differs in some points from any we have yet studied, for she is Shakspeare's first lady. Some deny the title to any before Portia ; but surely this courteous and dignified Silvia may challenge criticism on that point. She forms a strong contrast to Julia—though here the difference of circumstances may account for something, and we should expect another type of character to be developed in the privacy of Julia's home to that formed in the hot court atmosphere of intrigue, suspicion, and mistrust. Silvia belongs to the reserved and calm order of girls ; she has no *confidante*, nor needs one, and we are left to infer her feelings more from her deeds than her words. It would have been pretty if Shakspeare had chosen to show us how this self-controlled court lady began to take a fancy to Valentine, how she recognised the honest heart, and decided that it outbalanced all the difference in position between them. We have to imagine all the beginning of this, up to the point where Silvia has resolved to give Valentine some encouragement, for it would appear that so far he has been adoring her at a distance, without much hope of getting nearer ; the barriers between them are so great, that it does not seem to startle him much when he is told to write verses to somebody 'she loves.' It is rather too hard a request, especially as one feels that rhyming would never be Valentine's strong point ; but Silvia has her ingenious little plot for using her lover's obedience to give him a hint as to the state of her heart, without making unmaidenly acknowledgments, or running any risks of being betrayed. Girl-like, she enjoys the simple youth's bewilderment, and acts her feigned anger so gracefully, when he shows her how much he

dislikes the task, though he would do 'a thousand times as much, and yet——,' how she breaks in 'A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel,—*and yet* I will not name it,—*and yet* I care not,—*and yet*—take this again, *and yet*—I thank you, meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.' Then we may fancy her saying softly as it were, behind her fan, 'They are for you : *I* would have had them writ more lovingly ;' still keeping her self-possession, and gliding off with a 'And so good-morrow, servant,' leaving Valentine so bewildered between modesty, surprise, and slowness of mind, that he goes near to miss the meaning of her device till Speed convinces him of her intention. Then he evidently carries on the game with vigour, and not only secures Silvia's affections, but persuades her to promise to elope with him—certainly a strong measure on her part ; but she apparently makes up her mind to it in her quiet fashion, without counting up, like Proteus, all she loses for her love. While this is impending, she goes on as usual, receiving Valentine's homage (which appears to pass as a matter of course, not attracting much attention from any one else), and keeping the peace between him and Thurio. The stupidity of this disagreeable personage makes a foil both to the frankness of Valentine, and later, to the sharpness of Proteus. Imagine such a man having a chance of winning Silvia because of his money ! There is not a redeeming point about him ; he is dull, coarse, cowardly, and stingy too, to judge from Valentine's saucy allusion to the threadbare liveries of his followers. It looks as if the Veronese is trying to make Thurio quarrel with him, which would doubtless have suited Valentine exactly ; but fighting is not at all in Thurio's line, so a war of words is substituted for the fierce challenges of the rivals in the *Dream*. Silvia endures Thurio's presence and his efforts to be witty with the patience of a well-bred woman of society, as befits her position at the head of her father's court ; and she keeps up an easy control over both him and Valentine, whose natural desire to snub Thurio requires a little repressing at times. The Duke of Milan now comes before us, a stately figure, full of hospitality, with most courteous manners, but concealing a crafty and suspicious temper under his gracious mien. It appears as if he would allow any number of adorers to swarm round his fair daughter, and pay her a sort of romantic devotion ; but with that they must be content : any idea of further progress rouses his wrath, for he alone is to dispose of Silvia's hand. He can afford to smile at Valentine's rivalry with Thurio, and to take no notice when he finds Silvia 'hard beset' between the two, for he is confident that his watchfulness will do all that is necessary, if the youth should be presuming. The Duke's is a true Italian type of character, so swiftly turning to intrigue, and so clever in executing his ideas ; he would probably be an acute politician, a good diplomatist, for he is keen, prompt, and energetic, and his intense pride is usually veiled under pleasant, though dignified courtesy ; just the sort of man who is charming till his will is

thwarted, and then he becomes an absolute tyrant ; this good-humoured Duke would give poor Silvia, his one daughter, to a rich fool like Thurio, quite regardless of her feelings in the matter. Surely, though, a man so intensely proud as the Duke appears when he discovers Valentine's project in a later scene, would have required something beside mere money to make Thurio a fit match in his eyes for Silvia—and, apart from money, Thurio's social position does not seem to be anything particular. Evidently the Duke likes to have a pleasant court, and is pleased to welcome the two Veronese gentlemen to it ; he is all kindness and good-humour when he announces Proteus's arrival, and listens to Valentine's glowing praises of his friend. Love has not displaced friendship in Valentine's mind, and of course, he would be glad to have a more congenial confidant for his exuberant happiness than worthy Speed.

And so Proteus appears on the scene. The pain of parting with Julia is dulled by change and travel ; his is not the love which thrives in absence, so he is in a very fit state to be attracted by a fresh face, and Silvia's beauty catches his vagrant fancy at once. How characteristic is the talk between him and Valentine when they are left alone ; Valentine pouring out his whole heart, telling Proteus all his love, his hopes and plans, raving about Silvia's perfections in wildly extravagant fashion, because he cannot express what she really is. Every recipient of a young man's confidence knows this sort of delightful extravagance ; sisters hear a good deal of it at times. Valentine is so absorbed in it that he does not notice Proteus's pre-occupation and short replies, for Proteus is, as usual, taken up with himself, and has little thought to spare for his friend. He makes a pretence of standing up for Julia, but it is a hollow one ; his remembrance of her and his love for Valentine are fast disappearing before this new attraction, this fresh pleasant thing, which he, 'passion's slave,' greedily craves for himself. A faint, very faint feeling of resisting and checking this erring love still remains, but it is doomed speedily to disappear. All the world, however, is not love-making, for while these matters are growing into confusion Launce and Speed gossip and laugh, and drink their ale ; and at Verona, Julia has grown tired of waiting, and resolves to follow her absent lover. This is a startling step to our notions ; but if natural to any girl, it would be so to Julia, with her ardent temperament, her quick wit, and her high courage. Besides, the expedient which Shakspeare uses often afterwards, of disguising the heroine as a page, was a most convenient one in those days of boy actors for the women's parts. We should take a look at Lucetta before we part from her, as she is the first of Shakspeare's merry company of waiting maids, who are so sharp and saucy, and who take such a kindly interest in their 'ladies' affairs. Their position puts them half-way between the regular servants and the masters of the house. Lucetta clearly understands her hot-tempered

lady, and has her own opinion of Julia's lovers, though not objecting to a bit of intrigue with them; she is much taken with Proteus at first, but cools down afterwards, and becomes dubious about him. She '*hopes* he will be glad to see Julia,' '*prays all may be well,*' in a very doubtful fashion, as if she had her suspicions of the plausible young gentleman. One of the small inconsistencies of the play is the unexplained disappearance of Julia's father, about whom we heard at first, and now Julia seems her own mistress, and talks of leaving lands and goods to Lucetta.

It gives one's feelings quite a shock to turn from Julia's loving trust to Proteus's baseness at this point; fickleness to her is leading him swiftly to treachery to Valentine, and that again to further treachery to the Duke and Thurio. He does not like his position; it is not pleasant to feel himself forsworn and a traitor, and he twists about under the consciousness, trying to excuse it away, for Proteus is not a hardened villain, indeed, it does not fit into his character that he should lay out the whole state of the case so plainly before himself, even if he excuses it afterwards. We do not get a pleasant idea of the Milanese court at this crisis, for everybody, from the Duke downwards, is trying to outwit somebody else. Such a state of things could not last long, and Proteus, having decided on being forsworn as less disagreeable than foregoing Silvia, plunges into the mire of treachery, still keeping a good side turned to the world, and veiling his meanness under cover of zeal to the Duke. Instantly that subtle statesman turns to intrigue, and poor Valentine is like a child in his hands; the flattering idea of being the Duke's adviser blinds him, his secret is twisted from him before he has a suspicion, and then he is thunderstruck. No wonder that he is stunned, for the Duke turns on him as if Valentine had been one of the grooms making love to Silvia, and crushes him down without a hope or consolation. But hard words or soft matter little to Valentine when he has fallen from his golden dreams to the hard fact that Silvia is lost to him—Silvia, who is more to him than his life! His one idea is gone, and it seems to him as if his identity has gone with it, now he is '*nobody,*' '*nothing,*' only stupidly conscious that two other misfortunes might happen, Silvia might die, or might forswear him. One does feel so sorry for the poor fellow, whose few words in his trouble contrast pathetically with his happy volubility in better days. At this point comes in Launce's crowning blunder, '*Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished!*' very hard on Valentine, whose chief trouble is having to vanish as quick as he can; yet Launce's honest blunders are better than Proteus's oily hypocrisy and pretended consolations. No touch of pity stirs him for his unhappy friend, he devotes himself to the business of getting Valentine out of Milan at once, using all sorts of false promises to induce him to go. We begin to feel as if the judgment of both Valentine and Julia was impugned by their love for this man,

but it must be remembered how differently they have, so far, seen him, how the fair side of his character has been steadily kept towards them, and they judge him by themselves. Valentine is not the man to remain long in utter despair; he revives enough to see the sense of saving his life by quitting Milan as quickly as may be, trusting to Launce to send Speed to meet him. But Launce has peculiar ideas about giving a message, and so we get that most comical scene of his business-like love-letter, which has, all the time, nothing to do with the play; yet here, as in real life, pathetic and ludicrous alternate and mingle. There is a sort of impish chuckle in Launce's glee at having got Speed into a scrape. 'Thou must *run* to him, for thou hast stayed so long that *going* will scarce serve thy turn.' Naturally, Speed does not see the joke!

Valentine's disappearance from Milan leaves Proteus free to carry out his designs, which have the merit of audacity if of nothing else, for he makes tools of both the Duke and Thurio, and plays them entirely false, while all the time, a word from Silvia would have unmasked him. Apparently she has no intercourse with her father at this point, being kept a sort of prisoner; at all events she says nothing, but devotes her energies to making Proteus feel her intense contempt for him; now that she has found him out, his slanders of Valentine, his vows to herself, fall alike unheeded on her ears. Into all this comes Julia, hoping to have attained a happy end to her weary pilgrimage. Poor soul, she finds something very different. The scene of her arrival is as pretty as any in the play; we can feel her almost uncontrollable emotion breaking out in her short panting sentences, 'Shall I hear him speak?' 'That will be music!' 'Is he among these?' Then we must fancy the soft Italian night, the lovely serenade, which yet 'grieves the very heartstrings' of the slight page figure quivering in the background, and calls out Silvia, stately and calm, aloft in her balcony, to give her courteous thanks for the music, and her bitter scorn for the musician. Little thinking who hears her, she recalls the thought of Julia to the 'subtle, false, disloyal man' who would fain hear that Julia was dead. A touch of comedy is added to the scene by the host who falls asleep in the middle of it all, unheeding sentiment and Julia's despair. Yet even in despair, Julia clings to Proteus, will be near him at any rate, though disguised; so enters his service, to have her heart wrung afresh by new proofs of his infidelity, even to see her own ring bartered away, with a 'She loved me well, delivered it to me,' from Proteus, the smirking coxcomb! Still this leads to the characteristic scene between the two girls, when Julia comes to fetch Silvia's picture, where Silvia shows such generous interest in hearing about Proteus's old love, and grows indignant over her wrongs, and the disguised Julia, fascinated by her rival's gentleness, indulges in the dangerous pleasure of talking about her own troubles, and being unused to acting a part, of course makes slips, and has to

invent all sorts of circumstances to support her story. She frankly acknowledges Silvia's charms, though she speculates in 'true girl fashion how her own high forehead and yellow hair would look under such a tire as adorned Silvia's auburn locks in her likeness. By the way, Silvia is the only heroine described with this peculiar colouring in all the plays. Here, both the girls are fair, not contrasted, like Hermia and Helena. Between Thurio and Proteus, Silvia finds her life too intolerable, and resolves to throw off all her tormenters at once and follow her beloved Valentine; but page disguises are not in her way, so she provides herself an escort, whose character is sketched off in a few words in Shakspeare's own suggestive fashion—a worthy gentleman ever true to the memory of his dead love, to whom Silvia can confidently appeal to help her in her need, like a true knight.

So once again our scene is shifted, and we are transported to the wild forest, where that unlucky Valentine has fallen among robbers, and has had to save his life by becoming their captain. It must be admitted that he is an outlaw captain of a slightly impossible order—Robin Hood with improvements; and how he has the conscience to talk of his men as being reformed is as difficult to understand as his reason for giving them a false cause for his banishment. However, the forest and the wild outlaw figures make a most picturesque background for the concluding scenes of the play, when all the principal characters gradually gather round Valentine. Some critics dispute the genuineness of this last scene; but, in spite of some defects, one would be sorry to lose it; there is much grace and force in it, and the speeches are strongly characteristic. It begins so quietly, with Valentine's love-musing, his melancholy soothed by the 'gentle influences of nature; then the calm is broken by Silvia's entrance pursued by her unwelcome lover, and then we see the self-controlled girl fairly roused and turning on Proteus with the bitterest words at her command. Yet compare her concentrated feeling with the anger of Hermia and Helena! Love for Valentine has so entirely possessed her that she can conceive nothing stronger, and by it she measures her hate and scorn for Proteus. He, on the other hand, is the same as ever; fluent in protestation, determined in his own way, rather attracted than repelled by Silvia's resistance. Between them they show poor Valentine, silently listening, how cruelly his trust in Proteus has been abused; and his reception of the blow accords with his whole character, for he feels not so much his own injury, nor even Silvia's—but that *Proteus* should have so fallen! that cuts deepest. He rises to absolute dignity under his great grief: 'Proteus, I am sorry I must never trust thee more;' then swiftly changes his reproach from the traitor to the 'time most accursed.' It is doubtless a dramatic mistake that the meeting of Valentine and Silvia is so slipped over; she *must* have had something to say to him, but the interest is all centred in the two men. One would be slow, in real life, to credit such sudden

repentance as Proteus's, yet Shakspeare seems to mean us to believe in it; and it is just possible that Proteus's superficial feelings might be touched by Valentine's earnestness, and, as it would not serve him to conceal his emotion, he expresses it. Then follows that most puzzling speech of Valentine's, when, in his eager forgiveness, he offers 'all that was mine in Silvia' to Proteus! All he could resign was her promise, for she herself was not one to be transferred so easily; and even considering the romantic ideas of friendship then in fashion, the offer shows that, for the moment, Valentine had forgotten Silvia's feelings in the matter, and only followed his own impulses to generous self-sacrifice. It gives us a shock, however, and it is no wonder that Julia's woman's nerves give way at this proposal, so alarming to her; and then reviving, she desperately makes a last effort, by throwing off her disguise, to reclaim her erring love. Pity he was not more worth the trouble!

The end of the scene would easily make an effective spectacle; the tumult of the outlaws bringing in their new prisoners contrasting with the authority of their young captain, coming forward with dignified courtesy to protect and welcome the Duke who had treated him so ill; then the instantaneous change in his tone, when Thurio makes his feeble claim to Silvia. How we seem to hear his defiant 'I dare thee but to breathe upon my love!' Thurio sees he has met his master here in the free forest, and shrinks away cowardly, till the Duke recognises at last which of the two men really deserves Silvia, and gives her up to Valentine with a good grace. Here too we want her to speak, but she remains silent, a little in the background, while blushing Julia stands hand-in-hand with Proteus, happy at last. In all his good fortune Valentine has still a thought for his outlawed companions, and makes their peace with the Duke before he gives himself up to love, happiness, and Silvia.

So the play comes to a bright conclusion. In it we can trace the steady change in Shakspeare's versification, the increase of blank verse against the decrease of rhyming lines, and the growing number of blank-verse lines with an extra syllable; the proportion of prose remains the same, or slightly more than in the *Dream*. With much beauty, increasing power of characterisation, and many spirited scenes, the play has also inequalities, prosaic bits, and disjointed scenes, and is believed not to have succeeded very well when first produced on the stage; possibly, like several of the other plays, it depended too entirely on the characters, too little on the story, to be easily represented. Yet Shakspeare used it as a quarry for so many incidents in later plays that we may guess that he was partial to it, though he might improve upon it in after days.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

A SEA-SONG.

TEN years ago !
Ten years ago !
A frolicsome band,
We danced on the sand,
Ten years ago.

Seven holiday bairns
Gallop to and fro,
And prancing in glee
At the edge of the sea,
Ten years ago.

The ladies who walked on the strand
All looked askance at our glee ;
But, high on our castles of sand,
There was not a lord in the land
As thoroughly happy as we.

We watched each swift-rolling wave
With its crest of soft white foam,
And we thought we should rank with the brave ;
Our sea-weedy treasures we'd save,
And each guard her island home.

But the waves came rolling on,
And shattered our castles of sand,
And we beat a hasty retreat,
While the ripples laughed round our feet,
As they chased us in triumph to land.

The wavelets have leaped and rolled,
And encircled one of our band,
And they bore her away,
On a calm spring day,
To the unseen far-off land.

The rest are lingering still,
And toil on the sandy shore,
Where the sea-voices merge,
In their endless dirge—
'Death reigneth evermore.'

But, lo ! the sun breaks forth,
And gilds the cold green sea ;
And weary hands from labour cease,
And weary hearts drink in calm peace —
The peace which comes from Thee.

Spider Subjects.

THE most interesting paper on Poetry is Bog-Oak's; 'Stickleback and Bath-Brick are very good; Inez and Ila, both pretty; Spinning-Jenny and Cape Jasmine, good, but long; Grey Squirrel and Undine, good; Brown Spider and Bubbles, fair; Annie Laurie and Lauriston, moderate; Don Quixote is refused; Howard can hardly have read Shakespeare or Milton to say there is no religion in the one nor rhyme in the other. We should like to give references. Violet, meagre; Sappho, pretty lines.

WHAT IS POETRY?

(*A Fairy Tale.*)

THE Queen of the Fairies was holding a Cabinet Council. Her Majesty was attended by two Fairies of Honour, and all the Princes and Princesses were present by special desire, for a most interesting question was to be settled at this council. It was considered at least as crucial an affair, and had occupied the Fairy mind as long, as the Eastern Question has that of Europe. It had been propounded by a very old and wise Fairy in the time of the Queen's grandfather; but the old Fairy either never could or would solve the problem, and both he and his monarch were long ago melted into thin air; but not before the latter had left it in his will that the question should be solved by his posterity. His son, King Fairy Featherpate, had so devoted himself to steeplechases on butterflies that at his death Fairyland was as far as ever from getting the question answered. But the Queen had inaugurated her reign with a resolution to fulfil her grandsire's will; and her spirited speech at the opening of her first Parliament had been received with graceful applause. She formed her Cabinet entirely with a view to closing for ever the great question. She had placed the honour of Fairyland in the hands of her Ministers; and now they had met to inform her of their success. Several members of the Cabinet sent their excuses; their exertions and failure had crumpled their wings, and they were recruiting in the air-baths at the Fairy Brighton.

Those present spoke in turn, beginning with the youngest. The Fairy of State for War said: 'In following out the suggestions of our learned Lord President (whom I regret not to see in his place), I sought the solution of the great question rather amid the ways of men than in the haunts of the Fairies. I found that mankind, too, are ever occupied with such matters; for as I flew through mart and railway, court and camp, I constantly heard "What of the Eastern Question?" and I knew that our interest and that of mortals was one and the same; for as Fairyland is neither north, south, nor west of the world, of course it is to the east. "What is poetry?" I asked these mortals again and again. And how was I answered? There burst on my ears the war-songs, many and various, which each nation was enthusiastically singing. I beheld armies marshalled, navies in motion, and

from one and all in their several tongues arose the glorious songs of war. The question is answered. I lay my solution at the feet of my sovereign, feeling proud that the junior member of the Cabinet has solved the difficulty of ages in a way so consonant to his office as Fairy of State for War.'

A decorous silence followed, broken only by the Heir Apparent, who asked his royal mother how they were to decide should opinions differ.

Her Majesty smiled as she unclasped her girdle. 'Here is the Talisman! Behold the clasp; it is a magic head, wrought into the likeness of the sage who asked the question. It cannot, however, do more than indicate whether the speakers are right or wrong. Speak,' continued she, 'oh, image of Merryvalladi the Wonderful, and say whether the question is answered.'

A great wonder followed. The features of the little wrinkled face contracted in a sarcastic laugh; the lips opened, and a small, shrill, whistling voice exclaimed, 'If this were the answer, then might the howling of wolves and shrieking of vultures rank also as poetry.'

'I thought as much,' exclaimed the Fairy of State for Foreign Affairs, in such indecent haste that he was checked by the Prime Minister, and admonished to deliver his speech with modesty.

'I will do so,' said the rebuked Fay; 'true worth is ever modest. I shall no doubt startle you all when I assert that prose is poetry. I do not know if I am clear'—there was a well-bred smile, the Fairies' nearest approach to interrupting a speech—'I think I can make it clear. Poetry lies in idea only, not in form. There is as much beauty in describing a rainbow without verse as with it. I found a mortal poet who never wrote in rhyme. He merely strung ideas together quickly and poetically, if not clearly. I heard him recite a poem in which our yesterdays are for ever barking after us like hounds and ever coming nearer. What a grand idea! Here then lies poetry—not in form but in idea, and idea only.'

As he sat down, one of the Princesses drew a long breath, and said that her yesterdays always seemed to get further and further off. If the barking hounds were really an idea and poetry, she did not like it at all.

The Queen tapped her daughter with a fan, and invoked the Talisman.

'If prose were poetry, then could plains be mountains, and nonsense would be sense.'

'So,' said the Heir Apparent, 'the Fairy for Foreign Affairs has been occupied in affairs foreign to the question.'

A slight smile played over the features of the Fairy for the Home Department as he arose, conscious of success, to deliver his speech:—

'The Fairies are, after all, the wisest race in the universe. I have applied myself to study only the works of our Fairy authors, and find that we have ever preferred form to idea. How graceful are our songs, with their never-ceasing rhymes, refreshing the ear wearied with prose. Such sweet ringing productions, in which everything is contrived to please the ear and flow softly into music. The sense is nothing. Have you not seen a whole audience melted into pearls (or tears, as mortals would say) by some little pleasing Fairy lay, with its rhyming cadence, innocent of any idea at all? This—this is poetry.'

The Talisman, when referred to, replied, 'Who calls the tinkling of

sheep-bells poetry? Nay, then are the dogs poets, for verily they bark in rhyme.'

The Chancellor of the Fairy Exchequer was the next to speak:— 'I hope I shall not be wrong, though I do partly agree with the last speaker. Form is the essence of poetry; but that form consists not in rhyme, which is a mere accidental ornament, but in measure. All things can be expressed by skilfully-used measure. Would you express the stately progress of our sovereign to open Fairy Parliament, you choose a stately measure and dignified language; but if you describe a Fairy festivity, how ringing and graceful is the metre you would select, how musical the language to be used! Again, if the occasion be a grave and sorrowful one—as often happens among mortals, though seldom here—your measure, though flowing, would be sad and elegiac. But it is impossible to mention all the combinations by which measure expresses all the sentiments of the Fairy heart. Numbers,' concluded the Chancellor, waxing warm, 'have ever been my vocation, and numbers are the soul and essence of poetry.'

For one second a benignant smile passed over the withered features of the Talisman, but his words were sarcastic as ever: 'Oh, cold of heart and dull of mind! He would mistake the bridle which curbs the steed for the living spirit of the noble charger.'

Next arose the Lord High Chancellor:—'Art is poetry. When I have said that, I have said all. I will, however, demonstrate my proposition. If a poem be not a work of art, it is, in my humble opinion, not a poem at all. Let it be finished with the highest art, and its subject may be anything in the world—a drinking-song, if you will—it is living poetry. It must in form and idea be the highest art, which art is nevertheless hidden, and the result is poetry.'

Merryvalladi spoke: 'This *may* be poetry, or it may be a miserable parody on poetry.'

The desponding countenance of the Queen brightened as the First Fairy of the Treasury spoke the words of wisdom: 'I flew to a poet's house. I heard a friend ask him to read one of his earliest and noblest works. It contained art and nature in harmony; the measure was perfect, the rhymes well managed; the sentiments noble. What more would you have? This is—this must be—poetry, otherwise there is no such thing.'

Again the wrinkled face of the Talisman smiled an instant, and then said, 'Not wholly right, yet wholly wrong.'

A mournful silence fell on the Cabinet.

'We have pursued a phantom,' cried the disgusted Premier.

'Our resources are exhausted,' sighed the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

'Not quite,' cried the Queen; 'listen to me. In the good old time it was our fashion to obtain mortal children, and leave Fairy changelings in their place. Having determined to bring human wisdom to bear on this question, I resolved to change, not simple children, but grey-headed men. I sought out a superannuated Fairy and conveyed him to the earth, and behold in his place a hoaryheaded Professor, the wisest of his race. Enter!' She clapped her hands. 'Enter, oh changeling, and enlighten the Privy Council of Fairyland.'

The venerable exponent of earthly poetry took his place on the Queen's right hand.

‘Hitherto,’ said her Majesty, ‘we have only heard what poetry is *not*. Explain to us what it is.’

A grave look passed over the Professor’s countenance. He was thinking of something higher far than the Fairy Question—of that place of which it is said—

‘We can but describe it by that it is *not*.’

And so he began: ‘Sometimes the only way in which we can demonstrate a problem is by showing in turn all that it is not, and cannot be, and then what remains is what it is. Now cast aside all magic and talismans and listen to the voice of Truth. And first, it is a mistake to speak of any poem as if it were the essence of poetry. As well might we say that a single building is *architecture*, or that a song is the science of music. I do not say, with the cynical old Talisman, that all who have spoken are wrong, but none have grasped the whole truth. Poetry is the art of expressing truth in measured numbers—it is the music of the soul, the harmony of numbers. In so far as any poet falls short of this definition, just so far he is no true poet. Truth is the great requisite, all must be true—true feelings, true descriptions of nature and art. Inventive, yet true to nature; and true, not to a degraded nature, a nature which is untrue to itself, but true to a high, pure nature. And hence a drinking-song is not true poetry, though it may have every other poetical element, because it appeals to the lower, baser side of human nature; and thus many sadly-beautiful, grand-sounding verses are not poetry. But poetry must be in rhythm. Rhyme is but an accessory, rhythm a necessity. To call prose poetry is absurd. There is somewhere a prose description of the Charge of the Light Brigade quite as beautiful as Tennyson’s poem, but it is not poetry; it is beautiful prose, very poetical, yet not poetry. There may be poetry *in* many things—a picture, instrumental music, architecture, a noble life; but these things are not poetry, any more than gardens are flowers because flowers grow in them. Is the question settled, and is Fairyland at rest? Am I at liberty to return to my earthly sphere, leaving the great question solved?’

In an instant the Cabinet had literally dissolved, and Fairyland melted from the Professor. Long afterwards he heard from an old Fairy who paid him a visit, that each Fairy always maintained that his own definition of poetry was exactly the same as that of the Professor.

BOG-OAK.

President’s answer on Wool is necessarily deferred.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The history of the words Treacle, Cotton, and Lumber.
The best Mother in history.

Stamps acknowledged: Bat, Violet, F. M. L., who had better alter her signature, as her initials are preoccupied.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS.

E. E. G. B. has for some time wished to possess a photograph of the Crucifixion by Velasquez described by *E. C.* and *L. C.* Can either of the correspondents to *The Monthly Packet* say where such may be had, and its price? 'The Sacred Legend' Adelaide Proctor refers to in her *Lines on Bregenz*,—

'Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.'

—*Fir-cone, in Schwarzwald.*

Brynhild wishes to know of some *crèche* or cot in some hospital to which she can belong. [In what capacity?]

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

C. T. P.—Thanks for the correction. Curwen was translated to Oxford in 1567.

F. McPherson.—From a ballad called 'The O'Neil' in *Hayes's Ballads of Ireland* (Fullarton, 1855).

M. E. J.—Such questions should not be asked about anonymous articles.

E. L. P. begs to inform *Imp* that *Practical Lessons in Painting on China, Porcelain, Earthenware, Faience, and Enamel*, by Mme. la Baronne Delamardelle and M. F. Goupil (to be obtained of Lechertier Barbe, 60, Regent Street, London, W.) is what she wants.

J. E.—Thule was the name by which the ancient Greeks called the northern portions of Europe. Ultima Thule, or Last Outer Thule, would mean the farther north. The final 'e' ought to be pronounced.

Gertrude.—It is a mere delusion.

Fir-cone, in Schwarzwald.—The three apples are altered from three bags of gold, which S. Nicolas threw into a window as portions for three maidens whom their father was about to turn out of his house to take to evil courses. The three boys are said to have been brought to life by him after a wicked innkeeper had killed and salted them for bacon.

M. G.—*Serena, or the Triumphs of Temper*, is a poem by Hailey, and is the subject of Romney's picture.

R. G.—The photograph no doubt represents the Rev. J. Petrie and John Troup, two non-juring clergy of Scotland, who baptized children in Stone-Haven Tolbooth, the fisherwomen bringing them in their creels from Skateraw, and wading through rivers. See *Life of Bishop Jolly*, recently published by Douglas, Edinburgh.

V. G. F.—(We cannot read your first inquiry.) (2) Cædmon was an Anglo-Saxon poet who wrote on the Creation. (3) An undertaker seems to have been merely so called from his undertaking all necessary services.

E. R. S. only pursues the story of *The Castle Builders*.

In answer to *A. B. C.*'s question about a Crucifixion, *A. M. H.* begs to send the accompanying translation, &c. :—

Diego Velasquez, 1599—1660. Don Pascual Alegre, Engraver (*à la manière noire*).

Crucifixion.

'Never was this great Agony more powerfully represented,' justly says Mr. W. Stirling. 'Set against the holy wood, but hanging from it, is the holy and livid body of the Redeemer, fastened to the cross with four nails, each foot having its own, and leaning the feet on a rest of the cross itself, as writes S. Irenæus, and as the learned Pacheco requires for the painting of this tremendous drama (he was father-in-law of the painter)—beautiful and noble. Christ leans His head over His breast and right shoulder, which is partly covered by the dark hair,* and from His divine brow, and from His feet, His hands and side, torn by the crown of thorns, the nails, and lance, the blood falls in large drops. A fine linen cloth girds His loins. The cross is not distinguished from the dark background except by the yellowish colour of the wood, in which, with Flemish prolixity, at its upper extremity, is represented with great care the placard with its tri-lingual inscription, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, which proclaims "Jesus the Nazarene as King of the Jews."'

No. 1055.—Madrid Public Gallery.—Canvas 7 ft. to 8 ft. high by 4 ft. to 5 ft. broad. Figure, natural size. Second style of the painter (a very narrow but distinct nimbus). Engraved on copper, first by Carmona and then by Ballester, and recently in the *manière noire* by Don Pascual Alegre. (Photographs can be obtained, but they are dark and not good).†

'Polomino says that there was a very exact copy of this picture in the Church della Buena Dicha of this city. Velasquez painted this beautiful picture in 1688, for the convent of nuns of S. Placidus of this court. The idea was taken from a precious crucifix of Tristran, of which we have spoken in our Biographia. [Note of this artist.—Perhaps it was a present made to the nuns by the celebrated Don Geronimo de Villa Nueva, Marquis of Villalba and protonotary of Aragon, whose protection of this religious house was the cause of notorious trials in the reign of Philip IV. The nuns kept the picture in their sacristy, a poor and dirty chamber, where it was seen by Cumberland and Ponz, reprovers of the neglect with which they treated this precious jewel, until the French carried it off from there to take it to Paris, where, put up to public auction, the Duke of San Fernando recovered it at a high price to present it to Fernando VII. This monarch sent it to the Museum].'

Translated from Spanish from the *Catálogo del Museo del Prado de Madrid*. *Parte Primera*.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'Silence and Slumber, those dear friends of men.'

—*L. R. P.*

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

'Say, what do you think of that, my cat ?

—*Thomas Hood's 'Poems of Wit and Humour.'*

—*R. F. Z.*

J. J.—*Miss Ireland, Downton, Shrewsbury*, will gladly lend the book to *J. J.* containing Mrs. Browning's poem which she asked for.

A. P. H.—

'Quia feciste nos ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.'

—*S. Augustine, Confessions, l. 1.*

—*R. F. L.*

'Oh ! to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied, that He may fill me,
As forth to His service I go ;
Broken, that so unhindered
His life through me might flow.

* Hair partially over face (remarked by translator).

† Remarkd by translator.

'Oh! to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.'

—G. M. Taylor.

Answer to Question in May Number.—The author of 'Our Young Ladies' notices that *Vera's* question relative to a quotation she made from Bishop Andrewes has not yet been answered. The passage beginning 'O Thou Who hast likened Thy second coming,' &c., is to be found in the end of Dean Stanhope's translation of Bishop Andrewes's *Devotions*, published by S.P.C.K. She wishes also to point out to *M. E. L.* that Hymn 167 *A. and M.*, by Mrs. Alexander, contains two lines very similar to those quoted, and attributed to Charles Wesley:—

'Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!'

In answer to *Wild Thyme*, the song mentioned in *Sundays and Holy Days* is 'When the Tide comes in,' words by Ashland Kean, music by Barnby, published by Novello.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss Combe wishes to thank *B. G. E.* and all others who have so very kindly forwarded delightful parcels of pictures for her scrap-book.—*Cippenham House, Cippenham, Slough.*

L., 16, *Clarendon Road, Jersey*, begs to acknowledge with many thanks cards and scraps for her album for the Hospital, Jersey, from *N. B.*, *A. L. A.*, and post-marks Louth, Bournemouth, London N., Bury, and Isle of Man.

Associate, Brown-paper lined Church, begs to thank *A. T.* for chalice veil. Apsley was supplied, so sent it to New Mission church, Ihlotsi Heights, Basutoland, where clothing for children, in fact everything, is much wanted. *A. T.'s* memo. has been mislaid till now, so forgive the tardy acknowledgment.

The Heartsease Cot, S. Lucy's Free Hospital, Gloucester.—Acknowledged with thanks. By the Sister in charge at the Hospital—Subscriptions: Miss Carrington, 5s.; Miss Emily Clarke, 5s.; Miss Alice Clarke, 5s.; Miss Eyton, 10s.; Mrs. Halliwell, 5s.; Miss Hawkins, 5s.; Miss Hutton, 4s. 4d.; Miss H. E. F. Lindesay, 10s.; Miss Marshall, 5s.; Mrs. W. Pagaw, 5s.; Mrs. Roscoe, 1l.; Miss Street, 4s. 4d.; Mrs. Faverer, 1l. 1s.; Miss K. Wait, 5s.; Miss J. C. Washbourne, 2s. 2d. Donations: Miss Eyton, 5s.; A Friend, 1s.; Miss Fell, 10s.; 'A Little Child,' A. L. W., 10s.; A Reader of *The Monthly Packet*, 5s.; Mrs. Waddell, 5s. By Miss Burlton—Subscriptions: Annie, 1s. monthly. Donations: Winifred, 10s.; Miss K. Goodford, 5s.; Miss S. E. A., 2s. 6d. Total, 8l. 6s. 4d.

The Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a donation of 1l. from *E. S.*

Confirmation Memorial Window in St. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore (The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames), begs to acknowledge, with her best thanks, for the above: 'In Memoriam,' Reggie, 10s.; E. T. H.,

10s. ; U. Dunn, 1s. ; C. R. Deacon, 2s. 6d. ; East Southsea, 1s. ; C. M. Robin, Esq., 10l. 10s. ; H. G. Aylmer, Esq., 5l. 5s. ; J. J., 2s. ; R. Y., 5s. ; E. C. B., 1s. ; H. E. Green, Esq., 1l. 1s. ; 'Nina,' 2s. ; per Miss A. B. 1s. ; H. M. W., 1s. ; M. K. W., 1s. ; M. S. W., 1s. 9l. still required ; further offerings gladly received as above.

SOCIETIES.

A Manuscript Magazine Society has vacancies for several members. The rules and further particulars can be obtained by applying to the Editor, *Miss F. Lancaster Lucas, Kinborough, Holsworthy, N. Devon.*

Will any one send me the rules of an Early Rising Society with vacancies for two or three members ?—*Miss Cane, Castle Douglas, N.B.*

Would any one like to join a Church History Society ? This society is for furthering the study and knowledge of Early Church History, and is conducted by means of essays, which are criticised and corrected by a clergyman. Further particulars and the rules may be obtained by sending a stamped envelope to *E. Grueler, Granville Road, Lewisham, S.E.*

TRACTS.

SIR,—In reply to a 'Clergyman's' question, in the *Monthly Packet* for the present month, about tracts for distribution among people alienated by neglect from the Church, I would venture to suggest that tracts are not the weapons he stands in need of ; at all events, not the chief weapons. If he can afford it, I would say to him, Take a cottage and secure the help of a 'Sister,' or 'Deaconess Sister,' especially one who can nurse in sickness. I have tried the experiment ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that, were I circumstanced as your correspondent appears to be, and were I compelled to obtain the help either of a Curate, or a 'Sister,' I would choose the latter. There is a large proportion of work in every moderately sized parish which a Curate *cannot* do, and to which he *ought not* to put his hand ; and if this work be provided for, tenderly and efficiently, hearts will be won, and the Church will regain her own in the affections of the people. There is another, and very practical, consideration which may act as a make-weight in this matter, and it is this. A 'Sister' can be provided for at less than half the cost of a Curate. When I made my own experiment, I admitted my 'Sister' and her 'Second Order Sister' to their office under me at a special celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Immediately after the Prayer for the Church Militant they knelt before me at the altar-rail, and made a solemn promise of loyal obedience to me, in all things pertaining to the parish, so long as they should reside there, subject to the approval and authority of the Bishop of the Diocese.

If your correspondent still believes in tracts, let him send to Rivingtons for *No Questions in Heaven*, 1d. If, however, he should incline to my suggestion of a 'Sister,' and will take the trouble to communicate with me direct, I shall be happy to answer any further questions.—Yours, &c.,

August 2, 1878.

A COUNTRY VICAR.

P.S.—My 'Sister' and her 'Second Order Sister' cost, together, 83l. per annum, including 11l. for the rent of a cottage. They had all their vegetables, however, from my garden. I should add that coals averaged, in that locality, 22s. per ton.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET.
OF
EVENING READINGS
For Members of the English Church.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

I.

GUILTY ruler * of a guilty city ;

Runs no quiver through each outstretched limb,
Heaves his dull breast with no throb of pity,

Starts no tear his cruel eye to dim,
Listless on the stalwart swordsmen gazing.

Low before his chair of state their cry,
' Hail ! Oh Cæsar ! hail, great emperor ! ' raising,
' Here we greet thee on our way to die.'

II.

Words like theirs sound still, though ears unheeding
To those whispers soft no audience lend.

In life's busy march what shapes are speeding
Past us ? what the warning voice they send ?

' Scorn us not ! nay, view in form the meanest
One from birth prepared for emprise high,
Framed to meet that sword whose edge is keenest,
For he greets thee on his way to die.'

III.

Thou that standest harshly unforgiving
Why refuse the proffered hand to take ?
Wrath aroused may sternly smite the living :

Where the dying are, can anger wake ?
Hard it is outbursting rage to smother,—
Hard to meet rough word with soft reply,—
Nay, not when thou speakest to a brother
Who has met thee on his way to die.

* Vitellius : see Gérôme's picture.

IV.

Thou who biddest men, too swift believing,
 Find in beauty void of truth delight,
 Think, when vanish gleams and shades deceiving,
 What ere long must strike their dazzled sight.
 All must front the Truth, His rays far-sending
 Thron'd in Heaven ; dim thou no gazer's eye,
 Dare not mock, sweet lies with stern truths blending,
 Ears that listen on the way to die.

V.

Chiefly thou, by God's appointment standing,
 'Twixt the living Few, the Many dead,
 Credence in thy Master's Name demanding
 For a message with an import dread,
 Canst thou rest content, no fears assailing,
 While thy hearers praise thee and pass by ?
 Bade He soothe, not stop with cry prevailing,
 These who praise thee on their way to die ?

VI.

Lord of Life and Death ! my spirit shaken
 By the awful vision, turns to Thee ;
 Of Thy Grace our dreaming hearts awaken,
 Teach us what we are, what soon shall be.
 Thou hast drunk the cup that we are tasting ;
 From Thy Throne in Light above the sky,
 Hear and answer, to our succour hasting
 Who beseech Thee on our way to die.

 THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.

'We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

These words, in the original Greek, stand on the title-page of a most remarkable book, as showing its plan and argument throughout. It is with the hope of inducing a more general study of this book, that we attempt a slight sketch of its outline, with the briefest possible *résumé* of its contents. We warn young readers that though by no means dry, it is difficult reading, while, on the other hand, we assure them that it will repay any amount of time and trouble spent over it.

It is difficult to overstate, as matters stand at present, the importance

of a correct view of the bearings of Scripture and Science one upon another. No intelligent person can remain insensible to the direction in which the currents of literature and thought are moving in the present day. There awakes in us from time to time a certain uneasy sensation, as if old landmarks were disappearing, and we were gradually losing ourselves in a maze of scientific speculations which we cannot see to be in accordance with what we have understood to be Scriptural teaching. We feel like children drifting along on a rapid stream in an unmoored and rudderless boat, losing sight of all familiar objects, and unknowing whither the stream is bearing them. Even those who do not care to study any science, who say that they have no such tastes, do not seem to escape from the difficulty. These questions enter so largely into the general tone of thought and conversation, that every social gathering, every newspaper or periodical, to say nothing of the modern poetry and philosophy which fill our drawing-rooms and our bookshelves, seems to contain more or less this subtle aroma of scepticism. And if this be so, what of those who, having such tastes and desiring to enter with ardour into such studies, feel themselves checked and discouraged, cut off by conscientious scruples from pursuits that they instinctively feel ought to lead them up to God rather than away from Him? We have known of some startled more than they cared to avow, by the detection of religious indifference or open contempt for Revelation in the works of scientific writers, thinking that as they could not find the connecting link between Revelation and Science, it was better to ignore the latter altogether. But is such *ignoring* possible in the present day? If possible—would it be right? We think not, because if God has willed that the present should be an age of scientific enlightenment, we cannot do Him service by wilful ignorance. Ignorance has never yet been a foundation for Faith, and further, if those of truly sound faith will take the trouble to train themselves in elementary science they may be of incalculable benefit to the cause of Truth, wherever their duty brings them in contact with those younger, feebler, less well-educated than themselves.

The Unseen Universe ; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State, is one of the most wonderful adaptations to the need of the present day that this generation has seen. It cannot be challenged by sceptics on the score of religious *animus*, party bias, or unproved dogmatic assertion, it bears the stamp of no theological school, it is not the work of theologians or divines. Its authors, for there are two, are men of science, so distinguished that their opinions carry weight with their own class on matters within the sphere of scientific proof, on the one hand, while on the other, their reverent acknowledgment of One who is above, beyond, and outside of His own created universe, should satisfy theologians of every school of thought. Science, as sceptics will have it, attacks the revelation of God in Christ; to this they unflinchingly adhere throughout.

Another advantage of the book is this—they write to be understood by the many. Scientific language, of course, often presents a difficulty. A defence of Revelation, if made in very scientific terms, is hardly intelligible to the mass of readers for whom it is meant. Our authors use scientific terms just when they are necessary, and then as simply as they can, and with all possible explanation. They are not concerned with this or that branch of science any more than with this or that religious party, they set Science as a whole beside Revelation as a whole, and their argument runs thus:—If Revelation shows us a certain set of facts, and Science another set of facts, let us place these together and we shall see that both lead us exactly to the same point. We quote from their preface—

‘Our object in the present work, is to endeavour to show that the presumed incompatibility of Science and Religion does not exist. This, indeed, ought to be self-evident to all who believe that the Creator of the Universe is Himself the Author of Revelation. But it is strangely impressive to note how very little often suffices to alarm even the firmest of human faith.’

The book opens with an Introductory Chapter, dealing with men as composed of two classes—students of the ‘How’ of the Universe, and students of the ‘Why.’ This is a principle of division as old as Aristotle, but there follows a charming original illustration of a great ship carrying two sets of passengers, one on deck, looking to the end and aim of the voyage, the other below, studying the engines.

‘Occasionally there is much wrangling at the top of the ladder where the two sets meet, some of those who have examined the engines and the ship asserting that the passengers will all be inevitably wrecked at the next port, it being morally impossible that the good ship can carry them further. To whom those on deck reply that they have perfect confidence in the steersman, who has informed some of those nearest him that the passengers will not be wrecked, but will be carried on in safety past the port. And so the altercation goes on ; some who have been on deck being unwilling or unable to examine the engines, and some who have examined the engines preferring to remain below.’ (P. 3.)

The authors then begin by tracing the belief in the immortality of the soul from the earliest ages. Though greatly obscured, and held in connection with gross errors, this doctrine has never been wholly denied by large masses of mankind. It is among the scientific class—the disciples of ‘How’—that sceptics of the soul’s immortality are mostly found, but no nation has long continued great in history after declining from this belief. A rapid but masterly sketch is given of the forms in which the doctrine was held by the ancients, taking them in the following order :—Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks and Romans, Orientals, *i.e.* Brahmins, Magians, Buddhists. Care is taken to note, while speaking of the Hebrews, the influence of Egyptian teaching on Moses—

‘Without discussing the question of Inspiration, we may readily imagine that, himself a believer in the unity of God, this sagacious leader must have perceived the deficiency of a religious system in which the truth was confined to a few, while the many were allowed to remain in the most degrading idolatry. He was

thus in a fit state to recognise the paramount importance of the whole mind and mass of the nation being pervaded with a belief in one invisible, ever-present, ever-living God. We do not, however, mean to assert that Moses got his religious system from Egypt, but we think it possible that his mind may have been prepared by the failure of the Egyptian system to receive a better one.'

Next there is shown, in a few remarkable paragraphs, the bearing of Christian teaching on these ancient beliefs, and then follows the consideration of the position of Mohammedanism with regard to Christianity (p. 31). The point kept steadily in view is this—belief in immortality being natural to man, what are the different outward expressions of it? So we are led on to what are commonly called the dark ages, marked by a singular lethargy on many subjects, most of all on science. There probably never will be, as there certainly never was before, a more remarkable stirring of the minds of men than that to which we refer when speaking either of the Renaissance or of the Reformation. Let us not be misunderstood as confusing the two when we say that the same spirit led to them both, and God has overruled that men should never again sink back into the lethargy from which they were then awakened, least of all perhaps in the department of science. Men who could not be discoverers while liable to be burnt alive for heresy, came to the front now. The same spirit that set men free to read the Bible for themselves, set them free to look into the created works of God, so while science owes its very birth to religious freedom it may lead, rightly directed, to a better understanding of the invisible things of God where these come in contact with the visible;—ignorance, as we have said, never helps faith.

Then follows a lucid statement of the case between men of science and theologians, with a wise distinction between extreme and moderate leaders on both sides. In speaking of the false systems which have appeared since Christianity, they instance Emmanuel Swedenborg, and it is noteworthy that they can confute him as strongly on scientific as on religious grounds, even while owning to much that is thoughtful in his theories.

In speaking (p. 35) of the difference of religious and scientific teaching, the following point of *similarity* between them is well brought out:—

'Both, we conceive, maintain in some sense the supremacy of law, or the invariability of the procedure adopted by the Deity in the government of the universe; both maintain likewise that the outer works of the visible universe are insufficient to manifest certain attributes of the Deity. Here, however, the likeness ends. . . .'

In Chapter II. the authors take up their position and show their plan, dividing the classes of their readers into three—those who are convinced of the truth of Revelation, those who would fain be convinced, but are perplexed by the scientific difficulties in their way, those who do not wish to believe—extreme materialists, sceptics.

First they lay down a few axioms (an axiom of course meaning some-

thing accepted by both sides as true, so that we need not spend time in proving it). They assume the existence of a Creator of all things, and the chief axiom is the Principle of Continuity. This must be carefully studied, being a universally sound principle, yet one that has been often foolishly set aside on the so-called religious theory, that God can do whatever He pleases without regard to laws, so that in times of imperfect science men called everything 'a miracle.' True, God is not fettered by His own laws, but we are not concerned with what He *can do*, but with what He *does* and has done. Science shows to the careful inquirer much; Revelation of course shows more; but neither of them claim to tell us more than this. The Principle of Continuity might be thus stated by a scientific man:—The government of the universe has proceeded on a certain plan, ruled by certain fixed laws, we may therefore infer that it will continue to be so; and it might be thus stated by a religious man:—'God has endowed us with certain capacities which enable us to dwell safely in the world and serve Him according to His laws. He will not distress or alarm His children by capriciously suspending or setting aside the laws which guide His universe. Our authors state it thus:—

'The power of the Divine Being is surely unlimited, but nevertheless we have perfect trust that God will work in such a way as not to put us to permanent intellectual confusion.' (P. 62.)

We know that uselessly to multiply miracles is to degrade them to the level of mere conjuring tricks; nothing can be less consonant with their Scriptural aspect.

It is also shown that a number of things exist which are not matter, in short they cannot be perceived by our senses, they are not subject to physical laws, and yet nobody would dispute their reality. By a series of able deductions we are shown—

1. That there are certain things which are visible.
2. That there are certain others which are invisible.
3. That on the principle of Continuity a certain set of laws are and have been always at work producing certain results.

It is here argued (by anticipation, it will be proved afterwards), that the visible universe, by the very operation of its laws, is coming to an end; but that the invisible universe, on the principle of Continuity, will go on in its unbroken course—there will be no break in its laws. Science, then, is here at one with revelation, which tells us that 'the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

Chapter III. is difficult, but thoroughly rewards careful reading. The terms are scientific, but they are explained when it is possible, and the main drift of the argument is not over our heads. We are reminded (p. 70) that a good deal of the universe is intangible though real, and '*Experience of the most varied kind consistently shows us, that*

ice cannot produce or destroy the smallest quantity of matter. [The italics are not ours.]

Two important laws are thus arrived at—the Conservation of Matter, and the Conservation of Momentum. We go on to an able sketch of the Laws of Motion, and a description of the two kinds of power called the kinetic and potential force. It is shown how these two kinds work alternately, playing, as it were into each other's hands, when one ceases the other begins, like the innings of a game of cricket. There is also a slight inquiry into the laws of thermodynamics, or of Heat-power; these have an important part to perform in our universe. We know that hot and cold are merely relative terms, and that heat-power depends upon the fact of some parts of the universe being more highly heated than others; were temperature equalized throughout, heat-power would be at an end. It is quite possible by observing the present working of this force to arrive at some idea of the manner in which the present solar system was evolved, and the conclusion that by these same laws the visible universe is gradually working itself out. Therefore:—

‘We have thus reached the beginning as well as the end of the present visible universe, and have come to the conclusion that it began in time and will in time come to an end. Immortality is therefore impossible in such a universe.’

Chapter IV. deals with Matter and Ether, and again it requires care in order to follow the general argument. It takes us back to old Greek philosophies and theories of the production at the first of the ‘Atom,’ and then of the production of the visible universe by the drifting and whirling together of these Atoms. Much is said of the atheist-poet and philosopher, Lucretius. His declarations on the subject of religion and the gods sound blasphemous, but when we recollect his date, 54 B.C., we see that these assertions, terrible in their calmness, of the nothingness of a God, a soul, an eternity, are but the outpourings of human despair, and God willed it should be so. He permitted heathen systems to take their day, He willed that heathendom should do its utmost, and that then the utter failure of all false worship, however beautiful in its first ideas, to purify, ennoble, and exalt mankind, the failure of all philosophies to strengthen or support or guide, should naturally strike the higher and more intelligent thinkers of the day, till recoiling from the horrors of idol-worship, they tried to seek a God in the beautiful visible creation itself. This was Pantheism. This, too, utterly failed them, for personal creatures cannot have an impersonal God, and so men lapsed into Atheism. The darkest chilliest hour before the dawn! God was with man, but man knew it not. Lucretius is writing against Heathenism for Atheism, and there is much that is striking in his deductions. It is worth while to see how utterly false his science is, the argument of our authors being that *all* Atheism is scientifically false. As we go on through this chapter we are next struck by finding, in spite of all our boasted modern enlightenment, how very little is really discovered

beyond what the ancients knew or guessed at—a nebulous formless condition of Matter and Ether, out of which no principle of Life could have come without an External Great First Cause. Science, be it remembered, leads us to inquire into the ‘How’ of Creation, and it moves but slowly to perfection. In some respects we have gone but little further than the Greeks with their atomic theory, but our discoveries of the laws of Matter, Ether, and Motion indicate a condition of things very like what Genesis dimly shadows forth. This portion of the book must be carefully studied; and then we have (p. 118) this striking suggestion:—

‘In our last chapter we came to the conclusion that the available energy of the visible universe will ultimately be appropriated by the invisible, and we may perhaps imagine at least, as a possibility, that the separate existence of the visible universe will share the same fate, so that we shall have no huge, inert, useless mass existing in after ages to remind the passer-by of a form of energy and a species of matter that is long since out of date and functionally effete. Why should not the Universe bury its dead out of sight?’

When we place these remarkable words side by side with 2 Pet. iii. 10–14, does it not strike us that the true students of the ‘How’ approach closely the students of the ‘Why’ of God’s Creation!

Chapter V. deals with the question of Development, dividing it into α . Chemical, β . Globe, γ . Life, Development; or, we may say, development of the materials, of the house from the materials, and of the inhabitant of the house.

In few and telling words we are given the theory of ‘Chemical Development,’ i.e. compound substances from simple—a process which goes on under our eyes every day; then taken onwards to the formation of worlds by these same processes, and the manner in which these worlds act one upon another. The summing up of the argument (p. 127) is this:—

‘The very fact, therefore, that the large masses of the visible universe are of finite size, is sufficient to assure us that the process cannot have been going on for ever, or in other words, that the visible universe must have had its origin in time, and we may conclude with equal certainty that the process will ultimately come to an end.’

The end to which our philosophers point is the absorption of the earth into the sun, which, as we have said, would be precisely in accordance with the words of Revelation.

But the next point is Life-Development, and this brings us on hotly-contested ground. The question whether it pleased the Creator first to impart a principle of life, and then leave it to work itself into every possible variety of living organism, from a jelly-fish to a man, commonly called the Evolution theory, or whether He produced the varieties of organic life from parent stocks distinct from the very first, is probably the most engrossing subject of dispute between the two classes of thinkers—scientific and theological. The latter say the Evolution theory contradicts Genesis; the former: then let us give up

Genesis. In fairness to our writers we must give their own words (p. 131) :—

‘ Our point of view is somewhat different from that of either of these two parties. We think it not so much the right or privilege as the bounden duty of the man of science to put back the direct interference of the Great First Cause—the unconditioned—as far as he possibly can in time. This is the intellectual or rather theoretical work which he is called upon to do, the post that has been assigned to him in the economy of the universe.’

These words are important to both parties. Religious minds are apt to be unreasonably distressed at the necessity (scientifically speaking) for thus ‘ putting back ’ the interposition of God to an almost incalculable period. But once concede, what most people now gladly concede, that the word ‘ day ’ in Genesis merely signifies ‘ a period,’ and there is not another word in Genesis i. that in any way limits the extent of the ages before man appeared. If it be not, as we reasonably infer,* six days, it may be any number of millions of years.

After giving some interesting facts on varieties of species we are brought (p. 135) in face of the Darwinian theory of development, with a few modifications of it as held by Mr. Wallace and Professor Huxley.

To a thoughtful mind there can be no doubt that we have an enormous and interesting field yet unexplored, of discovery of the development of lower races of animals ; and here it is candidly admitted that although we are not compelled to follow Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer into all their speculations, yet there is a strong probability that in their hypothesis of Natural Selection they are so far on the right road. The one point upon which we may reasonably be anxious is this :—Are these discoveries, real or fancied, at war with the idea of a Creator in time? No, certainly not. The variety of organisms on the globe having been produced from one original life-germ would not be the smallest hindrance to our faith, ‘ Life can only come from Life ’ is a well-attested scientific fact. Our authors put the question thus :—

‘ It is against all true scientific experience that life can appear without the intervention of a living antecedent ; how then are we to explain the production of this primordial germ ? If . . . a pure act of creation in time be an inadmissible hypothesis, and if the hypothesis of Abiogenesis be equally inadmissible, our readers may well ask, how are we to surmount the difficulty ? For our reply to this question we must . . . refer them to our concluding chapter.’

Chapter VI., though difficult, is one of the most important in the whole argument, as also one of the most beautiful and poetic. It opens with a summary recapitulating the points by which we have seen that Immortality is one of the deep-seated needs of our race ; that this

* Hebrew scholars have assured us that verse 5 would be more strictly correct—‘ and the evening was, and the morning was, and the first day,’ in short, expressing that through the period termed ‘ day ’ interchange of light and darkness continued, as it naturally would, from the time that rotation of the earth on an axis began.

Universe was created in Time, and by its own laws is working itself out, so that unless there were an Unseen Universe beyond, immortality would be a useless chimæra. It then goes on to infer the reasonable probability that there should be Intelligences analogous to man, yet superior to himself. It adverts to the world-wide superstitions on the subject of invisible beings peopling each element, a belief which has enriched with such treasures of poetic fancy and feeling the literature of all nations. The most beautiful quotations from living poets are given, and thought suggests hundreds more. Do we not owe the fairy tales of childhood, the Ariels and Undines of riper years to such ideas, wrought into shape by the poets? who talk of 'airy tongues that syllable men's names'; of 'elves that chase with printless foot the ebbing tide,' until the beauty of the fables leads us on to see an evidence of the truth God has graven in our human nature too deep to be erased by scepticism—the need of a world of spirit and of our own communion with it.*

'We entertain no doubt that man, and beings at least analogous to man, represent the highest order of living things connected with the present visible universe.' (P. 150).

From this point the chapter takes up the view which pervades Scripture in both Testaments, of the place of man in the universe as shown forth in Ps. viii. 5, 6 (marginal reading), and shows that science, placing man as the highest living organism in the *visible*, testifies that any superior intelligences must therefore belong to the *invisible* world, and that it also witnesses to man being the creature of whom Scripture tells us—that he shall put on immortality and share glorified life with Him who has vanquished death.

From this we pass to the beautiful concluding Chapter VII., headed The Unseen Universe. The foregoing arguments are all drawn in and wound up to a centre. Science and Religion, the teachers of 'How' and 'Why,' both point to a coming catastrophe.

The question is fearlessly asked—What of the 'spiritual body' of which Revelation speaks? Is it possible that even now it may be building up, framing for Eternity? A long quotation is given from Dr. Thomas Young's *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, and then objections are dealt with—(1) Religious, (2) Theological, (3) Scientific, in due order. Next is demonstrated the need of a Ruling Intelligence to bring this great Seen Universe into being, and to continue the existence of immortal beings, when the sun by its own fixed laws shall pass away. The present position of life in the universe is set forth (p. 179). The

* How far this belief in the peopling of the elements with airy beings still subsists in remote districts of our own islands might surprise some of our younger readers. Not many years ago the writer of these pages was intreated, while sketching on the shores of a wild little Highland loch, to abandon her convenient seat on a fragment of grey rock, because it was the favourite haunt of the 'Vuagh,' or water-fairy, who would resent the intrusion!

school of Darwin and Huxley have done good service in clearing away unscientific and foolish theories which people mistook for Faith in the Unseen. It is right and laudable to show how God has worked, not in caprice but on a series of marvellously complex and yet simple laws. It is right to place Life and Will *outside* the physical universe; let Atheists do this, they can do no more. Whenever they proceed to deny that Life and Will are awful realities of which science alone cannot grasp the mysteries, they perplex themselves in endless labyrinths, and end by hopelessly confusing their Science.

Therefore—

‘Life exists just as surely as the Deity exists. For we have subjected both these mysteries to the same process, and have found it as difficult to rid ourselves of the one as of the other.’

Put it as far back as we will, there cannot be even animal life, how much less a living soul, unless God give it. Thus the Creator must ever remain outside of and antecedent to Creation, in spite of all classes of reasoners, who professing to be wise become fools, and say in their heart there is no God. The most rationalistic of these are compelled to own that they cannot account for the origin of Matter or of Life; now the creation of these two, *separately*, is precisely what Genesis tells us, no matter how metaphorical the language may be. If any man rejects the inspired account, he is bound to confess that by the great laws of Conservation of Energy, and Biogenesis, his science is utterly at fault. An intelligent agent in the universe, is the only solution of the difficulty.

Hitherto the subject of miracles has been touched but slightly. We cannot better do justice to the argument now given than by quoting the following (p. 189) :—

‘We have now reached a stage from which we can very easily dispose of any scientific difficulty regarding miracles. For if the invisible was able to produce the present visible universe with all its energy, it could of course *a fortiori* very easily produce such transmutations of energy from the one universe into the other, as would account for the events which took place in Judæa. These events are, therefore, no longer to be regarded as absolute breaks of continuity, a thing which we have agreed to consider impossible, but only as the result of a peculiar action of the invisible upon the visible universe.’

We hope these beautiful words will be carefully weighed by any of our readers who may ever have felt even a moment's passing perplexity or pain, on reading the strangely repellent and startling attacks not only on this or that recorded miracle, but on the whole system and teachings of miraculous interpositions. This unworthy mode of handling such topics distresses us the more, when done by men who would indignantly repel the charge of seeking to undermine Scripture or deny Revelation. All they wish, so they say, is to eliminate from the Bible, as merely a human admixture due to imperfect science, all that implies a breach or cessation of Nature's laws. We feel that were men permitted thus to deal with the Word of God, they would soon

deprive us of the Bible altogether; and, judging by the acute arguments now before us, the science of such a proceeding would be as false as its theology. There is a happily chosen simile (p. 189) of the disturbance consequent on digging up an ant-hill. We may imagine the terror and confusion of the poor ants, and how to them it would appear like some terrible 'breach of continuity in the laws of Nature,' merely because in their large 'ant-experience' they had never seen the like before! But how would it appear to the human operator?

' in like manner the scientific difficulty with regard to miracles will, we think, entirely disappear if our view of the invisible universe be accepted, or indeed, if any view be accepted that implies the presence in it of living beings much more powerful than ourselves.'

We see, then, the real grounds on which we may gladly hail any fresh discovery, or engage in any study whatever, confident that in so doing we help to advance the time when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord. We may rest assured that when any truth is capable of being brought to light by the working of human reason, it is distinctly for the glory of God that all should work at it as hard as they will.

The last few pages are exquisitely beautiful on the final reconciliation of scientific with religious thinkers. That there can ever be disunion between any two sets of earnest seekers after truth is, of course, a defect in the manner of their search, not in its object and aim. It was plainly no part of God's purpose to reveal scientific truth; the laws and wonders of His Visible Creation being within the sphere of human reason. He left His children free scope for the exercise of their powers. On any subject we can thus study for ourselves, Revelation throws no new light, because it need not. It gives all knowledge necessary to fit us for the life that lies beyond visible things, going far beyond science, because it enters the Unseen Universe, but never ignoring, still less contradicting, well-attested scientific facts. It welcomes all the aid science can give in the right interpretation of Scripture, for, of course, like all highly metaphorical writings, the Blessed Scriptures are singularly open to misinterpretation, whether by friend or foe. And let us remember—we are apt to forget it—that these are regions of thought into which revelation gives as little entrance as science. In vain men speculate on the origin of evil, nay, even on the origin of life. Scripture makes a few statements about the latter but never explains them; upon the former it never enters at all. And, as the duration of the 'day' of Genesis, so is the final 'day' of the Lord's appearing, an insoluble enigma. Scripture and Science both point to a coming catastrophe, the one in language a child can understand, the other in the wordless eloquence of Nature's changeless laws. As we gather from Science that this doom is inevitable, so we know from Scripture that it will be sudden and awful, taking men by surprise.

Surely then, living in an age of kindled energy and quickened research, we may do our part by entering into and sympathizing with the difficulties some must encounter, whose life-duties bring them into contact with that which tends to unsettle faith. And oh, may such sympathy lead us more firmly to link ourselves in that Intercession by which

'. . . the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

βλέπομεν ἄρτι δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι, τότε δὲ πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον.

L. D.

MAGNUM BONUM; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LOST TREASURE.

WHEN old Lady Fordham's long decay ended in death, Mrs. Evelyn would not recall her sons to the funeral, but meant to go out herself to join them, and offered to escort Mrs. Brownlow's daughters to the meeting place. This was to be Engelberg, for Dr. Medlicott had decided that after the month at Leukerbad all his patients would be much the better for a breath of the pine-woods on the Alpine height, and undertook to see them conveyed thither in time to meet the ladies.

This proposal set Miss Ogilvie free to join her brother, who had a curacy in a seaside place where the season began just when the London season ended. Her holiday was then to begin, and Janet was to write to Mrs. Evelyn and declare herself ready to meet her in London at the time appointed.

The arrangement was not to Janet's taste. She thought herself perfectly capable of escorting the younger ones, especially as they were to take their maid, a capable person named Delrio, daughter of an Englishwoman and a German waiter, and widow of an Italian courier, who was equal to all land emergencies, and could speak any language. She belonged to the young ladies. Their mother, not liking strangers about her, had, on old nurse's death, caused Emma to learn enough of the lady's maid's art for her own needs at home, and took care of herself abroad.

Babie was enraptured to be going to Mother Carey and Armine, and Elvira was enchanted to leave the schoolroom behind her, being fully aware that she always had more notice and indulgence from outsiders than at home, or indeed from any one who had been disappointed at her want of all real affection.

'You are just like a dragon fly,' said Babie to her; 'all brightness outside and nothing within.'

This unusually severe remark came from Babie's indignation at Elvira's rebellion against going to River Hollow to take leave. It was a melancholy place, for her grandfather had become nearly imbecile since he had had a paralytic stroke, in the course of the winter, and good sensible Mrs. Gould had died of fever in the previous autumn.

Elvira, who had never liked the place, now loathed it, and did not seem capable of understanding Babie's outburst.

'Not like to go and see them when they are ill and unhappy! Elfie, how can you?'

'Of course I don't! Grandpapa kisses me and makes me half sick.'

'But he is so fond of you.'

'I wish he wasn't then. Why, Babie, are you going to cry? What's the matter?'

'It is very silly,' said Babie, winking hard to get rid of her tears; 'but it does hurt me so to think of the good old gentleman caring more for you than anybody, and you not liking to go near him.'

'I can't see what it matters to you,' said Elvira; 'I wish you would go instead of me, if you are so fond of him.'

'He wouldn't care for me,' said Babie; 'I'm not his ain lassie.'

'His lassie! I'm a lady,' exclaimed the señorita, with the haughty Spanish turn of the neck peculiar to herself.

'That's not what I mean by a lady,' said Babie.

'What do you mean by it?' said Elvira, with a superior air.

'One who never looks down on anybody,' said Babie, thoughtfully.

'What nonsense!' rejoined the Elf; 'as if any lady could like to hear grandpapa maunder, and Mary scold and scream at the farm people, just like the old peahen.'

'Miss Ogilvie said poor Mary was overstrained with having more to attend to than she could properly manage, and that made her shrill.'

'I know it makes her very disagreeable: and so they all are. I hate the place, and I don't see why I should go,' grumbled Elvira.

'You will when you are older, and know what proper feeling is,' said Miss Ogilvie, who had come within earshot of the last words. 'Go and put on your hat; I have ordered the pony carriage.'

'Shall I go, Miss Ogilvie?' asked Babie, as Elfie marched off sullenly, since her governess never allowed herself to be disobeyed.

'I think I had better go, my dear; Elfie may be under more restraint with me.'

'Please give old Mr. Gould and Mary and Kate my love, and I will run and ask for some fruit for you to take them,' said Babie, her tender heart longing to make compensation.

Miss Ogilvie and her pouting companion were received by a fashionable—nay, extra fashionable-looking person, whom Mary and Kate

Gould called Cousin Lisette, and the old farmer, Eliza Gould. While the old man in his chair in the sun in the hot little parlour caressed and asked feeble repetitions of questions of his impatient granddaughter, the lady explained that she had thrown up an excellent situation as instructress in a very high family to act in the same capacity to her motherless little cousins. She professed to be enchanted to meet Miss Ogilvie, and almost patronised.

'I know what the life is, Miss Ogilvie, and how one needs companionship to keep up one's spirits. Whenever you are left alone, and would drop me a line, I should be quite delighted to come and enliven you ; or whenever you would like to come over here, there's no interruption by uncle ; and he, poor old gentleman, is quite—quite *passé*. The children I can always dismiss. Regularity is my motto, of course, but I consider that an exception in favour of my own friends does no harm, and indeed it is no more than I have a right to expect, considering the sacrifices that I have made for them. Mary, child, don't cross your ankles ; you don't see your cousin do that. Kate, you go and see what makes Betsy so long in bringing the tea. I rang long ago.'

'I will go and fetch it,' said Mary, an honest, but harassed-looking girl.

'Always in haste,' said Miss Gould, with an effort at good humour, which Miss Ogilvie direfully mistrusted. 'No, Mary, you must remain to entertain your cousin. What are servants for but to wait on us ? She thinks nothing can be done without her, Miss Ogilvie, and I am forced to act repression sometimes.'

'Indeed we do not wish for any tea,' said Miss Ogilvie, seeing Elvira look as black as thunder ; 'we have only just dined.'

'But Elfie will have some sweet cake ; Elfie likes auntie's sweet cake, eh ?' said the old man.

'No, thank you,' said Elfie, glumly, though in fact she did care considerably for sweets, and was always buying bonbons.

'No cake ! Or some strawberries—strawberries and cream,' said her grandfather. 'Mr. Allen always liked them. And where is Mr. Allen now, my dear ?'

'Gone to Norway. It's the fifth time I've told him so,' muttered Elvira.

'And where is Mr. Robert and Mr. Lucas ?' he went on. 'Fine young gentlemen all of them ; but Mr. Allen is the pleasant-spoken one. Ain't he coming down soon ? He always looks in and says, "I don't forget your good cider, Mr. Gould,"' and there was a feeble chuckling laugh and old man's cough.

'Do let me go into the garden ; I'm quite faint,' cried Elvira, jumping up.

It was true that the room was very close, rather medicinal, and not improved by Miss Gould's perfumes ; but there was an alacrity about Elfie's movements, and a vehemence in the manner of her rejection of

the said essences, which made her governess not think her case alarming, and she left her to the care of the young cousins, while trying to make up for her incivility by courteously listening to and answering her grandfather, and consuming the tea and sweet-cake.

When she went out to fetch her pupil to say good-bye, Miss Gould detained her on the way to obtain condolence on the 'dreadful trial that old uncle was,' and speak of her own great devotion to him and the children, and the sacrifices she had made. She said she had been at school with Elvira's poor mamma, 'a sweetly pretty girl, poor dear, but so indulged.'

And then she tried to extract confidences as to Mrs. Brownlow's intentions towards the child, in which of course she was baffled.

Elvira was found ranging among the strawberries, with Mary and Kate looking on somewhat dissatisfied.

Both the poor girls looked constrained and unhappy, and Miss Ogilvie wondered whether 'Cousin Lisette's' evident intentions of becoming a fixture would be for their good or the reverse.

'Are you better, my dear?' asked she, affectionately.

'Yes, it was only the room,' said Elvira.

'You are a good deal there, are not you?' said Miss Ogilvie to Mary, who had the white flabby look of being in an unwholesome atmosphere.

'Yes,' said Mary, wistfully, 'but grandpapa does not like having me half so much as Elvira. He is always talking about her.'

'You had better come back to him now, Elfie,' said Miss Ogilvie.

'It makes me ill,' said Elvira, with her crossiest look.

Her governess laid her hand on her shoulder, and told her in a few decided words, in the lowest possible voice, that she was not going away till she had taken a properly respectful and affectionate leave of her grandfather. Whereupon she knew further resistance was of no use, and going hastily to the door of the room, called out—

'Good-bye, then, grandpapa.'

'Ah! my little beauty, are you there?' he asked, in a tone of bewildered pleasure, holding out the one hand he could use.

Elvira was forced to let herself be held by it. She hoped to kiss his brow, and escape; but the poor knotted fingers which had been so strong, would not let her go, and she had to endure many more kisses and caresses and blessings than her proud thoughtless nature could endure before she made her escape. And then 'Cousin Lisette' insisted on a kiss for the sake of her dear mamma, and Elfie could only exhale her exasperation by rushing to the pony carriage, avoiding all kisses to her young cousins, taking the driving seat, and whipping up the ponies more than their tender-hearted mistress would by any means have approved.

Miss Ogilvie abstained from either blame or argument, knowing that it would only make her worse; and recollecting the old Undine theory,

wondered whether the Elf would ever find her soul, and think with tender regret of the affection she was spurning.

The next day the travellers started, sleeping a couple of nights in Hyde Corner, for convenience of purchases and preparations.

They were to meet Mrs. Evelyn at the station ; but Janet, who foretold that she would be another Serene Highness, only soured by having missed the family title, retarded their start till so late that there could be no introduction on the platform ; but seats had to be rushed for, while a servant took the tickets.

However, a tall, elderly, military-looking gentleman, with a great white moustache, was standing by the open door of a carriage.

'Miss Brownlow,' said he, handing them in—Babie first, next Janet, and then Elvira.

He then bowed to Miss Ogilvie, took his seat, handed in the appurtenances, received, showed, and pocketed the tickets, negotiated Janet's purchase of newspapers, and constituted himself altogether cavalier to the party.

Sir James Evelyn ! Janet had no turn for soldiers, and was not gratified, but Elvira saw that her blue eyes and golden hair were producing the effect she knew how to trace, so she was graciously pleased to accept *Punch*, and to smile a bewitching acceptance of the seat assigned to her opposite to the old general.

Barbara was opposite to Mrs. Evelyn, and next to Sydney, a girl a few months older than herself, but considerably taller and larger. Mother and daughter were a good deal alike, save that the girl was fresh, plump, and rosy, and the mother worn, with the red colouring burnt as it were into her thin cheeks. Yet both looked as if smiles were no strangers to their lips, though there were lines of anxiety and sorrow traced round Mrs. Evelyn's temples. Their voices were sweet and full, and the elder lady spoke with a tender intonation that inspired Babie with trustful content and affection, but caused Janet to pass a mental verdict of 'Sugared milk and water.'

She immersed herself in her *Pall Mall*, and left Babie to exchange scraps of intelligence from the brother's letters, and compare notes on the journey.

By and by Mrs. Evelyn retired into her book, and the two little girls put their heads together over a newly-arrived acrostic, calling on Elsie to assist them.

'Do you like acrostics ?' she said, peeping up through her long eyelashes at the old general.

'Oh, don't tease Uncle James,' hastily interposed Sydney, as yet inexperienced in the difference between the importunities of a merely nice-looking niece, and the blandishments of a brilliant stranger. Sir James said kindly—

'What, my dear ?'

And when Elvira replied—

'Do help us to guess this. What does man love most below?' he put on a droll face, and answered—

'His pipe.'

'O Uncle James, that's too bad,' cried Sydney.

'If Jock had made this acrostic, it might be pipe,' said Babie; 'but this is Armine's.'

It was thereupon handed to the elders, who read, in a boyish handwriting—

Twins, parted from their rocky nest,
We run our wondrous race,
And now in tumult, now at rest,
Flash back heaven's radiant face.

1. While both alike *this* name we bear,
Alike like life we flow,
2. And near us nestle sweet and fair,
What man most loves below.

- Alike it is our boasted claim
To nurse the precious juice
3. That maddened lost the Theban dame,
With streaming tresses loose.

4. The evening land is sought by one,
One rushes towards midday,
One to a vigil song has run,
One heard Red Freedom's lay.

- Tall castles, glorious battlefields
Graced *this* in ages past,
But now its mighty power *that* yields
5. To work my busy last.

'Is that your brother Armine's own?' asked Sir James, surprised.

'O yes,' said Janet, with impressive carelessness, 'all my brothers have a facility in stringing rhymes.'

'Not Bobus,' said Elvira.

'He does not think it worth while,' said Janet, again absorbing herself in her paper, while the public united in guessing the acrostic; and the only objection was raised by the exact general, who would not allow that the *Marseillaise* was sung at the mouth of the Rhone.

Barbara and Sydney lived upon those acrostics in their travelling-bags till they reached Folkstone, and had grown intimate over them. Sir James looked after the luggage, putting gently aside Janet's strong-minded attempt to watch over it, and she only retained her own leathern travelling case, where she carried her personals, and which, heavy as it was, she never let out of her immediate charge.

They all sat on deck, for there was a fine smooth summer sea, and no one was deranged except the two maids, whom every one knew to be always disabled on a voyage.

Janet had not long been seated, and was only just getting immersed in her *Contemporary*, when she received a greeting which gratified her.

It was from somewhat of a lion, the author of some startling poems and more startling essays much admired by Bobus, who had brought him to some evening parties of his mother's, not much to her delectation, since there were ugly stories as to his private character. These were ascribed by Bobus to pious malevolence, and Janet had accepted the explanation, and cultivated a bowing acquaintance.

Hyde Corner was too agreeable a haunt to be despised, and Janet owed her social successes more to her mother's attractions than her own. Conversation began by an inquiry after her brothers, whose adventures had figured in the papers, and it went on to Janet's own journey and prospects. Her companion was able to tell her much that she wanted to know about the university of Zurich, and its facilities for female study. He was a well-known advocate of woman's rights, and she scrupled not to tell him that she was inquiring on her own account. Many men would have been bored, and have only sought to free themselves from this young lady, but the present lion was of the species that prefer roaring to an intelligent female audience, without the rough male argumentative interruption, and Janet thus made the voyage with the utmost satisfaction to herself.

Mrs. Evelyn asked Babie who her sister's friend was. The answer was, 'Do you know, Elsie? You know so many more gentlemen than I do.'

'No,' replied Elvira, 'I don't. He looks like the stupid sort of man.'

'What is the stupid sort of man?' asked the General, as she intended.

'Oh! that talks to Janet.'

'Is every one that talks to Janet stupid?'

'Of course,' said Elvira. 'They only go on about stupid things no better than lessons.'

Sir James laughed at her arch look, and shook his head at her, but then made a tour among the other passengers, leaving her pouting a little at his desertion. On his return, he sat down by his sister-in-law and mentioned a name, which made her start and glance an inquiry whether she heard aright. Then as he bent his head in affirmation, she asked, 'Is there anything to be done?'

'It is only for the crossing, and she is quite old enough to take care of herself.'

'And it is evidently an established acquaintance, for which I am not responsible,' murmured Mrs. Evelyn to herself.

She was in perplexity about these friends of her son's. Ever since Cecil had been at Eton, his beloved Brownlow had seemed to be his evil genius, whose influence none of his resolutions or promises could for a moment withstand. If she had acted on her own judgment, Cecil would never have returned to Eton, but his uncle disapproved of his removal, especially with the disgrace of the champagne supper

unretrieved ; and his penitent letter had moved her greatly. Trusting much to her elder son and Dr. Medlicott, she had permitted the party to continue together, feeling that it might be life or death to that other fatherless boy in whom Duke was so much interested ; and now she was going out to judge for herself, and Sir James had undertaken to escort her, that they might together come to a decision whether the two friends were likely to be doing one another good or harm.

Mrs. Evelyn had lived chiefly in the country since her husband's death, and knew nothing of Mrs. Joseph Brownlow. So she looked with anxiety for indications of the tone of the family who had captivated not only Cecil, but Fordham, and seemed in a fair way of doing the same by Sydney. The two hats, brown and black, were almost locked together all the voyage, and indeed the feather of one once became entangled with the crape of the other so that they had to be extricated from above. There was perhaps a little maternal anxiety at this absorption, but as Sydney was sure to pour out everything at night, her mother could let things take their course, and watch her delight in expanding after being long shut up in a melancholy house without young companions.

Elvira had a tone of arch simplicity which, in such a pretty creature, was most engaging, and she was in high spirits with the pleasure of being with new people, away from her schoolroom and from England, neither of which she loved, so she chattered amiably and amusingly, entertained Mrs. Evelyn, and fascinated Sir James.

Janet and her companion were less complacently regarded. Certainly the girl (though less ancient-looking at twenty-one than at fourteen) had the air of one well used to independence, so that she was no great subject for responsibility ; but she gave no favourable impression, and was at no pains to do so. When she rejoined the party, Mrs. Evelyn asked whether she had known that gentleman long.

'He is a friend of my brother Robert's,' she answered. 'Shall I introduce you?'

Mrs. Evelyn declined in a quiet civil tone, that provoked a mental denunciation of her as strait-laced and uncharitable, and as soon as the gentleman returned to the neighbourhood, Janet again sought his company, let him escort her ashore, and only came back to the others in the refreshment-room, whither she brought a copy of a German periodical which he had lent her. With much satisfaction Mrs. Evelyn filled the railway carriage with her own party, so that there was no room for any addition to their number. Nor indeed did they see any more of their unwelcome fellow-traveller, since he was bound for the Hotel du Louvre, and, to Janet's undisguised chagrin, rooms were already engaged at the Hotel Castiglione.

They came too late for the *table d'hôte*, and partook of an extemporised meal in their sitting-room immediately on their arrival, as the start was to be early. Then it was that Janet missed her bag, her precious

bag ! Delrio was sent all over the house to make inquiries whether it had been taken to any other person's room, but in vain. Mrs. Evelyn said she had last seen it when they took their seats on board the steamer.

'Yes,' added Elvira, 'you left it there when you went to walk up and down with that gentleman.'

'Then why did not you take care of it ? I don't mean Elfie—nobody expects her to be of any use ; but you, Babie ?'

'You never told me !' gasped Babie, aghast.

'You ought to have seen ; but you never think of anything but your own chatter.'

'It is a very inconvenient loss,' said Mrs. Evelyn, kindly. 'Have you sent to the station ?'

'I shall, as soon as I am satisfied that it is not here. I can send out for the things I want for use ; but there are books and papers of importance, and my keys.'

'The key of mother's Davenport ?' cried Babie. 'Was it there ? O Janet, Janet !'

'You should have attended to it, then,' said Janet sharply.

Delrio knocked at the door with an account of her unsuccessful mission, and Sir James, little as the young lady deserved it, concerned himself about sending to the station, and if it was not forthcoming there, telegraphing to Boulogne the first thing in the morning.

While Janet was writing particulars and volubly instructing the commissionaire, Mrs. Evelyn saw Babie's eyes full of tears, and her throat swelling with suppressed sobs. She held out an arm and drew the child to her, saying kindly, 'I am sure you would have taken care of the bag if you had been asked, my dear.'

'It's not that, thank you,' said Babie, laying her head on the kind shoulder, 'for I don't think it was my fault ; but mother will be so sorry for her key. It is the key of her Davenport, and father's picture is there, and grandmamma's, and the card with all our hairs, and she will be so sorry.'

And Babie cried the only half-natural tears of a tired child, whom anything would overcome after her long absence from her mother. Mrs. Evelyn saw how it was, and, as Delrio was entirely occupied with the hue and cry, she herself took the little girl away, and helped her to bed, tenderly soothing and comforting her, and finding her various needments. Among them were her 'little books,' but they could not be found, and her eyes looked much too tired to use them, especially as the loss again brought the ready moisture. 'My head feels so funny, I can't think of anything,' she said.

'Shall I do as I used when Sydney was little ?' and Mrs. Evelyn knelt down with her, and said one or two short prayers.

Babie murmured her thanks, nestled up to her and kissed her, but added imploringly, 'My Psalm ! Army and I always say our Psalm at bed-time, and think of each other. He did it out on the Moraine.'

‘Will it do if you lie down and I say it to you?’

There was another fond, grateful nestling kiss, and some of the Psalms were gone through in the soft, full cadences of a voice that had gained unconscious pathos by having many times used them as a trustful lullaby to a weary sufferer.

If Babie heard the end, it was in the sweetness of sleep, and when Mrs. Evelyn left her, it was with far less judicial desire to inquire into the subject of that endless conversation which had lasted, with slight intermission, from London to Paris. She was not long left in ignorance, for no sooner had Sydney been assured that nothing ailed Barbara but fatigue, than she burst out, ‘Mamma, she is the nicest girl I ever saw.’

‘Do you like her better than Elvira?’

‘Of course I do,’ most emphatically. ‘Mamma, she loves Sir Kenneth of the Leopard as much as I do.’

Mrs. Evelyn was satisfied. While Sir Kenneth of the Leopard remained the object of the young ladies’ passion there was not much fear of any nonsense that was not innocent and happy.

No news of the bag. Janet was more disposed to go back herself or send Delrie, but Sir James declared this impossible; nor would the Evelyns consent to disturb the plan of the journey, and disappoint those who expected them at Engelberg on Saturday by waiting at Paris for tidings. Janet in vain told herself that she was not under their control, and tried to remain behind by herself with her maid. They had a quiet, high-bred decisive way of taking things for granted, and arranging for her, and she found herself unable to resist; but whenever, in after times, she was unpleasantly reminded of her loss, she always charged it upon them.

Otherwise the journey was prosperous. Elfie was on the terms of a saucy pet with the General, and Babie’s bright, gentle courtesy and unselfishness won Mrs. Evelyn’s heart, while she and Sydney were as inseparable as ever.

In fact Sydney had been made free of Jotapata. That celebrated romance had been going on all these years with the elision of several generations, because, though few members of the family were allowed to see their twenty-fifth year, it was impossible to squeeze them all into the crusading times; and besides the reigning favourites must be treated to an adventure with *Cœur de Lion*.

Even thus abridged, it bade fair to last throughout the journey, both the little maidens being sufficiently experienced travellers to care little for the sights from the French railway, and being only stimulated to talk and listen the more eagerly when interrupted by such trifles as meals, companions, and calls to look at objects far less interesting.

‘Look, my dears; we are coming to the mountains. There is the first snowy head.’

'Yes, mamma,' but the hats were together again in the corner.

'Come, Sydney, don't lose this wonderful winding valley.'

'I see, uncle James. Beautiful !' popping back instantly with, 'Go on, Babie, dear. How did Sir Gilbert get them out of that horrid defile full of Turks ? It is true, you said.'

'True that Louis VII. and Queen Eleanor got into that dreadful mess. Armine found it in Sismondi, but nobody knew who Sir Gilbert was except ourselves, and we are quite sure he was Sir Gilbert of the Ermine, the son of the brother who thought it his duty to stay at home.'

'Sir Philibert ? Oh, yes ! I know.'

'There are some verses about the Iconium Pass, written out in our spotted book, but I can say some of them.'

'Oh, do !'

'The rock is steep, the gorge is deep,
Mount Joye St. Denys ;
But King Louis bold his way doth hold,
Mount Joye St. Denys.'

'Ho ho, the ravine is narrow I ween,
Lah billah el billah, hurrah.
The hills near and far the Frank's way do bar,
Lah billah el billah, hurrah.'

'It ought to be "Allah el Allah," but you know that really does mean a holy name, and Armine thought we ought not to have it. It was delightful making the ballad, for all the Christian verses have "Mount Joie St. Denys" in the different lines, and all the Turkish ones "Lah billah," till Sir Gilbert comes in, and then his war-cry does instead—'

'On, on, ye Franks, hew down their ranks,
Up, merry men, for the Ermine !
For Christian right 'gainst Pagan might,
Up, merry men, for the Ermine !'

but one day Jock got hold of it, and wrote a parody on it.'

'Oh what a shame ! Weren't you very angry ?'

'It was so funny, one could not help laughing.'

'Come on, old Turk, you'll find hot work—
Pop goes the weasel !
They cut and run ; my eyes, what fun !—
Pop goes the weasel !'

'How could you bear it ? I won't hear a bit more. It is dreadful.'

'Miss Ogilvie says if one likes a thing very much, parodies don't hurt one's love,' said Babie.

'But what did Sir Gilbert do ?'

'He rode up to where Louis was standing with his back against a rock, and dismounted, saying, "My liege——"'

'I thought he was an Englishman ?'

'Oh, but you always called a king "my liege," whoever you were. "My liege," he said——'

'Look at that charming little church tower.'

'I see, thank you.'

'I see, Uncle James. No, thank you, I don't want to look out any more. I saw it. Well Babie, "My liege——"'

'Never mind, James,' said Mrs. Evelyn, 'one can't be *more* than in Elysium.'

There were fewer conveniences for the siege on the last day of the journey when railroads were no more, but something could be done on board the steamer in spite of importunities from those who thought it a duty to look at the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, and when arrival became imminent, happy anticipation inclined Barbara to a blissful silence. Mrs. Evelyn saw her great hazel eyes shining like stars, and began to prefer the transparent mask of that ardent little soul to the external beauty which made Elvira a continual study for an artist.

(*To be continued.*)

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOORD AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

COMING BACK.

'If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee ;
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow,
But Lord ! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now !'

—ANNE BRONTË.

'THIS sickness is not unto death.'

The news that the crisis had passed, and that the disease that had so long baffled the physician's skill had taken a favourable turn soon spread over the town like wildfire ; the shadow of death no longer lingered on the threshold of the Vicarage ; there were trembling voices raised in the *Te Deum* the next morning ; the vicar's long pause in the Thanksgivings was echoed by many a throbbing heart ; Mildred's book was wet with her tears, and even Chrissy looked softened and subdued.

There were agitated greetings in the church porch afterwards. Olive's sick heart would have been satisfied with the knowledge that she was beloved if she had seen Roy's glistening eyes and the silent pressure of congratulation that passed between her father and Richard.

'Heriot, we feel that under Providence we owe our girl's life to you.'

'You are equally beholden to her aunt's nursing; but indeed, Mr. Lambert, I look upon your daughter's recovery as little less than a miracle. I certainly felt myself justified to prepare you for the worst last night; at one time she appeared to be sinking.'

'She has been given back to us from the confines of the grave,' was the solemn answer; and as he took his son's arm and they walked slowly down the churchyard he said, half to himself—'and a gift given back is doubly precious.'

The same thought seemed in his mind when Richard entered the study late that night with the welcome tidings that Olive was again sleeping calmly.

'Oh, Cardie, last night we thought we should have lost our girl; after all God has been good to me beyond my deserts.'

'We may all say that, father.'

'I have been thinking that we have none of us appreciated Olive as we ought; since she has been ill a hundred instances of her unselfishness have occurred to me; in our trouble, Cardie, she thought for others not for herself. I never remember seeing her cry except once, and yet the dear child loved her mother.'

Richard's face paled a little but he made no answer; he remembered but too well the time to which his father alluded, how, when in his jealous surveillance, he had banished her from his father's room he had found her haunting the passages with her pale face and black dress, or sitting on the stairs, a mute image of patience.

No, there had been no evidence of her grief; others beside himself had marvelled at her changeless and monotonous calm; she had harped on her mother's name with a persistency that had driven him frantic, and he had silenced the sacred syllables in a fit of nervous exasperation; from the very first she had troubled and wearied him, she whom he was driven to confess was immeasurably his superior. Yes, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and as his father spoke a noble spirit pleaded in him, and the rankling confession at last found vent in the deep inward cry—

'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, in that I have offended one of Thy little ones,' and the *Deo gratias* of an accepted repentance and possible atonement followed close upon the words.

'Father, I want to speak to you.'

'Well, Cardie.'

'I know how my silence has grieved you; Aunt Milly told me. I was wrong—I see it now.'

Richard's face was crimsoning with the effort, but the look in his father's eyes as he laid his thin hand on his arm was sufficient reward.

'Thank God for this, my boy, that you have spoken to me at last of your own accord ; it has lifted a heavy burthen from my heart.'

'I ought not to have refused my confidence ; you were too good to me. I did not deserve it.'

'You thought you were strong enough to remove your own stumbling-blocks ; it is the fault of the young generation, Cardie ; it would fain walk by its own lights.'

'I must allow my motives were mixed with folly, but the fear of troubling you was predominant.'

'I know it, I know it well, my son, but all the same I have yearned to help you. I have myself to blame in this matter, but the thought that you would not allow me to share your trouble was a greater punishment than even I could bear ; no, do not look so sorrowful, this moment has repaid me for all my pain.'

But it was not in Richard's nature to do anything by halves, and in his generous compunction he refused to spare himself ; the barrier of his reserve once broken down, he made ample atonement for his past reticence, and Mr. Lambert more than once was forced to admit that he had misjudged his boy.

Late into the night they talked, and when they parted the basis of a perfect understanding was established between them ; if his son's tardy confidence had soothed and gratified Mr. Lambert, Richard on his side was equally grateful for the patience and loving forbearance with which his father strove to disentangle the webs that insidious argument had woven in his clear young brain ; there was much lurking mischief, much to clear away and remove, difficulties that only time and prayerful consideration could surmount ; but however saddened Mr. Lambert might feel in seeing the noxious weeds in that goodly vineyard he was not without hope that in time Richard's tarnished faith might gleam out brightly again.

During the weeks that ensued there were many opportunities for hours of quiet study and talk between the father and son ; in his new earnestness Mr. Lambert became less vague, this fresh obstacle roused all his energy ; there was something pathetic in the spectacle of the worn scholar and priest buckling on his ancient armour to do battle for his boy ; the old flash came to his eye, the ready vigour and eloquence to his speech, gleams of sapient wisdom startled Richard into new reverence, causing the young doubter to shrink and feel abashed.

'If one could only know, if an angel from Heaven might set the seal to our assurance,' he exclaimed once. 'Father only to know, to be sure of these things.'

'Oh, Cardie, what is that but following the example of the affectionate but melancholy Didymus ; "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed ;" the drowning mariner cannot see the wind that is lashing the waves that threaten to engulf his little bark, cannot "tell whence it comes or whither it goes," yet faith settles the

helm and holds the rudder, and bids him cling to the spar when all seems over.'

'But he feels it beyond and around him; he feels it as we feel the warmth of the latent sunshine or the permeating influences of light; we can see the light, father,' he continued eagerly, 'we can lift our eyes eagle-wise to the sun if we will, why should our inner light be quenched and clouded?'

'To test our faith, to make us hold on more securely; after all, Cardie, the world beyond—truth revealed—religion—look to us often through life like light seen from the bottom of a well—below us darkness, then space, narrowed to our perception, a glimmering of blue sky sewn thick with stars, light, keen, and arrowy, shining somewhere in the depths, some of us rise to the light, drawn irresistibly to it, a few remain at the bottom of the well all their lives.'

'And some are born blind.'

'Let us leave them to the mercy of the Great Physician; in our case scales may fall from our eyes and still with imperfect vision, we may look up and see men as trees walking, but we must grope on still. Ah, my boy, when in our religious hypochondria whole creeds desert us and shreds and particles only remain of a fragmentary and doubtful faith, don't let us fight with shadows which of their very nature elude and fade out of our grasp, let us fall on our knees rather, Cardie, and cry—"Lord, I believe—I will believe; help Thou my unbelief."'

Many and many such talks were held, the hours and days slipping away, Mildred meanwhile devoting herself to the precious work of nursing Olive back to convalescence.

It was a harder task than even Dr. Heriot expected, slowly, painfully, almost unwillingly the girl tottered back to life; now and then there were sensible relapses of weakness; prostration, that was almost deathlike, then a faint flicker, followed by a conscious rally, times when they trembled and feared and then hoped again; when the shadowy face and figure filled Mildred with vague alarm and the blank despondency in the large dark eyes haunted her with a sense of pain.

In vain Mildred lavished on her the tenderest caresses; for days there was no answering smile on the pallid face, and yet no invalid could be more submissive.

Unresistingly, uncomplainingly Olive bore the weakness that was at times almost unendurable, obediently she took from their hands the nourishment they gave her, but there seemed no anxiety to shake off her illness; it was as though she submitted to life rather than willed it, nay, as though she received it back with a regret and reluctance that caused even her unselfishness a struggle.

Was the cloud returning? Had they been wrong to pray so earnestly for her life. Would she come back to them a sadder and more weary Olive, to tax their forbearance afresh, instead of winning an added love; was she who had been as a little child set in their midst for an

example of patient humility, to carry this burthen of despondent fear about with her from the dark valley itself?

Mildred was secretly trembling over these thoughts; they harassed and oppressed her; she feared lest Richard's new reverence and love for his sister should be impaired when he found the old infirmity still clinging to her; even now the sad look in her eyes somewhat oppressed him.

'Livy, you look sometimes as though you repented getting well,' he said affectionately to her one day, when her languor and depression had been very great.

'Oh no, please don't say so, Cardie,' she returned faintly, but the last trace of colour forsook her face at his words; 'how can—how can you say that, when you know you wanted me,' and as the tears began to flow, Richard, alarmed and perplexed, soothed and comforted her.

Another day, when her father had been sitting by her, reading and talking to her, he noticed that she looked at him with a sort of puzzled wonder in her eyes.

'What is it, my child?' he asked, leaning over her and stroking her hair with caressing hand. 'Do you feel weary of the reading, Olive?'

'No, oh no; it was beautiful,' she returned, with a trembling lip; 'I was only thinking—wondering why you loved me.'

'Love you, my darling! do not fathers love their children, especially when they have such good, affectionate children?'

'But I am not good,' she returned, with something of her old shrinking. 'Oh, papa, why did you and Cardie want me so, your poor, useless Olive; even Cardie loves me now, and I have done nothing but lie here and give trouble to you all; but you are all so good—so good,' and Olive buried her pale face in her father's shoulder.

The old self-depreciation waking up to life, the old enemy leaguering with languor and despondency to mar the sweet hopefulness of convalescence. Mildred in desperation determined to put her fears to the proof when Olive grew strong enough to bear any conversation.

The opportunity came sooner than she hoped.

One day the cloud lifted a little. Roy had been admitted to his sister's room, and his agitation and sorrow at her changed appearance and his evident joy at seeing her again had roused Olive from her wonted lethargy. Mildred found her afterwards lying exhausted but with a smile on her face.

'Dear Roy,' she murmured, 'how good he was to me. Oh, Aunt Milly,' clasping Mildred's hands between her wasted fingers, 'I don't deserve for them to be so dear and good to me, it makes me feel as though I were wicked and ungrateful not to want to get well.'

'I dreaded to hear you say this, Olive,' returned Mildred. As she sat down beside her, her grieved look seemed a reproach to Olive.

'It was not that I wanted to leave you all,' she said, laying her

cheek against the hand she held, 'but I have been such a trouble to every one as well as to myself; it seemed so nice to have done with it all—all the weariness and disappointment I mean.'

'You were selfish for once in your life then, Olive,' returned Mildred, trying to smile but with a heavy heart.

'I tried not to be,' she whispered. 'I did not want you to be sorry, Aunt Milly; but I knew if I lived it would all come over again. It is the old troublesome Olive you are nursing,' she continued softly, 'who will try and disappoint you as she has always done. I can't get rid of my old self, and that is why I am sorry.'

'Sorry because we are glad; it is Olive and no other that we want.'

'Oh, if I could believe that,' returned the girl, her eyes filling with tears, 'but it sounds too beautiful to be true, and yet I know it was only Cardie's voice that brought me back, he wanted me so badly, and he asked me to stay. I heard him—I heard him sob, Aunt Milly,' clutching her aunt with weak, nerveless fingers.

'Are you sure, Olive? You were fainting, you know.'

'Yes, I was falling—falling into dark, starry depths, full of living creatures, wheels of light and flame seemed everywhere, and then darkness. I thought mamma had got me in her arms, she seemed by me through it all, and then I heard Cardie say I should break his heart, and then he sobbed, and papa blessed me. I heard some gate close after that and mamma's arms seemed to loosen from me, and I knew then I was not dying.'

'But you were sorry, Olive.'

'I tried not to be; but it was hard, oh, so hard, Aunt Milly. Think what it was to have that door shut just as one's foot was on the threshold, and when I thought it was all over and I had got mamma back again; but it was wrong to grieve. I have not earned my rest.'

'Hush, my child, you must not take up a new lease of life so sadly; this is a gift, Olive, a talent straight from the Master's hands, to be received with gratitude, to be used joyfully; by-and-by, when you are stronger, you will find more beautiful work your death would have left unfinished.'

A weary look crossed Olive's face.

'Shall I ever be strong enough to work again?'

'You are working now; nay, my child,' as Olive looked up with languid surprise, 'few of us are called upon to do a more difficult task than yours; to take up life when we would choose death, to bear patiently the discipline of suffering and inaction, to wait till He says "work."'

'Dear Aunt Milly, you always say such comforting things. I thought I was only doing nothing but give you trouble.'

'There you were wrong, Olive; every time you suppress an impatient sigh, every time you call up a smile to cheer us, you are advancing a

step, gaining a momentary advantage over your old enemy ; you know my favourite verses—

: Broadest streams from narrowest sources,
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise lofty deeds.

Acorns which the winds have scattered,
Future navies may provide,
Thoughts at midnight, whispered lowly,
Prove a people's future guide.'

I am a firm believer in little efforts, Olive.'

Olive was silent for a few minutes, but she appeared thinking deeply ; but when she spoke next it was in a calmer tone.

'After all, Aunt Milly, want of courage is my greatest fault.'

'I cannot deny it, dear.'

'I am so afraid of responsibility that it seemed easier to die than to face it. You were right ; I was selfish to want to leave you all.'

'You must try to rejoice with us that you are spared.'

'Yes, I will try,' with a sigh ; but as she began to look white and exhausted, Mildred thought it wiser to drop the conversation.

The family circle was again complete in the vicarage, and in the evenings a part of the family always gathered in the sick-room. This was hailed as a great privilege by the younger members—Roy, Polly, and Chriss eagerly disputing it. It was an understood thing that Richard should be always there ; Olive seemed restless without him. Roy was her next favourite ; his gentleness and affection seemed to soothe her ; but Mildred noticed that Polly's bright flow of spirits somewhat oppressed her, and it was not easy to check Chriss's voluble tongue.

One evening Ethel was admitted. She had pleaded so hard, that Richard had at last overcome Olive's shrinking reluctance to face any one outside the family circle ; but even Olive's timidity was not proof against Ethel's endearing ways ; and as Miss Trelawney, shocked and distressed at her changed appearance, folded the girl silently in her arms, the tears gathered to her eyes, and for a moment she seemed unable to speak.

'You must not be so sorry,' whispered Olive, gratefully ; 'Aunt Milly will soon nurse me quite well.'

'But I was not prepared for such a change,' stammered Ethel. 'Dear Olive, to think how you must have suffered ! I should hardly have known you ; and yet,' she continued, impulsively, 'I never liked the look of you so well.'

'We tell her she has grown,' observed Richard, cheerfully ; 'she has only to get fat to make a fine woman. Aunt Milly has contrived such a bewitching head-dress, that we do not regret the loss of all that beautiful hair.'

'Oh, Cardie, as though that mattered;' but Olive blushed under her brother's affectionate scrutiny. Ethel Trelawney was right; when she owned Olive's appearance had never pleased her more, emaciated and changed as she was. The sad gentleness of the dark, unsmiling eyes was infinitely attractive. The heavy sallowness was gone; the thin white face looked fair and transparent; little rings of dark hair peeped under the lace cap; but what struck Ethel most was the rapt and elevated expression of the girl's face—a little dreamy, perhaps, but suggestive of another and nobler Olive.

'Oh, Olive, how strange it seems, to think you have come back to us again, when Mildred thought you had gone!' ejaculated Ethel, in a tone almost of awe.

'Yes,' returned Olive, simply; 'I know what death means now. When I come to die, I shall feel I know it all before.'

'But you did not die, dear Olive,' exclaimed Ethel, in a startled voice. 'No one can know but Lazarus and the widow's son; and they have told us nothing.'

'Aunt Milly says they were not allowed to tell; she thinks there is something awful in their silence; but all the same I shall always feel that I know what dying means.'

Ethel looked at her with a new reverence in her eyes. Was this the stammering, awkward Olive?

'Tell me what you mean,' she whispered gently; 'I cannot understand. One must die before one can solve the mystery.'

'And was I not dying?' returned Olive, in the same dreamy tone. 'When I close my eyes I can bring it all back; the faintness, the dizziness, the great circles of light, the deadly shuddering cold creeping over my limbs, everyone weeping round me, and yet beyond a great silence and darkness; we begin to understand what silence means then.'

'A great writer once spoke of "voices at the other end of silence,"' returned Ethel, in a stifled tone. This strange talk attracted and yet oppressed her.

'But silence itself—what is silence?—one sometimes stops to think about it, and then its grandeur seems to crush one. What if silence be the voice of God?'

'Dear Livy, you must not excite yourself,' interrupted Richard; but his tone was awe-struck too.

'Great thoughts do not excite,' she returned, calmly. She had forgotten Ethel—all of them. From the couch where she lay she could see the dark violet fells, the soft restful billows of green, silver splashes of light through the trees. How peaceful and quiet it all looked. Ah! if it had only been given her to walk in those green pastures and 'beside the still waters of the Paradise of God;' if that day which shall be known to the Lord 'had come to her when at eventide it shall be light;'—eventide!—alas! for her there still must remain the burthen

and heat of the day—sultry youth, weariness of premature age, 'light that shall neither be clear nor dark,' before that blessed eventide should come, 'and she should pass through the silence into the rest beyond.'

'Aunt Milly, if you or Cardie would read me something,' she said at last, with a wonderful sadness in her voice; and as they hastened to comply with her wish, the brief agitation vanished from her face. What if it were not His Will! what if some noble work stood ready to her faltering hand, 'content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified!' Oh, I must learn to say that,' she whispered.

'Are you tired, Livy?' asked Richard at last, as he paused a moment in his reading; but there was no answer. Olive's eyes were closed. One thin hand lay under her cheek, a tear hung on the eyelashes; but on the sleeping face there lay an expression of quiet peace, that was almost childlike.

It was noticed that Olive mended more rapidly from that evening. Dr. Heriot had recommended change of air; and as Olive was too weak to bear a long journey, Mildred took her to Redcar for a few weeks. Richard accompanied them, but did not remain long, as his father seemed unwilling to lose him during his last few months at home.

During their absence two important events took place at the vicarage. Dad Fabian paid his promised visit, and the new curate arrived. Polly's and Chriss's letter brimmed over with news. 'Every one was delighted with her dear old Dad,' Polly wrote; 'Richard was gracious, Mr. Lambert friendly, and Roy enthusiastically admiring.'

Dad had actually bought a new coat and had cut his hair, which Polly owned was a grief to her; 'and his beard looked like everybody else's beard,' wrote the girl, with a groan. If it had not been for his snuff-box she would hardly have known him. Some dealer had bought his *Cain*, and the old man's empty pockets were replenished.

It was a real joy to Olive's affectionate heart to know that Roy's juvenile efforts were appreciated by so great a man. Mildred, who was almost as simple in worldly matters as her niece, was also a devout believer in Dad Fabian's capabilities. The dark-lined picture of Cain fleeing from his avenging conscience, with his weeping guardian angel by his side, had made a great impression on her.

Olive and she had long talks over Polly's rapid scrawls. Roy had genius, and was to be an artist after all. He was to enter a London studio after Christmas. Dad Fabian knew the widow of an artist living near Hampstead who would board and lodge him, and look after him as though he were a son of her own; and Dad Fabian himself was to act as his sponsor, art-guide, and chaperon.

'My guardian thinks very highly of Dad,' wrote Polly, in her pretty, childish handwriting. 'He calls him an unappreciated genius, and

says Roy will be quite safe under his care. Dad is a little disappointed Roy's forte is landscape-painting; he wanted him to go in for high art; but Roy paints clouds better than faces.'

'Dear Roy, how we shall miss him!' sighed Olive, as she laid the letter down.

'Polly more than any one,' observed Mildred, thinking how strange it would be to see one bright face without the other close to it.

The new curate was rather a tame affair after this.

'His name is Hugh Marsden, and he is to live at Miss Farrer's, the milliner,' announced Olive, one day when she had received a letter from Richard. 'Miss Farrer has two very nice rooms looking over the market-place. Her last lodger was a young engineer, and it made a great difference to her income when he left her. Richard says he is a "Queen's man, and a very nice fellow;" he is only in deacon's orders.'

'Let us see what Chriss has to say about him in her letter,' returned Mildred; but she contemplated a little ruefully the crabbed, irregular writing, every word looking like a miniature edition of Contradiction Chriss herself.

'Mr. Marsden has arrived,' scrawled Chriss, 'and has just had tea here. I don't think we shall like him at all. Roy says he is a jolly fellow, and is fond of cricket and fishing, and those sort of things, but he looks too much like a big boy for my taste; I don't like such large young men; and he has big hands and feet and a great voice, and his laugh is as big as the rest of him. I think him dreadfully ugly, but Polly says "No, he has nice honest eyes."'

'He tried to talk to Polly and me; only wasn't it rude, Aunt Milly? He called me my dear, and asked me if I liked dolls. I felt I could have withered him on the spot, only he was so stupid and obtuse that he took no notice, and went on about his little sister Sophy, who had twelve dolls, whom she dressed to represent the twelve months in the year, and how she nearly broke her heart when he sat down on them by accident and smashed July.'

Roy gave a comical description of the whole thing and Chriss's wrathful discomfiture.

'We have just had great fun,' he wrote; 'the Rev. Hugh has just been here to tea; he is a capital fellow—up to larks, and with plenty of go in him, and with a fine deep voice for intoning; he is wild about training the choir already. He talked a great deal about his mother and sisters; he is an only son. I bet you anything, you women will be bored to death with Dora, Florence, and Sophy. If they are like him they are not handsome. One thing I must tell you, he riled Contradiction awfully, by asking her if she liked dolls; she was Pugilist Pug then and no mistake. You should have seen the air with which she drew herself up. "I suppose you take me for a little girl," quoth she. Marsden's face was a study. "I am afraid you will

take her for a spoilt one," says Dad, patting her shoulder, which only made matters worse. "I think your sister must be very silly with her twelve seasons," bursts out Chriss. "I would sooner do algebra than play with dolls; but if you will excuse me, I have my Cæsar to construe;" and she walked out of the room with her chin in the air, and every curl on her head bristling with wrath. Marsden sat open-mouthed with astonishment, and Dad was forced to apologise; and there was Polly all the time "behaving like a little lady."

'As though Polly could do wrong,' observed Mildred with a smile, as she finished Roy's ridiculous effusion.

It was the beginning of October when they returned home. Olive had by this time recovered her strength, and was able to enjoy her rambles on the sand; and though Mr. Lambert found fault with the thin cheeks and lack of robustness, his anxiety was set at rest by Mildred, who declared Olive had done credit to her nursing, and a little want of flesh was all the fault that could be found with her charge.

The welcome home was sweet to the restored invalid. Richard's kiss was scarcely less fond than her father's. Roy pinched her cheek to be sure that this was a real, and not a make-believe, Olive; while Polly followed her to her room to assure herself that her hair had really grown half an inch, as Aunt Milly declared it had.

Nor was Mildred's welcome less hearty.

'How good it is to see you in your old place, Aunt Milly,' said Richard, with an affectionate glance, as he placed himself beside her at the tea-table.

'We have missed you, Milly,' exclaimed her brother a moment afterwards. 'Heriot was only saying last night that the vicarage did not seem itself without you.'

'Nothing is right without Aunt Milly,' cried Polly, with a squeeze; and Roy chimed in, indignantly, 'Of course not; as though we could do without Aunt Milly!'

The new curate was discussed the first evening. Mr. Lambert and Richard were loud in their praises; and though Chriss muttered to herself in a surly under-tone, nobody minded her.

His introduction to Olive happened after a somewhat amusing fashion.

He was crossing the hall the next day, on his way to the vicar's study, when Roy bade him go into the drawing-room and make acquaintance with Aunt Milly.

It happened that Mildred had just left the room, and Olive was sitting alone, working.

She looked up a little surprised at the tall, broad-shouldered young man who was making his way across the room.

'Royal told me I should find you here, Miss Lambert. I hope your niece has recovered the fatigue of her journey.'

'I am not Aunt Milly; I am Olive,' returned the girl, gravely, but not refusing the proffered hand. 'You are my father's new curate, Mr. Marsden, I suppose?'

'Yes; I beg your pardon, I have made a foolish mistake I see,' returned the young man, confusedly, stammering and flushing over his words. 'Royal sent me in to find his aunt, and—and—I did not notice.'

'What does it matter?' returned Olive, simply. The curate's evident nervousness made her anxious to set him at his ease. 'You could not know; and Aunt Milly looks so young, and my illness has changed me. It was such a natural mistake, you see,' with the soft seriousness with which Olive always spoke now.

'Thank you; yes, of course,' stammered Hugh, twirling his felt hat through his fingers, and looking down at her with a sort of puzzled wonder. The grave young face under the quaint head-dress, the soft dark hair just parted on the forehead, the large earnest eyes, candid, and yet unsmiling, filled him with a sort of awe and reverence.

'You have been very ill,' he said at last, with a pitying chord in his voice. 'People do not look like that who have not suffered. You remind me,' he continued, sitting down beside her, and speaking a little huskily, 'of a sister whom I lost not so very long ago.'

Olive looked up with a sudden gleam in her eyes.

'Did she die?'

'Yes. You are more fortunate, Miss Lambert; you are permitted to get well.'

'You are a clergyman, and you say that,' she returned, a little breathlessly. 'If it were not wrong I should envy your sister, who finished her work so young.'

'Hush, Miss Lambert, that is wrong,' replied Hugh. His brief nervousness had vanished; he was quite grave now; his round, boyish face, ruddy and brown with exercise, paled a little with his earnestness and the memory of a past pain.

'Caroline wanted to live, and you want to die,' he said, in a voice full of rebuke. 'She cried because she was young, and did not wish to leave us, and because she feared death; and you are sorry to live.'

'I have always found life so hard,' sighed Olive. It did not seem strange to her that she should be talking thus to a stranger; was he not a clergyman—her father's curate—in spite of his boyish face? 'St. Paul thought it was better, you know; but indeed I am trying to be glad, Mr. Marsden, that I have all this time before me.'

'Trying to be glad for the gift of life!' Here was a mystery to be solved by the Rev. Hugh Marsden, he who rejoiced in life with the

whole strength of his vigorous young heart ; who loved all living things, man, woman, and child—nay, the very dumb animals themselves ; who drank in light and vigour and cheerfulness as his daily food ; who was glad for mere gladness's sake ; to whom sin was the only evil in the world, and suffering a privilege, and not a punishment ; who measured all things, animate and inanimate, with a merciful breadth of views, full of that 'charity that thinketh no evil,' he to be told by this grave, pale girl that she envied his sister who died.

'What is the matter—have I shocked you?' asked Olive, her sensitiveness taking alarm at his silence.

'Yes—no ; I am sorry for you, that is all, Miss Lambert. I am young, but I am a clergyman, as you say. I love life, as I love all the good gifts of my God ; and I think,' hesitating and dropping his voice, 'your one prayer should be, that He may teach you to be glad.'

(*To be continued.*)

ULRIC.

A TALE OF THE NOVATIAN HERESY.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARTYRDOM.

'Pure is the glory of the chrisom vest ;
 Joyous the Sunday robe ; all hope and might
 The heavenly gleam, when dove-like wings alight
 On the twice-sealed brow ; benignly rest
 The smiles of angels on the mitred crest
 And flowing skirt of priests, whose stainless white
 The heart belies not ; or on striplings bright,
 Glancing like spirits through the region blest ;
 Or on glad bridal train, around the shrine
 Gathered with starlike and unchanging gleam ;
 But most where dimly robes of penance shine.
 Yet all is vain, if the last glory fail,
 If with the cold pale shroud the Font's pure beam
 Blend not, and o'er all hues of death prevail.'

—*Lyra Innocentium.*

It was only seven o'clock on a bright African morning when Ulric and Columba, with the Roman escort, reached the narrow strip of beach where now stands the village of St. Eugène, and above which towers the lofty pilgrim-shrine of Notre Dame d'Afrique. There, close under the shadow of the rocks, a small altar had been erected in honour

of Jupiter. Around it were gathered a band of Romans of the lower and middle ranks, among whom the grave Procurator stood conspicuous, his dignified attitude and patrician bearing seeming to rebuke the eager restlessness of his inferiors.

'There is no need for haste; unhand the lady,' he said, turning sharply to reprove a soldier who had rudely thrust Columba forward to the centre of the group. Then, in the same low tone of measured courtesy, he added, addressing the captives, 'I shall not need to detain you long; you are arrested on what is, I doubt not, a false charge of disloyalty to the emperor, and it rests with yourselves to refute the calumny by sacrificing to the gods of Rome. Bring incense to these noble citizens,' he continued to one of his satellites; 'let them have immediate opportunity of proving their allegiance to the empire.'

An imperative wave of the Procurator's hand showed his assistants that the incense should be first proffered to Columba.

'I cannot touch it!' she cried, turning away and clasping her hands tightly; then clinging like a child to Ulric with the terrified inquiry, 'Oh! what do you think they will do to me?'

'Nothing whatever, lady,' said the Procurator; 'you mistake what is required of you. No word is needed, only a few grains of incense must be sprinkled on the altar to show that you obey the emperor like a faithful subject.'

'It would be denial of the Holy One, my darling,' Ulric whispered, doubting if she might not fall through her entire ignorance of sophistry.

'Should you refuse,' the Procurator went on quietly, 'our orders are strict, and must be accomplished. Sacrifice or death are the only alternatives; and the death may not be a speedy one, but slow, and full of agony.'

'Torture?' Columba asked in a fear-stricken voice, fixing her soft eyes on the Roman's handsome but impassive features.

'I regret to say you have used the correct word, lady,' replied the Procurator; 'but methinks your cheek is blanched.'

'Because I am so frightened,' explained the poor child, as she burst into tears. 'I never have been able to bear pain well, and the very prospect chokes my breath.'

'My child, the pain is easily avoided,' said the Procurator, 'why this obstinacy? What spell thus enchants you? Decius has no wish to do you harm.'

'But those who burn incense to Jupiter deny the Holy One,' persisted Columba, as though fancying no other explanation of her conduct was requisite.

'Then does your Holy One delight in tears and bloodshed?' asked the Roman scornfully. 'Whatever else He may be, He is not merciful.'

‘Yes, He is merciful!’ exclaimed Columba eagerly. ‘He died for us upon the Cross, and rose again, and—*loves* us,’ she added, closing in that comprehensive word her summary of the Faith.

‘It may be so,’ the Procurator said indifferently, ‘but time presses; will you or will you not sacrifice to the gods?’

‘No,’ said Columba, firmly, although even while she spoke her frame grew convulsed by an agony of terror.

‘Bring the instruments,’ ordered the Procurator, still retaining the elegant polish which to Ulric testified more of relentlessness than would have done the wildest storm of fury.

The child’s head drooped on her husband’s bosom, and he felt how wildly the poor little heart was throbbing next his own.

‘Be strong, my precious one! Think of the dear Cross. Be true to the Holy One. Oh! if He would but let me bear the suffering for us both,’ faltered poor Ulric, dreading to see Columba apostatize at the mere sight of the instruments. There seemed indeed strong cause for apprehension, for although the test which was at first applied inflicted slight pain and no injury, being intended rather to alarm, the shock to the overwrought tender nerves was such that Columba’s face turned deadly white and she fainted away.

‘Valiant!’ exclaimed the Procurator with a smile; ‘I warrant we shall have no further trouble.’

But at the first application of sea-water Columba revived, and once more nestling into Ulric’s arms she said aloud—

‘The Holy One did not let me deny Him.’

‘No, my own treasure, He will keep you to the end,’ rejoined Ulric, smoothing her soft hair in the way in which he had often dispelled any little fit of childish agitation. She had never seemed to him so like a child before.

‘Are you ready?’ asked the Procurator, who had calmly waited till Columba was fully restored.

‘Ready for what?’ inquired the poor child in broken accents, and without lifting her head from Ulric’s shoulder.

‘The terms are the same as ever,’ was the bold reply, ‘obedience or torture; which do you prefer?’

‘Obedience to the Holy One,’ murmured Columba, in accents so low that only Ulric caught the exact words, although the Procurator seemed to divine their import, for he called aloud—

‘Bring the next set of instruments!’

Columba was now put to severe though not excruciating pain, but she seemed less unnerved than she had done before. Ulric supported her, the Procurator making no objection to his doing so, perhaps from an idea that nothing would so tend to shake her firmness. At length when Columba was on the point of swooning from the long continuance of pain the Procurator gave the signal for a pause. He marked with satisfaction that this sweet relief had shaken the constancy [of his

victim more than the preceding anguish, which appeared to have acted upon her as a stimulant.

‘Ulric, I am so weak, strengthen me,’ she entreated; ‘it seems as though I could not bear any more pain.’

Ulric soothingly murmured caressing words and traced the Holy Cross upon her forehead.

The symbol of salvation had not lost its wonted influence over Columba. She accepted it as a new pledge of consecration, saying in her simple way—

‘It would not have been right to let you make it, Ulric, if I had been unwilling to suffer patiently.’

Sharper and fiercer tortures were inflicted, but although Columba never rose to heroism, neither did she waver, till at length even the Procurator was roused from his apathy, not indeed to compassion, but to a species of intellectual curiosity regarding the strange problem of which he vainly sought a solution.

‘Incomprehensible child!’ he exclaimed; ‘by nature shy and trembling, yet from superstition bold enough to shame a Roman veteran. Is there nothing on earth which can affright you?’

‘The sharks,’ replied Columba, with the frank simplicity of a very young child who does not dream of refusing to answer the inquiries of its elders.

‘To the sharks! to the sharks!’ rose a wild chorus; ‘the bay swarms with them.’

Columba gasped for breath as she remembered that drowning was among the modes of death distinctly specified in the edict of Decius.

‘Hold!’ cried the Procurator; ‘child, I wish to spare you, the choice is yet yours to cast incense upon yon altar, or to be devoured by the sharks.’

Columba could not find courage to speak the words which doomed her to the death that of all others most appalled her. One arm and hand withered by torture hung powerless at her side, the other was clasped around Ulric’s neck, but she withdrew it to make the sign of the Cross in token of steadfast allegiance to the Crucified.

‘My own darling, why did you answer that question; was it necessary?’ Ulric asked in a low wail.

‘The Holy One loves truth,’ replied Columba, simply.

They were the last words he heard her utter; the next moment she was torn out of his arms.

As they began to drag her to the water’s edge, Columba gave one piercing cry that well nigh rent poor Ulric’s heart asunder. The keen-eyed Procurator, seeing his despair, said, as he pointed to the altar—

‘A few grains of incense and a life is saved.’

It was the fiend who tempted in that hour! the words were spoken and the deed was done. Ulric, so thoroughly instructed in the Faith,

so deeply penetrated with the need of unconditional loyalty, so fearful lest Columba in her weakness should give way, had himself proved a traitor and denied his Lord. The innocent child, surrounded as she was on all sides by the soldiers, had not witnessed his apostasy, nor would she, in her guileless confidence, have assigned the true meaning to the act even had she beheld it.

The hapless Ulric stood meanwhile rigid and motionless as though stunned by a heavy blow. He did not heed the Procurator's scoffing speech,

'Life has indeed been ransomed, only not hers but your own.'

He listened as though in a dream to the charge given to the boatmen—

'If the child recants at the last moment, bring her back.'

Sensation seemed crushed out of him; for those few awful seconds nothing had power to relax a muscle of his countenance or still a fibre of his heart.

But the awakening was destined to come speedily. Upon the very margin of the sea, Columba turned to smile on him, and there was an expression on the sweet face which recalled to Ulric the deep innocent repose from which his kiss had softly aroused her as the moon sank low behind the Atlas on the night, or rather morning, of their flight. Now, as then, every trace of fear had vanished, leaving only the same peaceful childlike look which she had worn when sleeping quietly in their old home beneath the moonlight. He Who had then soothed away all her terror was still with her, and was bearing her through more than conqueror. Yes, she endured as seeing Him Who is invisible. Why fear to sink under those waters? Had she not been buried in the baptismal tide into His death? If he required her to fulfil the one pledge literally, would He not be true to His promise that she should arise with Him to everlasting life, and receive the crown prepared for those who shall endure unto the end?

The dip of oars was heard with regular precision as the rowers pushed rapidly from the shore. When they had reached a certain distance a few words, unintelligible to those on the beach, were shouted in a brutal tone. There was a momentary pause, and then between the intense African blue of sky and sea fluttered a snowy gleam as of white robes; there was a low musical sound of rippling waters, and bright wavelets circled joyously as dimpled smiles over the azure surface.

Sullenly, yet with haste, the rowers pulled towards shore and in a short time landed.

'Obstinate to the last, like most of them,' Ulric heard one report to his commander.

'The trial is ended,' said the Procurator calmly. 'One prisoner has received the due reward of obstinacy, the other,' and he turned to Ulric, 'has obeyed the emperor's command.'

'I retract!' cried Ulric. 'It was a momentary weakness which——'

‘I have not time to enter upon the subject,’ said the Procurator carelessly. ‘One superstition is the same as another ; you have seen the necessity of obeying the order, that is sufficient.’

‘Only one grain,’ persisted Ulric.

‘All that was needed,’ said the Procurator, a smile curling his thin lips ; ‘*that* proved your loyalty.’

‘I await your pleasure to proceed,’ continued Ulric.

‘Our orders only extend to Christians,’ said the Procurator, bowing courteously. ‘We have no power to proceed further ; as a citizen of the empire you are free.’

‘I can soon prove to you!’ cried Ulric incoherently, as he madly overthrew the altar of incense.

‘I do not wonder that you should be excited after what has passed,’ rejoined the Procurator ; ‘but the Emperor is merciful. He deems your having sacrificed sufficient proof that whatever your opinions may be, you do not let them carry you beyond the bounds of prudence.’

The keen Roman judge perceived Ulric’s fervent desire for martyrdom and was determined not to gratify it.

‘Stand aside,’ he continued ; ‘let the prisoner pass ; he can go where he will ;’ and thus saying he arose and quitted the tribunal.

Poor Ulric was forced to depart amid the whispered comments of the bystanders.

‘This surely cannot be a Christian,’ one observed. ‘I have been told that none of them deny their God.’

The answer came from the lips of a scoffer.

‘You see now that I spake truly when I said it is a faith for babes and women. A man does not rate such fables at the value of his life.’

With a sense that the stain of spiritual bloodguiltiness had set a hand blacker than Cain’s upon his soul, the wretched listener passed with bowed head among the throng. His first wild impulse was a reckless wish to retrace step by step the long and toilsome route to the Sahara, feeling as though that scorched ‘land of trouble and anguish’ were but a faint type of his far more exceeding desolation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

‘Such was his dawn ; but O ! how grieve
Good angels o’er his noon and eve !
He that with oil of joy began
In sackcloth ends, a fallen man.
Then wherefore trust youth’s eager thought ?
Wait till thine arm all day hath wrought :
Wait humbly till thy matin psalm
Due cadence find in evening calm.’—*Lyra Innocentium*.

WHEN the first flame of that consuming grief burned into the dull embers of despair, Ulric regained his reasoning faculties, and manfully

turned to face the dark future which lay before him. Then he saw that one object yet remained to him in life. He would seek out a priest, confess his sin, submit meekly and thankfully to punishment, and try to bear any probationary discipline which might be deemed essential to prepare his soul for Absolution. Then with robes once more washed white in the Precious Blood, he would again claim fellowship with the Faithful, and feel that Columba was restored to his embrace. His solitary footsteps were no longer aimless; he felt rather like a wanderer returning homeward. He was indeed severed for the present from Columba, and from Columba's Holy One, but he blessed God that the door of mercy was not closed against him. The Fountain open for pollution was as ever flowing for his need; the pitying Sacred Heart was readier to forgive his sin than he to ask for pardon, and the Faithful would rejoice over his penitence with joy like unto that of the angels in Heaven. Ulric knew well that the Catholic Church in love to the souls of her children must correct them, and through merciful severity, teach them that sin and suffering are indissolubly linked. He was prepared for the pain of suspension from the Divine mysteries, humiliation, temporary loneliness, exclusion from the dear family circle, as was the meed of a disobedient child. The possibility of utter banishment from his Father's house, however, did not once cross his imagination, nor indeed was there reason to apprehend it. The true Church of Christ, in every age the 'living witness' of the Faith, has ever shown herself the direct opposite of the world in dealing with sin and repentance.

From the moment that his footsteps had turned in a definite direction, Ulric had not far to go before reaching his proposed destination. About five miles distant from Icosium was a low-lying, deep *wady*, or long narrow glen, resplendent at that season with the fragrant snowy blossoms of the sweet almond, which was largely cultivated in the district. The hills around it were pierced by small caves, neither commodious as temporary dwellings, nor secure as hiding-places. Before the outbreak of the persecution, Ulric had often visited the spot for pleasure, and extreme was his surprise on learning from his noble hostess at the villa, that the almond wady harboured a small colony of the Faithful. Twenty years previously a Christian had rendered some signal service to the husband whom this lady, left soon afterwards a widow, had not ceased to mourn. In memory of this good deed she not only preserved inviolate the secret of the refuge which chance had disclosed to her, but through the medium of a trusted slave, she regularly sent provisions to the fugitives. Hers was a lofty soul, incapable of treachery even towards those whom she viewed with indifference, and burning to outpour itself in sacrifice for all who had earned any claim upon her gratitude. That such a heart should not be open to the influence of a Divine religion, was one of those sorrowful problems which we may not hope to solve on earth. She was mean-

while honoured with the full confidence of the Christians, who whilst blessing God for such a friend, ceased not to pray for her conversion and salvation. There had seemed no answer as yet to their intercessions, for the noble lady clung to the gods of her race as overruling the destinies of that mighty empire, of which in the pride of her patrician birth, she claimed to share the splendour and renown. A daughter of Imperial Rome, she could not stoop to share the persecution of a reviled sect which not alone shunned worldly honours, but which actually gloried in the shameful death of its obscure and humble Founder.

The slumberous silence of an Eastern noon enveloped the lone almond wady when the weary wayfarer began to penetrate its shadows. Presently a light form stole cautiously from a cleft of the rock upon the hill-side, and, with a series of agile bounds, descended to the level path. It was a lad about seventeen, who was, despite his youth, not only the chief stay and comfort of a widowed mother, but also one of the most zealous adherents of the little Christian colony in his native Icosium.

‘Sylvanus!’ exclaimed Ulric, as he gladly leant upon the vigorous young arm outstretched for his support, ‘are many of the brethren here in hiding, and is there a priest among them?’

‘We number twenty in this wady,’ was the answer; ‘and Father Lucius has just joined us after many perils and escapes from death. Oh, Ulric! I am so glad you are safe; we feared you must have perished by the hand of the oppressor.’

Ulric did not respond, except by a heart-broken sigh, and with affectionate, though timid, earnestness, Sylvanus hesitatingly began. ‘Where is——?’ and then abruptly paused, not daring to conclude the sentence.

‘With Him whom she loved more than life,’ said Ulric, in a hoarse voice, which yet had a momentary ring of exultation.

‘She has died for our dear Lord’s sake, and you are spared to live for Him,’ rejoined Sylvanus cheerfully, for Christians in those fervent days dwelt too habitually on the glories of the world unseen to sorrow ‘as without hope’ for those who had fought and conquered. There was frequently, indeed, an opposite temptation to the careless ease of our own age, namely, an undisciplined thirst for martyrdom, which bordered on pride and self-will, and which the Church was forced by stringent rules to keep within the bounds of moderation.

Ulric’s enthusiasm was short-lived, and died away, leaving a listlessness which chilled the youthful ardour of Sylvanus, who firmly believed in his generous, but untried, heroism, that no joy could equal the surrender of the soul’s most precious ties to God. Noting, however, Ulric’s haggard cheek and sunken eyes, he kindly said, ‘You are exhausted, Ulric; you need food and rest, and then when you receive the Holy Mysteries at sunrise, you will forget your grief and triumph

with us in Columba's victory. But, Ulric, sad reports have reached us, which we know not whether to believe or not. Rumour declares that many Christians in this persecution have fallen away, and Father Lucius deems that if the tale be true, it is a token that Antichrist hath begun his reign. Do not you think with me, however, that it is a foul, black calumny, whereby the enemy would shake our constancy ?'

'Take me to Father Lucius,' implored Ulric, without answering the question, and his cry of bitter agony seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart.

'He will be your best comforter,' said the compassionate Sylvanus, 'and we are close to the cavern where he dwells alone. I will but show you the way thither, and then leave you to his care.'

After a short but steep ascent among the tangled brushwood, the two friends reached a small clearing in front of the cavern, and a pretty scene opened upon their sight. The venerable priest sat on a mossed stone at the entrance of his hiding-place, and at his knee stood a little damsel about six years old, engaged in feeding a young antelope with aromatic herbs. She was the only sister of Sylvanus, and sprang eagerly to meet him before the priest had become aware of the intrusion on his solitude.

'Ulric!' she joyfully cried, 'then Columba must be near. I want to show her my pet antelope, and she will teach me how to weave a chaplet for his neck.'

'Peace, peace,' whispered Sylvanus, as he gently drew the child aside. 'Ulric is weary, and has matters of grave moment to discuss with Father Lucius. Come and I will twine you a crown of jessamine. I know where the sweet golden stars cluster amid their dark-green leaves, for the delicious scent betrayed to me their lurking-place.'

The forms of the brother and sister disappeared, and Ulric found himself alone with Father Lucius, who motioned him to a seat, and fixed his gaze full of compassionate inquiry upon the drooping frame once so erect and stately. Ulric fell at the priest's feet and outpoured his mournful confidence. He was soothed by holy counsel, grave and sympathy, and the blessing of peace, but Absolution, that crown of the ministry of reconciliation, was by dire necessity withheld. Ulric's offence had been against the whole Church, and could not be dealt with except by a higher ecclesiastical authority than that of Father Lucius. Renunciation of the Faith, involving as it did the guilt of open scandal, and of injury to the whole body of the Faithful, could only be repaired by public penance, following an open acknowledgment of the transgression. Ulric's was therefore a case beyond the province of a simple priest, and Father Lucius could only appeal to the presiding Bishop, promising to use his utmost influence in interceding on his penitent's behalf.

Poor Ulric! he had fallen upon evil days. A short time previously

his case would have been dealt with in the spirit of 'righteousness tempered by mercy,' while a few months later the dark error which was overspreading certain portions of the Church would have been openly denounced by the Council of Carthage, which condemned it in the year of grace 251. Heresy does not spring up full blown in a single day, and being mostly at the outset a perversion of some portion of the truth, many unwary spirits are ensnared by one who does not scruple to assume the guise of an angel of light. So was it in the present instance. A black tempest cloud was overspreading the horizon of the Church in Africa; and Satan was himself the angel of the whirlwind, though his plea was zeal for the glory of God, jealousy for the honour of the Lord of Hosts. The 'love of many' had indeed 'waxed cold' in the long peace of fifty years preceding the Edict of Decius; and so great was the number of apostates when the flame of persecution raged anew, that a belief in the approaching, if not actual, reign of Antichrist was so wide spread as to be well-nigh universal. Under these circumstances the severity shown to the lapsed, was wholly without precedent; and soon reached a degree utterly disproportioned to the weakness and infirmity of human nature. After the flight of Novatus from Carthage, and his usurpation of ecclesiastical authority in Rome, the error of which he was the chief leader, grew and spread with alarming rapidity, alike in Italy and in the East. North Africa was in especial deeply tainted with this evil, several of the Bishops being more or less infected by the spirit of Novatus, and one at a later period deposed for obstinate adherence to his tenets.

Thus no friendly hand was stretched out to succour poor Ulric, and others who like himself, were sinking beneath the dark billows of despair. Unable to endure the anguish of suspense, and with a sickening desire to learn the fate in store for him, Ulric at dead of night departed in quest of the Bishop, whom he knew to be lying concealed in a small village about three days' journey on foot from Icosium. He left the almond wady without bidding any of the Brethren farewell, and unattended except by the kind and faithful priest who alone knew the secret of his sin and misery. The road was beset with perils which the travellers did not fear, nay, rather, for which they ardently yearned. Ulric's one passionate desire was for the privilege of martyrdom, both as a reparation of his fault, and an assurance of Divine Forgiveness. Father Lucius, with the chastened fervour of maturer years, shared in the common aspiration of the period, and prayed that if it were God's Will, Ulric might be granted this safe and glorious deliverance out of all his troubles. They proceeded on their way, however, unmolested, and at every stage the priest's misgivings so increased, that he dared not venture on cheering his companion with predictions of the Bishop's clemency. The dire reality surpassed the worst anticipations entertained by Father Lucius, and fell like a thunderbolt on Ulric's unsuspecting

head. The awful doom pronounced against him publicly, spoken, as all believed, by the authoritative voice of the Catholic Church, was that of excommunication until death. He might not occupy the mournful yet blessed position of a penitent, suspended indeed from the Sacraments, but suffered to undergo remedial discipline supported by the intercessions of the faithful. His meek heartbroken entreaties for admission to public penance in the congregation were unheeded. The most passing social intercourse with Christians was denied him no less sternly and completely than the sacramental oneness to which he owned willingly that he had forfeited the right. Compassion for his wretchedness might swell the hearts of those around him, but could find no vent in pitying accents; even Father Lucius ventured not on disobedience to the command of a superior. Thus driven as an alien from his Father's House, the hapless Ulric wandered forth into the world, weighed down beneath the heaviest burden which could well be laid upon a human soul. He was alike condemned to be throughout life as 'a heathen and a publican' to his brethren, and denied the redeemed sinner's right of trustful access to his Saviour and his God.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRODIGAL.

'Thou, who with eye too sad and wan
Dost on the memory gaze
Of evil days,
Open thy casement, moody man,
Look out into the midnight air,
And taste the gushing fragrance there,
Drink of the balm the soft winds bear
From dewy nook and flowery maze :
They rise and fall, they come and go,
With touch ethereal whispering low
Of grace to penitential woe,
And of the soothing hand that love on
Conscience lays.'

—*Lyra Innocentium.*

A NIGHT and day elapsed before Ulric was able to comprehend his position even intellectually, so utterly was it at variance with the whole tenor of the Apostolic writings, and with their practical interpretation by the Church, as viewed in the light of his past experience. The more deeply Ulric pondered, the less could he understand the justice of his condemnation, or hope to arrive unaided at a true solution of the mystery. He recognised as by instinct, the great discrepancy between the dealings of the Church of God and those of the Novatian-tainted Bishop, but he strove only the more zealously to reconcile the two, never suspecting for an instant that he was the victim of heresy. The utterance of that faith which is unchangeably the same in every age might indeed sound strange, harsh, and

unfamiliar to his ear ; the silver trumpet might give forth not merely an uncertain, but discordant sound ; yet Ulric never doubted that the strain now wailing forth his death-knell was the same which had once called him to the battle-field. He was disappointed in the Christian faith as regards its practical power of leavening an evil world. It seemed to have failed in the hour of utmost need ; and again came the weary yearning for some teacher commissioned with God's authority, to lead him safely through the labyrinth of error into which his steps had strayed unwittingly, and wherein, as he now began to feel, it would be death to linger. Once, in the silent watches of the night, Ulric rose from his sleepless couch, and falling on the ground, besought God to show him wherein lay the hidden sin of which the very germ was unsuspected by himself until it had ripened into apostasy. Then, in the calm illumination of that Holy Spirit Who is ever ready to dispel the darkness of our hearts, it was revealed to Ulric that his leading error had been a tendency to presumption. He had neglected his own vineyard in care for Columba's, and while harassed by anxiety lest she should fall away, had never entertained a passing doubt respecting his own steadfastness. Columba's graces had developed in the hour of trial, because they were rooted in humility ; his own had perished because undermined by spiritual pride. All this Ulric dimly perceived, but pride still held the mastery over him ; and where that subtle sin exists the keenest weapon is placed in the hand of Satan, the most ample scope given to his fell power. Poor Ulric yearned to cast himself like a repentant child upon the love of the Incarnate God, trusting Him unreservedly, imploring that at least light might be shed on his life's eventide, and that meanwhile he might be kept from adding the most venial of wilful faults to the load which already bowed him to the dust. Perhaps all might have been well had the prayer been spoken ; but alas ! Ulric's dormant pride arose in arms at the suggestion, and he only said, God had disowned him as a child, therefore he could not, and would not, approach Him as a Father. In his then frame of mind, Ulric found little peace in looking forward to the death-bed reconciliation. He forgot how free and undeserved is the forgiveness of our every sin, and viewed God in the light of an implacable, if not unjust, Judge, exacting not alone 'the uttermost farthing,' but also a measure of retribution disproportioned to the heinousness of the offence. The wounded pride and chilled affection which had first driven Ulric from his tried stronghold of prayer, was soon developed into an agonising doubt as to whether he had not forfeited the privilege until that final hour in which his soul should be commended with the Church's farewell rites, into the hands of its Creator and Redeemer.

A week elapsed amid these varying mental conflicts, of which each appeared in turn to bear away the palm of misery. Ulric had no abiding place, but wandered listlessly among the hills and fields, sleep-

ing beneath the warm African sky wherever nightfall chanced to overtake him. The food which he required could be easily obtained, but one symptom of his peculiarly overwrought excited state, was an unnatural capacity for dispensing alike with nourishment and slumber. Such a condition of mind and body could of course be only temporary, and Nature would have claimed her debt with usury, had not an unforeseen occurrence supplied the relief which she imperatively craved.

Late on a lovely summer afternoon, Ulric's uncertain footsteps led him through a field of standing corn, enamelled with beautiful wild flowers, amid which the vivid pink of the sword-lily shone conspicuous. He had been struggling all day against the inroads of a quiet, dull form of delirium, a fit accompaniment of the low fluttering pulse that seemed too languid and inert to turn into the fever-flame that would have raged had there been strength to feed it. Now, as he sauntered onward, his eye was attracted by the graceful elegance and rich bloom of the gladiolus, and forgetful that Columba was not at his side, he darted forward to secure for her a spray that eclipsed all the neighbouring blossoms in its loveliness of shape and colouring. One plunge, and Ulric disappeared from sight, uttering a cry of pain which soon merged into the deep silence of insensibility. He had succumbed to a peril which is imminent to wild-flower gatherers in the same region at the present day, namely that of falling into one of the exhausted wells common to all the cultivated tracts, but more especially abounding amid the vineyards and harvest-fields. The opening is usually on a level with the ground, and so completely overgrown—nay, matted with verdure, that no trace of it can be detected even by those standing on its very brink. The well in question was extremely ancient, and had been originally very deep, but the fierce storms of centuries had washed into it an accumulation of earth, stones, and rubbish, which had partly filled the pit, and raised it to a higher level. It was a loathsome spot, tenanted not indeed by deadly serpents, for they are rare in that section of the province, but infested by toads, scorpions, and creeping reptiles, of which the appearance unavoidably inspired repulsion. Such a fall seemed enough to have killed Ulric instantaneously, yet he escaped not only with life, but uninjured. At first the shock simply stunned him; then succeeded, as a natural effect of impure air, a terrible sensation of being buried alive, fathoms below the earth, and lingering through ages in the dying agony of suffocation. Soon, however, the violent pain of the jars and bruises which he had sustained, restored him to a consciousness of passing events. Then, mingled with his terror of a slow death by starvation, was the deeper dread of dying thus unconciled, and beyond reach of the offices of religion. The fear found vent in a despairing call for help, whether addressed to God or man Ulric could not have told; but it was answered in a human voice. After an interval of weary waiting, the expectant prisoner was uplifted

in the air as though without his own conscious volition, for the rushing, upward motion caused a dizziness which made him quite forget that he had himself knotted around his waist the rope which had been lowered to him for that purpose. He could not after all have lain more than two hours in the pit, for the sun was setting in a sea of fire as he was placed carefully on the long grass, among the very flowers which had nearly caused his destruction. Ulric recognised his deliverers as two Christian slaves who had been present in the congregation when the doom against him was pronounced. Although handling him with rough tenderness, they did not answer when he addressed them, but agreed between themselves that 'one who had been born a Christian must not be abandoned like a dog, indeed a beast should not be left to perish; they would surely not offend God or His Church, by saving life, and caring for a creature whom He had made.' Despite the spirit in which help was tendered, there was something very sweet to Ulric in being thus succoured by his brethren; but alas! their ministrations to him were of short continuance. A rude litter had been hastily constructed, for Ulric, although sound in limb, was too giddy and weak to stand, far less to walk even a hundred paces. A few vigorous strides conveyed him and his bearers to a native hut, at which he was deposited, commended to the care of the taciturn heathen owner, and then left without a word of pity or the slightest recognition of a common brotherhood. Now at last nature asserted her sway, and during many weeks Ulric lay on a bed of sickness, which he vainly hoped might prove the couch of death. The being thus forsaken in extremity of need by his own people increased and confirmed the hardening sense of injustice to which Ulric was a prey. The very lovableness of his disposition proved a snare, for he could not exist without human companionship, and being cut off from his own lawful associates, he became wholly dependent upon Pagans as the only fellow men who did not view him as an outcast from society. When, after having languished for three months upon his fevered pillow, he arose and staggered forth into the morning air, his course of future action was determined, and he lost no time in carrying it into effect.

A cloudless moonlight night found Ulric once again within the precincts of his former home, which was now tenanted by a heathen family. With his intimate knowledge of the locality, he easily gained access to the obscure spot where he had buried his valuables on the memorable evening of the flight. The long-secreted gold and gems were found intact, and their possession placed in Ulric's hands the means of restoration to those polished circles which he was alike fitted by birth and education to adorn. In thus revisiting his ancient haunts, he did not approach within sight of the villa, which stood at the opposite extremity of the gardens, with the dense shade of an orangery intervening. Often after that night he hovered round the habitation

as though drawn thither by some potent spell ; but he never once summoned courage to gaze on the springing fountain which was more than aught beside associated with Columba's memory.

Ulric's first act when he recovered his lost wealth, was not alone to make ample remuneration for the care bestowed on him in illness by his heathen host, but also to enrich the peasant and his family by purchasing for them a vineyard to obtain which had long been the goal of their ambition. Then he provided for his own use costly robes, and all the luxuries which were essential to those who desired to hold their place in the exclusive circle of the Roman aristocracy. His new home was a small but sumptuous villa, situated on the lovely heights above Icosium. The same hill slope is now known as Upper Mustapha, and sprinkled with the semi-Eastern, semi-European dwellings of a modern race, amid which, beautiful and fantastic as a dream of the *Arabian Nights*, stands the fair summer palace of the Governor of Algeria.

Meanwhile, momentous changes had occurred at Rome. Decius had been slain by the Goths about four months after Columba's martyrdom, and although Gallus his successor was unfavourable to the Christians, and did not cause the edict of the late emperor to be repealed, there yet came a lull in the rigour of the persecution. Ulric had ceased, since his apostasy, to be subject to the vicissitudes of his brethren, for the step which he had taken had proved only too effectual in insuring his personal safety. The return of comparative tranquillity had given a fresh impetus to heathen gaieties, and he sought every opportunity of drowning in wild revels the remorseful memory of the past. Once he was even led into intoxication, an excess foreign to his refined and intellectual nature, and to the habits and tastes inherited from Christian parents. It was a single instance of a fault which there was no temptation to repeat ; but the sense of having sunk into such a depth of degradation brought incalculable injury by sweeping away Ulric's last remaining vestiges of self-respect.

One evening he consented to become the guest of a wealthy Greek citizen, whose brother he had known in early life at Athens. His appointed place at supper was beside a stranger youth, whose pleasant countenance and sunny smile were irresistibly attractive. Ulric of course refrained from the accustomed libations to Bacchus, and remarked with surprise a like omission on the part of his companion.

'Have you lost faith in the gods?' he smilingly inquired, when the general conversation swelled into a chorus.

The young Greek looked into Ulric's honest face, and their eyes met with a glance of intelligence.

'I am safe with you?' were the words spoken half as an assertion, half as an inquiry.

'Certainly,' answered Ulric, and his tone of manly frankness left no opening for suspicion or distrust.

'I am a Christian, just arrived from Carthage,' said the youthful stranger.

A thrill passed over Ulric as the name was mentioned, but he simply asked—

'How long have you been in the Church?'

'Since infancy,' was the reply. 'My parents were both Christians, and my father called me Leo, after the Roman priest by whom he was converted and baptized.'

Ulric was silent for an instant, and both speakers were forced to give their attention to the passing viands, and the circulating wine cup; but the lively and communicative Leo took advantage of the first pause to observe—

'I am so glad the persecution seems subsiding, because now we can enjoy ourselves again.'

'Where were you in the late troubles?' demanded Ulric.

'My wife was a heathen,' began Leo, carelessly, when Ulric breathlessly exclaimed—

'Impossible!'

'Yes,' pursued Leo, unconcernedly; 'the Church was not so strict two or three years ago. I had meant to place her under instruction, but when the danger began, I felt thankful she had not been baptized, because her relatives could the more easily protect us. But the Church has again become exacting, and so soon as all was quiet, I lost no time in enrolling her among the catechumens. As for yourself,' he added in conclusion, 'you are one of us, of course?'

'I have been excommunicated,' whispered Ulric, and his open manner changed to doggedness as he continued; 'your religion bids you stand aloof from me lest you should be defiled.'

'As though I ever should yield to such bigotry!' cried the impetuous Athenian; 'especially when I feel sure you have done nothing very wrong. That is the difficulty about Christianity. It is a beautiful religion; nay, the very best; but it is too exclusive. We are taught to think that no one can by any possibility be right except ourselves.'

Poor Ulric was beguiled into a momentary feeling of amusement as he listened to his lively friend, and Leo well pleased to have such an auditor, continued in a sprightly voice—

'I feel sure such a state of things cannot continue; the Church will allow more liberty when she recovers from this fever of enthusiasm. The old religions of the world are dying out. Our host here only offers the libations from mere habit, for he does not believe any of the superstitions, but follows the Grecian philosophers. He has no prejudice whatever against Christianity, rather the contrary. 'He says there is great beauty in the system, and that one of our inspired books, I forget which, contains teachings that remind him of Plato. He would be one of us if we were less illiberal, and we should reap many advantages from his rank, wealth and influence; but he says

he can neither believe everything required of us, nor follow all our rules.'

'He seems an upright man, and one unlikely to act except from sincere conviction,' observed Ulric, thoughtfully.

'Yes; he is better than many of our baptized sanctuary worshippers,' said Leo; 'but speaking of them reminds me of yourself, you will be soon reconciled, I suppose?'

'Not until death,' rejoined Ulric, abruptly.

'Oh! that is really unfortunate,' exclaimed Leo, who was startled out of his habitual thoughtlessness. 'Still,' he resumed, 'to die a Christian is the main point, after all, and how one lives is a minor consideration.'

'But I may have no opportunity when the end comes,' said Ulric, who was too absorbed in the reflections to which their discourse had given rise, even to note, far less comment upon, his friend's peculiar tenets.

'What, you mean there may be no priest at hand? Never fear, there are always plenty of them to be had, too many, I should say. But,' he continued kindly, seeing Ulric's deep-seated depression, yet with the tact of his acute and polished race forbearing to notice it even by a look, 'go with me to the bath to-morrow, we shall meet there one of my countrymen who attends regularly at the theatre, and who will be able to tell us about the new actors from Rome.'

'I suppose you do not frequent the theatre?' Ulric next inquired.

'No; for the Church forbids such pleasures,' replied Leo. 'I cannot see the least harm in them; it is a mere question of prejudice.'

'Do you consider the not suffering us to make libations to the gods a prejudice?' asked Ulric, rather drily.

Leo looked positively grave for a few seconds, and then, under cover of the music, said—

'You know what the Church teaches us on that point?'

Ulric had no time to respond, for here the banquet broke up, and all serious conversation ended. He accompanied Leo to the bath, however, both upon the morrow and on many successive days. They became intimate associates, and circumstanced as he then was, Ulric might have had worse companions, for the young Greek was at least pure from the grosser forms of sin. Nearly two years passed by amid a round of heartless gaieties, into which Ulric only entered because solitude was a yet harder alternative. Then his long fluctuating health began steadily to decline, his riches to diminish, and his spirits to grow more uneven. He was pronounced morose and gloomy by his gay companions, and was gradually abandoned by them all, excepting the devoted and kind-hearted Leo. Unknown to himself however, God was even then preparing to lead Ulric back into the way of peace. Amid the deepest shades of his despondency, the 'day star' was beginning to arise. He cast himself, although as yet only instinctively,

on the tender compassion of his God, asking for nothing in return except for help to forsake sin. The first fruit of his renewed strict conscientiousness was a settled resolve to forego all intercourse with Leo, since he would not encourage the latter in persistent disobedience to his superiors. Leo resisted the decree, but was eventually forced to yield to his friend's stronger will. The loss of this bright genial companionship doomed Ulric to withering monotony and loneliness; but God deigned to accept the sacrifice, and in His own time to restore the offering a thousandfold into the bosom of His servant.

(To be continued.)

GREEK POPULAR SONGS.

BY REV. J. M. RODWELL, M.A., RECTOR OF S. ETHELBURGA.

DIMOS AND HIS CHARGER.

(Thessaly.)

Wounded and faint on Vardar's plain
Dimos lay down to die :—
To whom his faithful charger said,
'Up, master, let us fly—

'Up, master, fly, our comrades all
Have sped them far away.'
'No, faithful steed, my hour is come,
The death-call I obey :—

'Dig with those silvered hoofs of thine
Thy master's house of gloom ;
Raise me with gentle lips of love,
And place me in the tomb :—

'My mantle take, my ring of gold,
My rifle and my spear ;
Bear them to her I love, and she
Will drop a lover's tear.'

THE TOMB OF THE KLEPHT DIMOS.

(Thessaly.)

The sun was setting in the west
When Dimos spake his last behest :
'Fetch,' said he, 'children true and leal,
Fetch water for your evening meal ;
And, Lamprakis, my nephew bold,
Come hither to my side. Yet hold—
Bring out my arms—for thou shalt be
The captain of my company ;
And hither bring my trusty blade
Which oft in war hath havoc made ;

Cut branches green to make a bed
 On which to rest my weary head.
 Go, fetch a priest ; I would confess
 To him my life of wickedness :
 An Armatole and Klepht I've been
 For fifty years or more, I ween,
 But now at last 'tis mine to die :—
 Then make my tomb both wide and high,
 With space within to wave my steel,
 And load the arms that Turks shall feel ;
 But on the right hand of my tomb
 A window leave, where, 'midst the gloom,
 The swallows sweet may come and sing,
 And tell me of the opening spring,
 And nightingales with tender lay
 May sing their songs of lovely May.'

THE SHIP.

*(This Song commemorates the daring exploit of Canarcs in the harbour of Chios
 in 1823.)*

High at her prow the Cross was reared,
 The Gospels at her stern ;
 Before the Icon on the mast
 The sacred tapers burn.

When, lo ! the foeman's voice was heard—
 ' Haul down those sails—that flag : '
 ' I cannot strike my sails to thee,
 I lower not my flag :—

' Am I a maid, to pluck my hair ?
 Shalt thou despoil my charms ?
 A vessel I, of wide renown,
 Yield not to war's alarms.

' In Stamboul is my picture known,
 'Tis seen in Venice bright ;
 Come, front or rear, and you shall taste
 How Klephtic frigates fight.'

She fired one broadside, and but one—
 Down went the Turkish bark,
 With riddled sails and shattered hull,
 Into the waters dark.

THE GREEK YOUTH'S RESOLVE.

(Mountains of Agrapha.)

Dear mother, I tell thee that I serve the Turk no longer—I cannot ; I have not the power ; my heart struggles against it ; I will take my rifle and go and become a Klepht. On the mountains will I dwell, among lofty mountain ridges, the woods my companions—my converse with wild beasts—the snow my covering—the rocks my bed—my daily abode with the sons of the Klephts. I fly hence, mother, but weep thou not ; give me but thy prayers. Pray for me, dear mother, that I may slay many a Turk.

Plant roses and the dark carnation, and give them sugared water and musk to drink—and so long, my mother, as they flower and blossom, so long thy son is

not dead but fighting with the Turk ; and if there come a day of sorrow, a day of bitterness, and the two fade together, and the flowers fall, then shall I have received my death wound, and thou mayest put on thy mourning.

Twelve years and fifteen months passed by, and all the while the roses and carnations bloomed ; when one bright day in spring-tide, the first of May, when the birds were in full chorus, and the heavens were laughing, all at once it lightens, thunders, and all around is darkness. The carnation sighed, the rose shed tears ; the two withered at the same moment, and their flowers fell ; and with them the wretched mother sank down under her weight of woe.

CHARON AND THE SOULS.

(Popular throughout all Greece.)

Are those dark clouds that creep around
Yon mountain's awful crest ?
There where the strong winds ever sweep,
And storms that never rest ?

'Tis not the winds that drive for aye,
Or clouds that sweep along ;
'Tis Charon leading the sad shades
In dark and mournful throng.

With youth before, and age behind,
Amid them children young ;
Babes borne upon his high pale steed,
By death from mothers wrung.

' Oh, Charon, pause in yonder mead,
Where the cool fountain flows ;
That youth may sport, age quench its thirst,
Babes pluck each flower that grows.'

' I cannot pause at yonder mead,
Nor by the fount or bowers ;
Nor youth nor age may joy or rest,
Nor infants gather flowers :

' But to that fountain mothers come,
Babes loved and lost to meet ;
Husband and wife, the sever'd long,
Embrace in union sweet.'

THE MOURNER.

' Tell me, loving heart, who was that graceful girl whose golden hair was entwined with fresh gathered myrtle, her mouth like a fresh-blown rose, her calm eyes the colour of the heaven above, who walked forth each morning all alone, followed only by a single lamb, whom we found seated on the lonely shore, and singing in sad accents of the beauties of the spring ?'

' Alas, poor girl, I met her at sunrise on the road, borne upon the shoulders of four youths ! Her mortal relics seemed to shed fragrance all around of incense and of flowers and roses ! Extinguished now those eyes that shone like stars, swathed were her hands with purple cords ! And still, as they bore her down the rocky path, no one followed her but the solitary lamb : they had made for it a stole of white and yellow flowers, flowers white and yellow which she herself had gathered ; it ran with hoarse bleat, it called its mistress with plaintive accent, and the little bell upon its neck sounded by the bier down the rocky road.

BOURKOLAKAS ; OR, THE NIGHT JOURNEY.

(Pastoral. From Scio, in the metre of the original.)

O mother, with those nine dear sons and daughter most beloved,
 Loved with such love as mothers feel towards an only daughter,
 Whom thou hast kept these twelve long years aloof from garish daylight,
 Braiding at eve her golden hair, her moonlight bath concealing,
 Then 'neath the stars at early dawn her locks so bright arranging !
 Yes—far as Babylon her charms have reached, and now there comes an offer,
 Offer of marriage far away, in far off land of strangers.

The brothers eight consented not, but Constantine consented :
 ' Let her depart in marriage ties to that far distant country,
 For thither I myself must go—her house will give me shelter,
 With her I shall all comfort find, the solace of my travel.'

' Right prudent art thou, Constantine, and clever is thy counsel :
 But if dark death invade my home or sickness overtake me,
 If sorrow or if joy betide, who brings Aréte to me ?'

' Her God I take to witness, and all His holy martyrs,
 That if dark death uplift his dart or sickness overtake thee,
 If sorrow or if joy betide, I bring thy daughter to thee.'

Then went Aréte as a bride to sojourn 'mid the strangers.—
 Untoward angry seasons came, and years of grievous famine,
 A deadly pest swept o'er the land—the brothers fell beneath it—
 The mother, like a broken reed, stands lonely in her sadness—
 Then duly to each tomb repairs and smites her aching bosom :
 But at the tomb of Constantine she gently raised the marble—
 ' Arise, my dearest Constantine ! Aréte 'tis I long for—
 Thou once didst take her Lord and God and all the saints to witness,
 Come sorrow or come joy, that thou my daughter wouldst bring to me.'

Lo ! to her cry death's slumber yields—from out the tomb he rises—
 Springs up upon the clouds for steed—his harness is of starlight—
 Takes as his lamp the moon's bright beams and speeds to fetch Aréte.
 He leaves the mountains far behind—o'erleaps the hills before him,
 And finds her by the moon's pale light her golden tresses decking :
 At once he greets his sister dear, calls loudly while yet distant,
 ' Our mother hath sore need of thee : Come hence with me, Aréte.'

' Ah, brother mine, why now this haste ? why sends our mother for me ?
 If for a joyous feast I'll don my gold and silver raiment—
 But if 'tis grief—ah, tell me true—then come I as thou findest me.'

' Speed hence, my Arctula, speed : come even as I find thee.'

Then as they passed along the way in silence and in sadness,
 They heard the birds pour forth a strain in notes of plaintive accent,
 ' Strange sight, to see a lovely girl, a dead man's fellow-trav'ler !'

' Hear'st thou, my dearest Constantine, what yonder birds are singing ?
 A dead man hath a lovely girl close travelling beside him.'

' Foolish birds to sing such songs ! but heed thou not their singing.'

Then on they went, and still the birds the same sad strain repeated :
 ' Mournful the sight we now behold, all dolorous and doleful,
 The living journeys with the dead ; the beauty with the buried.'

'They are but birds that sing those songs—but heed thou not their singing.'

'I fear, I fear thee, brother mine :—why redolent of incense ?'

'Twas yesterday at even by the church of Saint Johannes,
The priest came forth and censed us all with clouds of smoking incense.'

They journey'd on ; and other birds the same sad strain were singing :
'Almighty God, who marvels great dost evermore accomplish,
Behold yon graceful lovely girl by shrouded corpse escorted !'

Aréte heard : and now her heart with fear beat wild and thickly,
'List, list, my brother, Constantine, what yonder birds still utter ;
Where, tell me is thy auburn hair, and where thy beard so manly ?'

A grievous sickness laid me low, and death was close upon me,
My comely locks all fell away, my manly beard forsook me.'

Arrived, they found the house all closed, the portals barred and bolted.
Spiders had drawn unseemly webs o'er the once cheerful windows.

'Open thy doors, O mother mine, 'tis I, thine own Aréte.'

'Charon 'tis thou ! go get thee hence—of all thou hast bereaved me :
Only Aréte now is left—a bride in far off region.'

'Nay, mother, open wide thy door, thy Constantine awaits thee :
Did I not take great God Himself and all His saints to witness,
That whether joy or woe betide, I bring Aréte to thee !'

The door flew open : but alas,—Aréte's soul departed !

THE LOST HUSBAND.

(Chios.)

A merchant youth his journey took down to Constantinople,
A kerchief bright about his neck, and in his hand the chibook ;
Just at the pavement's edge he rode, the very edge he kept on,
Lest aught of dust should soil his dress, or Sol's hot rays should scorch him,—
When by a stone-paved fountain's pool he found a damsel washing :—

'Give, maiden, of that stream a draught to me and this my charger.' ,
Bowl after bowl she drew—they drank :—into her eyes he look'd not—
When as he quaff'd the last deep draught, he marked her tears uprising.

'What ails thee, maiden ? why so sad ? what stirs thy heaving bosom ?'

'My husband, sir, in far off lands, for ten long years is absent ;
Some tell me that "he's dead," and "he's wholly lost" say others.'

'Oh, maiden mine, 'tis true he's dead, 'tis true, my girl, he's perished,
Tapers and incense did I give :—I come to ask repayment.'

'Come to me, friend, I'll pay thee back for tapers and for incense.'

'I gave him too one parting kiss : of that I ask repayment.'

'My friend go back again and seek that kiss which thou didst lend him.

'Dear girl, thy husband true am I, thy true and faithful lover.'

'Tell me the tokens of our house, and then I may believe thee.' *

'An apple-tree is at thy door, a vine is in thy courtyard,
A chandelier all gilded in thy chamber is suspended.'

'But each of these a passer might easily have noted ;
Tell me of marks upon myself and then I will believe thee.'

'There's a mole upon thy cheek and a mole beneath thy armpits,
And all between thy breasts thou hast the brightness of the sunlight.'

' 'Tis thou,' saith she, ' 'tis thou, my husband dear, my own beloved.'

(To be continued.)

MARIE AND JEANIE; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.

BY E. KEARY.

CHAPTER VI.

EMANUELE.

"Upon the way where four roads met—
Experience, wisdom, love, regret."

THE next time I saw Marie was in the winter of that year when I attended the celebration of the Christmas midnight Mass at La Croix, chiefly in the hope of meeting some of my village friends. Marie was there as I had expected. I watched her throw the muslin veil over her head and approach the altar to communicate ; and afterwards, peering somewhat anxiously into her face as she returned to her seat, I perceived that it was paler and somewhat thinner than when I had seen her last. Not deeply troubled though, I soon saw, when at the conclusion of the service she drew me aside to inspect the Crèche which, brilliantly lighted in a side chapel, was much resorted to by the women and girls before they left the Church.

Marie seemed inclined to linger before it longer than the others ; she even dropped upon her knees and kept me waiting at her side until she had performed some extra devotion.

'For Amélie, Madame,' she said, as she rose again, and a gentle sadness overshadowed her face as she spoke. Then she put her arm under mine and drew me along with her. Outside the Church we pressed through the stream of worshippers, exchanging cheerful salutations on all sides, and making their way homewards through rough field paths by the aid of lanthorns to save their footsteps from stones and pools of water, and to guide them across the crazy bridge, and up the deeply shadowed road.

There was neither moonlight, nor starlight that night, the sky was

* Compare Odyssey (bk. xxiii. 202), where Penelope proposes a similar test to Ulysses.

cloud-covered, the air was soft and warm ; the stream of people by degrees, as we pursued our way upwards before turning into the valley, divided into knots and groups, each with its guiding lantern-star dotting the way in front of us and behind. It was a pretty sight, and prettily-sounded the constant salutations of 'Bonne fête! Bonne fête!' as the moving groups passed between groups of watchers on either hand ; prettily also sounded by and by the bells of the little churches amongst the hills, sounding forth, telling one another that the hour of the Mass was past.

I was glad when at last Marie and I found ourselves almost alone not far from the descent to the Orange-tree Valley. 'And now, dear Marie,' I said, 'tell me, what hope did Sébastien bring back from the rich uncle at Bordeaux last spring?'

Then Marie opened her whole heart to me once more, and told me the story of all that had happened—not that there was much to tell after all. Sébastien had come back from Bordeaux the bearer of promises from his uncle ; real, well-advised plans and promises which he felt he could rely upon, and the lovers had both been very happy all the summer in consequence. What the rich old man had promised was this, that in the course of the year, or as soon as his nephew could arrange for the purchase of a business the terms of which were satisfactory to him, money should be forthcoming to set him up in a small way—'for our expectations are modest, Madame,' said Marie ; 'and Sébastien has been thinking of Roque Brun, not so far away, as you know, but that we should still be amongst our own people.' Well, everything was on the point of being arranged only two months ago, when alas ! the great misfortune had come to him and her of his drawing a bad lot at Éze on that unlucky soldier drawing-day last autumn, and poor Marie's eyes filled with tears as she went on to narrate how her lover had gone away with a sore heart because of their happiness having been deferred. 'Only for six months though,' she added ; 'and we have no *fears* now, neither Sébastien nor I, since our Lady has so helped us as she promised she would, you know, Madame. Ah ! soon we shall lay our gifts of thankfulness upon her altar. Yes, yes, we have no fears now—only we count the weeks until we meet again.'

By and by I gathered from Marie that Sébastien had asked her openly of her Aunt, Madame David, during those few happy, hopeful months of summer, and that Madame David had not been wholly adverse to his suit, indeed had fairly promised at any rate to leave Marie free until it could be seen what sort of establishment Sébastien would provide for her. Also I found that Louise was *not* favourable to Marie. What it was that had turned Sébastien's sister against her Marie could not guess ; poor child, she was not suspicious ; but to me it did not seem strange, as I heard of the ever-increasing poverty and misery of that woman's life ; how *could* she wish for two young help-

less creatures at once to become dependent on the one person whose substance she was calculating upon to stand between her and ruin? It was Louise's motherhood which made her so calculate, and knowing her I could not feel surprised that the hope which was gathering round the future of Sébastien had fired her with the resolve to use him for her purposes alone.

What troubled Marie more however than Louise's coldness was the increased illness of her little invalid sister. Amélie, although twelve years old, was still the little Amélie; and a great aggravation of her sufferings had taken place that summer by her having become partly paralyzed, the effect of sunstroke.

'Ah! it is sad, sad now, Madame,' said Marie, 'to watch her sitting so helpless upon the bank just where one places her, turning her poor head from side to side, and pulling at the grass and flowers which grow near her. She can't get up to run away now; it tires her to use her poor little hands even for long at a time; the doctor says he can do nothing for her, and that only the good God Himself can cure her.'

Then Marie told me of a design which she had formed, and was fostering under encouragement and direction from the good Curé. She was going to perform a pilgrimage with her sister, as soon as spring was come, to our Lady of miraculous help on the mountains; Marie told me eagerly of the cures which M. le Curé had heard of, and of some which his good sister Mademoiselle had seen with her own eyes, and her kind heart swelled with hope and joy, and her face beamed with the happiness of trustful love as she spoke. Marie seemed to see it all beforehand, and the difficulties of the pilgrimage with her helpless invalid, in the early spring days along the cold mountain roads were all obliterated from thought and realisation by the already tasted delight of hope fulfilled. The last words we spoke to one another at that interview were about the pilgrimage, and of Amélie's cure which was to follow it; and a whispered prayer for help and blessing met upon our lips as we parted, after which Marie skipped lightly down the steep path to her aunt's house, singing gaily to herself in the soft night.

As I said, Marie, though susceptible to Louise's adverse feelings towards her, had no suspicion of their cause, neither had she any conception of their depth, consequently upon days when Louise, grateful perhaps for some small helpfulness rendered to her, or her little son by Marie, would speak cordially to her, and would even show an inclination to gossip pleasantly as they sat side by side making up bunches of violets for the market, or carried home between them the week's baking from the village shop, Marie's heart would warm doubly towards her lover's sister, and the natural trustfulness of her nature would induce her to tax herself with all that past discomfort between them, and she would venture a timid question or two concerning any letters which Louise might have received, and drop, in yet more hesi-

tating words, a little friendly greeting to be offered to 'lui' if ever the sister should write again. The shamefacedness that followed these timid abandonments which Marie, found very difficult to indulge in, albeit impossible to control before Louise, effectually prevented her from noticing their effect upon her companion.

It is needless to say that Marie's greetings died away like withered unbought violet-bunches in the keeping of Louise; nay, worse, in almost all the letters which his sister wrote to him that winter, Sébastien found some trifling, poisoned sting, each one of which fell upon his heart, a germ of living distrust and pain; and, alas! the soil these fell upon was not so faithfully guarded but that they took root there and grew when such conditions developed as could nourish them; and all the while Marie's heart remained peaceful, and pure, and strong.

It was unlucky for her; but when events begin to go an adverse way with one, how often it happens that everything in passing gathers and rolls round them and accelerates the ruin. Well, it was unlucky for Marie that one bright Sunday afternoon, about carnival time, little Amélie begged to be taken down, just for once to the Place to see the village ball. Marie could not refuse the child, although since her lover had gone she had neither cared to dance nor to look on at the dancing; but Amélie's pleasures were so few it was not in her sister's nature to grudge her this one; so after Vespers Marie wheeled the rough little vehicle in which the sick child lay beneath a row of planes which overhung but did not yet overshadow the rustic rendezvous.

The ball was an unusually merry one that February afternoon, and Amélie laughed with delight at the masquerade dresses and somewhat boisterous play which on this occasion varied the usually tame and monotonous amusement.

Now during the winter months of that year it chanced that, owing to the carrying out of certain public works by the commune, the villages round had become flooded with strangers seeking the employment which the scanty labour supply of the district was unable to meet. The strangers were chiefly Piedmontese from over the border, a hard-working but rather disorderly crew, somewhat akin in characteristics to the navvies of northern countries—a race of people altogether different from, and looked down upon by, the staid well-to-do proprietor-peasant inhabitants proper of the district. All the week through these Piedmontese, who lodged in various houses of the poorer villagers, might be seen at their regular labour upon the spot where the new bridge and road-works were being constructed, industrious, frugal, not over honest, rough and uncared-for in appearance, but quiet enough whilst at their work unless any cause for excitement arose. On Sundays, however, their one holiday, these men presented an appearance sadly in contrast with that of their French neighbours, for they then, as a rule, made up for the frugality of the week by long hours of deep

drinking, varied by fierce and sometimes even bloody quarrels in the cabarets, and at other places of resort. In consequence of this, but also very much on account of their inferior rank and position, the very name of the strangers became a byword and reproach amongst the sober, orderly peasants, and they were left apart to herd together without a friendly word being spoken to advise or elevate them, or any kindly hand being stretched forth in comradeship and help. No Piedmontese was ever invited to join the Sunday games of bowls either in the upper or lower Place; no girl would give her hand at the ball to one of the tabooed strangers. 'What would you have? They are not like us,' the peasants said. And it must be confessed they did lag far behind them in many things; and yet even these Piedmontese had their good points; and there were besides here and there some really quite white sheep amongst the black ones.

On that carnival Sunday afternoon three of them were leaning against the plane-trees looking on at the merriment not far from the spot where Marie stood guarding her invalid sister—all poorly clad, all young, and one of them with a singularly fine and pleasant countenance.

Emanuele, so his companions called him, was the youngest of the three, a mere youth about eighteen years of age, finely formed, strong limbed, and rather taller in stature than most of his compatriots were. This was the first year that Emanuele had left his home to look for work and wages in a foreign land. He was new to the vagrant life, and quite a stranger to the vices which accompanied it—an honest, pure-hearted, manly boy, driven forth by recent misfortunes to seek support for a widowed mother and helpless kindred; indeed he was one whom no honest man or woman there, the best of them all, need have been ashamed to associate with freely. But—what would you have?—Emanuele was but a poor Piedmontese after all, very nearly as ragged and uncared-for as the rest. A companion of the men said to be thieves and drunkards, he must be left apart with his countryfolk, and bear the same burden which they bore; and a hard thing it seemed to those three young men, as they stood apart looking wistfully on at the dance, so near to, so shut out from those bright-eyed, free, independent-looking men, that modest blooming girlhood.

Emanuele at any rate felt it so, thinking of his own sunny home, where he (of all others) had never been left alone at merry carnival times. It was the experience of the poverty-stricken stranger, and he felt it as those others did not feel, who were about to drown their dulness and discomfort in gambling and wine and feuds.

A little motion amongst the watchers drew Emanuele nearer to Marie's group just as Amélie, chilled by the clear air now sharpened by approaching sunset, appealed to her sister to wheel her home again.

Marie stooped to comply, and at the moment one of Emanuele's countrymen, just out of the cabaret, poor drunken old Umberto, coming

stumbling along the road, all but precipitated himself across the vehicle which held the child.

Amélie screamed shrilly, and Marie would not have been able to save her from the weight of that helpless body upon her own, equally helpless one, if Emanuele had not hastily pushed forward to her assistance.

Marie, though no coward, was a little shaken and flurried by the misadventure, and found it difficult, as she knelt beside her sister, to pacify the fretful invalid ; she never knew how it happened that Emanuele took the guidance of Amélie's chair out of her hands and wheeled it for her all through the village, past the several groups of uproarious Piedmontese who lined the way and from whom Amélie shrank with exaggerated fear ; all the way through the village and up the steep road to the head of the little path leading homewards, at which point Marie was firm in declaring that she needed no further protection. It would not indeed have been possible for Marie to turn other than brimmingly grateful eyes upon so gracious a helper as Emanuele had been to her that day.

It was strange that he should have been fated to help her, since all through the bright afternoon beneath the plane-trees Marie had wished so much to help him. Somehow the idea of distinction because of rank or riches, or even of country, had never impressed itself upon Marie's soul, nor any idea connected with intercourse between herself and her fellow-creatures but that of simple humanity, and it had really hurt her tender heart to note the loneliness of the stranger youths amongst the villagers ; she had almost felt as if she would have given her own hand to any one of them for the dance, even though she should have disgraced herself in the eyes of her own people by such an act. Now, however, there was no question of right or wrong, she thought, nor any of expediency or in expediency, and she might frankly accept and gratefully acknowledge such brotherly kindness as makes equals of us all.

Louise, ascending from the little quartier in the valley where Marie lived, and where she had been spending the afternoon in a good gossip over bodily ailments with invalid Madame Barbe, heard the last friendly words that passed between them however, and sharply noted the expression of those soft, trustful eyes of Marie's looking up into the almost heavenlike blue of Emanuele's.

He was in truth a beautiful boy, and Sébastien might well have felt the pang of jealousy if he could have seen him at that instant. Unlucky then was it for Marie that Umberto would insist upon hatching a quarrel with Emanuele that night in the cabaret on the score of his interference, and that the next morning the young man lay wounded and incapacitated for labour in the poor little dwelling where he lodged in consequence of the evening's brawl—for Louise took care to inform Marie of all this whilst the latter was helping her with her washing in the

river. Poor Marie, she actually shed tears of pity as she knelt by Louise's side amongst the canes, so remorseful was she because of her own and her sister's share in Emanuele's trouble, and Louise, alas, noted those innocent child-tears as they fell into the sparkling water. But it certainly was imprudent of Marie to insist, as she did, in calling on their way home at the house where the sick youth lay, just to question old Suzette as to whether or not he was being properly cared for.

Emanuele soon recovered, and went regularly to his work again ; and Marie, who seldom chanced to see him afterwards, forgot the little incident, and thought no more of her one day's friend ; but there were two who remembered, for good or for evil, Emanuele and Louise.

(To be continued.)

ALL NO HOW.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE matters had been somewhat stormy at home. Soon after the Hastings party had started, two young Wilsons, sons of the rector, came to ask the boys to go butterfly hunting, and, finding that Arthur was not at home, they persuaded Fred, who was rather mad on the subject of insects, to join them on his own account. Julia thought it a very unfair defection to desert the chalk castle just when this beautiful day gave a chance of going on with the siege ; but even Fred's good nature could not withstand the attractions of the long scrambling expedition, and possible rare butterflies ; so, with proper explanations to Lizzie, he started, calling in at the window as he passed that if he was back in time he would come to the chalk-pit and see how the siege went on.

'Ah well !' said Julia, men were deceivers ever. I did think Fred Mortimer was supreme, but it all comes of his siding with those traitor loons, the Gory-landers.'

'That is not the way to talk of his kindness in playing with you,' said Lizzie.

'Awfully slow of him to go !' bemoaned Tony.

'It will be no fun at all without him !' sighed Grace.

'Never mind. He's only been carried off prisoner. We'll sing him a dirge,' said Julia, rushing to the piano and strumming a doleful strain, to which she sang—

'Will ye no come back again ?'

'Oh, I forgot though ! He's an enemy, so we ought to be glad.'

‘Can’t you be quiet a minute, children? I have something to say to you,’ said Lizzie.

‘Rapt attention!’ said Julia, spinning round on the music-stool, and folding her arms.

‘Listen to me. You are not to go to the chalk-pit to-day.’

‘Not go!’ was the outcry in as dismal a voice as if they had not just declared it would be no fun without Fred.

‘No. These rains have made the sides unsafe, therefore you must not go.’

‘Who says so?’

‘I say so,’ said Lizzie, walking away, determined not to have another squabble.

‘Did you ever——?’

‘Depend upon it, she thinks she can have her own way now papa and Arthur aren’t here.’

‘She just goes and glooms to frighten us. I suppose she believes it! but oh dear! I hope I sha’n’t go on so when I’m the eldest.’

‘You the eldest! I’d like to see you!’

‘Tony, I beg you to remember I am older than you, and I will have no underhand motives. Either we go or we don’t in a creditable manner. Do you understand?’

Julia glared at Grace, who looked rather uneasy.

‘What does it matter?’ said Tony. ‘Lizzie’s an old fid-fad, and Arthur said it was all bosh what she said. I don’t care for her.’

‘No more do I,’ said Julia; ‘but Arthur never said she was to be tricked, so I give you fair warning you won’t get any symptomatics of mine if you try that on. I shall tell her it’s all humbug, and we mean to go, so let’s see to the flags and weapons.’

There was plenty to do in mending flags, and stringing bows, and sharpening arrows, and the morning was gone before they knew where they were. It was clearly too late at half-past twelve to take any further steps then, and Julia thought she would have it out with Lizzie at dinner, but the opportunity failed her. Some old friends of their father had called to see him in passing through Clackworthy, and Lizzie had asked them to stay to luncheon on the chance of his coming in. They noticed the children kindly, but of course there was less chance than usual for chatter, and after dinner Lizzie went into the drawing-room with the guests, only saying to the children—

‘If you want something to do, the rain has brought up a lot more plantains, and I know papa will keep his promise of a penny for fifty. Oh, and Julia, don’t forget your scales.’

‘Bothersome old things!’ Julia twisted sharply round, but oddly enough she felt it disobedience to her mother to neglect practising, though wrangling with Lizzie did not weigh on her conscience in that way at all. She swung herself into the school-room, and sat down at the piano, repeating to herself, ‘Diatonic Major Scale of C. No sharps

nor flats. Common chord C E G,' and rushed through it at a distracting pace ; but scramble as she would she had time for a great deal of brooding over Lizzie's tyranny before she came to the end of her scales and exercises, when she shut the piano with a bang, and found Grace standing by her holding her hat.

'Quick, Julia! Put on your hat! We are going after all!'

'No! you don't say so. Has Lizzie changed her mind? I thought she was as hard as adamant!'

'The boys and Mary are gone on, and I brought down your hat to save time. It's nearly three o'clock, so there's no time to lose.'

'You're sure it's all right about Lizzie?' said Julia, a little doubtfully, putting on her hat.

'Oh yes, as right as right! Sam says there's no danger, so we may go.'

If Julia had not set her mind so very strongly on playing in the chalk-pit, and made herself believe Lizzie was ill-using them all by keeping them away, she might have inquired more closely ; but she would not stop to consider, and exclaimed—

'What fun for old Liz to have to own herself wrong! Come on! Where's the banner? Ju-Island to the rescue! If only that stupid Fred had not deserted us!

'Proudly our azure flag shall wave
Over the field our armies save!'

There they were, as they wished, and they ought to have enjoyed themselves ; but somehow the chalk-pit did not seem nearly so delightful as before. Perhaps they missed Fred's generalship, or five were not enough for a good game, or the ground was slippery from the wet, or they had grown tired of the amusement. Anyhow there was no spirit in the conflict, and a great dispute arose about the castle precincts, and how much had been won last time.

'Grace, I will not fight with treacherous foes. You *know* the moat goes there, and it is a hundred yards wide, so you could not possibly jump over, and it is not fair to pretend you can. If you want to get out you must come over the drawbridge.'

Considering that facts went to prove the moat *could* be jumped over, and the pretence was the other way, Julia's argument was weak ; but it did for a grievance, and Grace always showed a lamentable want of imagination. She could not see which way the enemy was coming when there was nothing but empty air, and she would set up sticks to represent the attacking force, which quite spoilt it all, for as Julia said—

'Sticks are impenetrable ; but if you pretend properly you can have as many men as you like from any direction you like.'

So Julia and Herbert used the sticks as missiles to throw into the castle, and Grace said they were throwing in their own allies, and

Tony threatened to hang them from the castle-wall before their eyes ; to which Julia retorted—

‘Ju-landers are *not* sticks, whatever Grace-landers may be ; and if you play so unfairly, I won’t play at all.’

The dispute was serious. Everybody was sure it was somebody else’s fault, and matters looked very black, when a joyful cry arose of—

‘There’s Fred !’ and sure enough there he was, coming down the pit with his butterfly net over his shoulder. He was welcomed with shouts of delight, and his presence revived the drooping spirits of the forces ; infusing, as Julia said, new vigour into the garrison, and inspiring the assailants with fresh determination to conquer or die. She began spouting a Ju-land ode again—

‘How proudly then the flag it flew,
The Ju-land flag of azure blue !
And then the soldiers loudly sang,
And lustily their guns did bang.’

They rushed on the castle. Herbert grappled with Grace, Mary flew on Tony, Julia attacked Fred with her spear, shouting—

‘Hurrah, hurrah, we’ve took the tower,
And we it to the ground will lower.
Full many a Gorman did we kill
Before we reached the castle hill.’

‘Don’t holloa till you are out of the wood !’ cried Fred, seizing the point of her spear.

But as he spoke a crash shook the ground under them. The side of the pit just above where they were playing had given way ! Julia sprang back terrified and blinded with dust ; Fred darted at Grace, snatching her out of the way of a huge stone, and was thrown down himself among the falling chalk and rubbish, but, recovering his footing, staggered back to a tree, where he leant struggling for breath. Herbert had sprung back like Julia, and was safe ; but Tony and Mary ! Where were they ? A smothered scream was heard ; but as the blinding dust cleared off they were nowhere to be seen. They had been close under the side of the pit where it overhung most, and they must be buried in the ruins ! Julia was too stunned and bewildered to take in what had happened, but she heard Fred calling to her to run for her life and get help, and she set off headlong across the field.

Lizzie had gone to show the church to Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, leaving the children rooting up plantains in the garden, and never dreaming that they would take advantage of her absence to run off in direct defiance of her orders. Nor would her own brothers and sisters have done so if left to themselves ; but Grace had so often persuaded Tony to do forbidden things on the sly, that he was growing very careless about honour in his dealings. They had consulted the gardener about

the safety of the chalk-pit, and he, knowing nothing of the matter, pronounced it as safe to play there as anywhere else, whereupon Grace, on seeing Lizzie go out, proposed to run off there, and Tony was easily induced to consent. Herbert and Mary did not know that it had been forbidden, and the only difficulty was about Julia. There would be no fun without her, and they knew she would not go without Lizzie's knowledge; but Grace undertook to manage her, and thought she had contrived it cleverly without telling a direct falsehood.

So when Lizzie parted from her friends, who could wait no longer for Dr. Ræstryfe, she came back to find her birds flown, and was calling and hunting all over the garden when Julia rushed madly in the back way, without her hat, covered with dust, and her hair streaming in the wind.

'Julia! what is the matter? Where are the others?'

'Don't! Oh don't stop me! It was an—an avalanche, I think. Fred told me to call Sam!'

'You have not been to the chalk-pit!'

'I thought you knew. Oh, it all came crashing down like thunder! Where's Sam?'

Lizzie was shocked and terrified, but she saw she could get nothing out of Julia, and ran to call the gardener, who happily was close by, and set off as fast as he could across the field, Julia after him. Lizzie went back to warn nurse that something had happened, and then ran to the chalk-pit herself, breathless and trembling, finding Fred and some men trying to clear away the rubbish, Herbert looking on stupefied, Grace crying, and Julia lying with her face on the ground. No one answered her exclamation—

'What? Who? Where are Tony and Mary?'

But she heard some one say—

'They can't never come out alive!' and dropped down on the grass under the tree, feeling as if she could not stand a minute longer. Fred saw her, and came to her, leaning against the tree as he told what had happened; but she was too bewildered to notice how pale he looked.

'There's papa!' she exclaimed. 'Oh, how shall I tell him?'

'He must have heard,' said Fred, moving off across the pit to meet him, and Lizzie following, saw his look of, as she thought, reproach at her. He hastened to the spot to give directions and keep off the crowd that were collecting, and a minute after Arthur ran up, looking horror-struck.

He and Florence had heard a report at the station which frightened Florence terribly; and when they reached home they found nurse in a state of suspense and alarm, mingled with wrath at cook and the other maids for having run off to see what had happened, instead of staying to prepare at home. Arthur could make nothing of her account, and had left Florence to her care and come to find out what was

the matter, trying to persuade himself it was all nonsense; but with a dreadful feeling coming over him that whatever it was he had helped it on by teaching the children to disregard Lizzie's authority.

'Two killed!' were the first words he heard, and then he saw Tony with a deadly white face insensible in his father's arms. He nearly ran away again, but Lizzie saw him, and he felt as if he did not deserve her 'Oh, Arthur, I am glad you are come!'

'What is it?' he said, hardly able to speak.

'The chalk fell on Tony and Mary,' said Lizzie, who was holding Mary on her lap, crying and sobbing violently. 'They are only just set free; but—oh Fred! what do they say?'

'He is alive,' said Fred. 'Dr. Restryfe is going to carry him home, and he says we are all to go.'

He made a movement to take Mary, but drew back, putting his hand to his side, and Arthur exclaimed—

'You hurt too!'

'Only a bruise from a big stone,' said Fred; but he did not offer to take Mary again, and Arthur lifted her from Lizzie's lap and carried her off, clinging round his neck, and screaming in a way that was rather reassuring, for she could hardly have made so much noise had she been very seriously hurt.

Florence was sitting on the nursery window-seat, watching with sickening anxiety to catch a glimpse of what was going on. She saw Julia and Herbert come into the garden first, and ran out to meet them, but could only gain a confused account. Julia was sure of nothing but that Tony looked as if he was killed and nurse was to get his bed ready, and she was so bewildered that but for Florence, nurse would hardly have been warned. Arthur came in with Mary in his arms, and shook Florence off as she would have questioned him.

'Don't! they want Mr. Dankin, and I saw him pass. Sam went the other way to his house and he will miss him.'

Julia heard her father's step, and fled to her own room. Florence went into the passage and met Lizzie leading Grace.

'Floss, dear, send nurse to Tony's room,' she exclaimed, 'and see what you can do with this poor little thing. I'll see to Mary.'

'Is she hurt?' said Florence, taking hold of Grace's hand.

'I think not, only frightened; but she can't stop crying. Take her, there's a good child.'

Florence would not have chosen this task, but she knew she must do what came to hand, and drew Grace into her room, trying to soothe her; but Grace was a delicate child, and had been so thoroughly upset and frightened that she really could not command herself, and Florence was quite alarmed at her violent sobs. She would not take off her clothes, or lie down on the bed, or do anything Florence asked her, but flung herself on the floor in a perfect passion of crying. Any one of their own children would have yielded at once to Florence's gentle

caresses, but Grace was quite beyond her. At last in despair she called the housemaid, who was passing, and she came in and dealt summarily with the patient, ordering her to be quiet that minute, and not make that row when there was trouble enough without. Florence thought her hard-hearted, but Grace's sobs subsided under the treatment, and Eliza proceeded to put her to bed, with sundry uncomplimentary remarks on the power of mischief some people could do.

'Oh, what is that?' cried Florence, as another shriek was heard.

'Master Tony, miss. Mr. Dankin is setting his leg.'

'His leg? Then he is come to himself?'

'Yes, miss. He came to when he was put in his own bed; but his leg is badly broken, and he screams fit to frighten anybody if they do but lay a finger near it.'

'And Mary!'

'She is put to bed. They don't think she's broken any bones, but she's shaken and bruised.'

Eliza was called, and went away saying—

'Now, you lie still, and go to sleep, Miss Grace; you've done quite enough mischief for one while without worritting Miss Florence to death.'

'Don't go!' screamed Grace, as Florence was leaving the room. 'I can't stay alone!'

'Grace, dear, I must go and see if Lizzie wants me.'

'No! no! Why did she say it was me? It wasn't! I can't stay alone!'

Grace seized Florence's hand, and went on talking of the cruelty of saying such things. Nothing would quiet her, and poor Florence was kept prisoner for nearly half an hour, when Lizzie came in, looking pale and anxious, but speaking gently—

'You here, Floss? I could not think where you were.'

'Oh, Lizzie, how are they?'

'They hope it is not so bad as we feared. Tony's leg is broken, but they can't find any other injury; and Mary does not seem much hurt.'

Lizzie's voice trembled, and Florence threw her arms round her neck, feeling the tears on her face as she whispered, 'Oh, Floss, what a mercy it is! I could never have met mamma!'

Grace tossed round again, calling Florence; and Lizzie said, 'Poor little thing! It is hard she should have been led into the mischief. I'll stay with her. Will you go and make tea, dear? They must all be famished.'

CHAPTER VIII.

‘Dim or unheard, the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.’

—*Christian Year.*

JULIA was crying in her own room when she heard Tony's horrible shrieks, and, not able to bear the sounds, she rushed down to the school-room with her hands over her ears, banged the door, and flung herself on the floor, hiding her face on the window-seat. She thought the room was empty, but some one said, ‘Who's that?’ and looking up startled, she saw Fred lying full length on the old horse-hair sofa.

‘It's me,’ she said, dismally. ‘Is anything the matter? Oh! did you hurt yourself too? I'll call somebody.’

‘No, don't. I only hurt my side when I fell down, and I thought I was out of the way here.’

‘Oh, I am so sorry! Is it very bad? Do let me call nurse or Lizzie.’

‘They couldn't do anything if you did. No, really! I did feel rather queer when I came in, but I am better now. How are the others?’

‘Suppose you had injured your spine!’ said Julia, opening her eyes wide with alarm. Her notions of what the ‘spine’ meant were of the vaguest, but she thought the expression sounded rather interesting.

‘Spines don't grow in one's side,’ said Fred, almost laughing at her look. ‘How is Tony? Do you know?’

‘Oh, I don't know. I think they must be doing something very, very dreadful. He was screaming, oh, so horribly! It pierced through and through my ears.’

‘Then he has come to himself?’

‘I don't know. It sounded so agonising I couldn't bear it, so I ran down here.’

‘And Mary?’

‘I don't know. I got out of the way in my room.’

‘Where's Arthur?’

‘I don't know. I didn't want to see that horrid little Grace. Oh, Fred, I'm afraid you got hurt saving her, and she is such a horrid little mean sneak.’

‘Is she hurt?’

‘I don't know. Horrid little thing! It was all her fault, persuading me it was all right, and Lizzie knew we were going; and I'm sure it was all a fragment!’

Fred supposed she meant a figment, but he did not understand her

complaints. 'What do you mean?' he said. 'Did Lizzie tell you not to go?'

'Yes. Just after you were gone, she said we mustn't go, because the sides were coming down, or something. I don't know how she knew, but of course we thought it was humbug.'

'I don't know why "of course."'

'Why, of course we did, when she's always nagging. So I said I would tell her it was all bosh, and we didn't mean to mind; but I couldn't, because Mr. and Mrs. Cameron came. So I had to practise my scales; and Grace came and said they were going, and I asked her if Lizzie knew, and she said it was all right, so I went. But I don't believe she did.'

'I should have thought you had learnt Grace's ways by this time.'

'You've found her out too! Oh, I'm so glad! Lizzie believes her, but I do think she is the meanest little sneak! So you see it was all her fault.'

'Was it?'

'What do you mean?' Julia went into another long tirade to prove it, but Fred only answered by grunts till after her third appeal, 'Don't you see it was?' and then he roused himself to say, 'No, I don't.'

'Why? Do please tell me why?'

'You had made up your mind not to mind Lizzie.'

'But I meant to tell her so! You don't think I would trick her, and do it behind her back, do you?'

'No.'

'And don't you see it makes all the difference! If she knows I don't mean to mind, she can stop me if she can, and it's all fair play; but she can't expect us to mind all her fidgets.'

Fred did not answer. He was in too much pain to care to talk, but Julia never suspected this, and was determined to bring him to her opinion; so she returned to the charge, and ended another long speech with, 'I know you do think so, only you won't say so.'

'I don't. I think it is as much our duty to submit ourselves, as it is to be true and just in all our dealings.'

'But that's in the Catechism!'

'Well?'

'That's quite different.'

'Oh, Julia, you know better than that!'

Of course Julia knew better, but carefully as she had been taught, she had somehow never perceived the connection between what she called 'Sunday things' and every-day childish matters. She supposed grown-up people thought about such things, and she knew Florence did; but to find that Fred, who, though he was some years older than herself, was only a school-boy, and a very lively, merry one, really brought the Catechism to bear on playing in the chalk-pit, made an impression on her she never forgot.

Florence ran down, as Lizzie bade her, to make tea. It was past seven, and they generally had tea at six; but every one had been far too much occupied to think of such a thing. The dining-room table was spread, but no one was there, and she opened the school-room door to look for the others. Julia sat on the floor in one of her peculiar attitudes, and some one, she could not see whom, was on the sofa; but she knew Fred's voice as he asked for Tony and Mary, and she answered with the account Lizzie had given her.

'Then there's no harm done after all!' cried Julia, leaping up. Perhaps she felt a little ashamed of the serious turn her conversation with Fred had taken, or perhaps his insinuation that she was to blame rendered her anxious to make light of the whole affair.

'No harm in a broken leg?' said Fred.

'Oh, nothing to look so gloomy about. I say, Floss, are we going to have any tea?'

'It's quite ready,' said Florence, wondering how her sister could speak so lightly; and Julia rushed away to look for Herbert, while Fred pulled himself up by the back of the sofa. It was too dark for Florence to see how he winced, but his way of moving made her exclaim, 'Oh, Fred, you didn't hurt yourself too? Were you there?'

'Yes, I had a roll over that makes me rather stiff, but I don't think it's anything to matter, thank you.'

'I'm so sorry! Do stay here and have some tea brought. And you've been lying on that horrid old hard sofa! Why couldn't Ju have the sense to get you a cushion from the drawing-room?'

It was a wild flight of imagination to suppose Julia would think of such a thing, and Fred laughed as he said, 'It was very comfortable, thank you. I would much rather come into the dining-room.'

Julia clattered down stairs, saying Herbert had had his tea, and was going to bed; and Arthur came in directly after, looking grave and subdued. He had been helping his father in Tony's room, and was far too much upset by the accident to make light of it as Julia did.

'Is papa coming?' said Florence.

'Yes, when he has finished a letter to mamma.'

'Oh, is he writing to her?'

'Yes.' Arthur went on carving cold beef as if he were not inclined to volunteer information, and Julia exclaimed, 'I wish he'd told me to write! I could have given such a thrilling account!'

'It sways—it loosens—it descends—
And downward holds its headlong way.'

'I say, Julia, don't go on humbugging now,' said Arthur, almost crossly.

'Why, it's all over, and nobody——'

'Fred, do have something to eat!' exclaimed Florence, cutting her

short. 'I am sure you are not well. Would you like anything better than beef?'

'No, thank you. I don't want anything but some tea.'

'Why, Fred, I did not know you were really hurt!' said Arthur, pausing in his carving, remorseful at having forgotten, as Fred leant his head on his hand, looking ashy pale, and murmuring, 'I believe I had better go to bed.'

'Lie down on the sofa!' cried Florence, hastily clearing off various miscellaneous articles that were apt to find a place on the dining-room sofa; and he stood up, but he caught at the back of the chair, and could not have crossed the room without Arthur's help.

'Call papa, Arthur! and Ju, get some water, quick!' exclaimed Florence, who had an idea water was the correct thing, though her experience was limited. 'Cold water!' she added, as Julia was taking up the kettle. 'Oh, Julia, how can you be so stupid?' and she seized the water-bottle and dashed the contents in Fred's face, which so far revived him that as Dr. Restryfe came in he started up, exclaiming—

'Oh, I am so sorry! How could I be such an ass?'

But moving had brought such violent pain that he fainted away, and it was some time before he revived at all. Arthur was sent to fetch the surgeon again, and Florence handily brought remedies under her father's direction; but Julia stood with clasped hands, only once attempting to do anything, and then she handed her father a tablespoon to mix something in a wine-glass, and could not understand his impatient exclamation. When Mr. Dankin came, he took Fred in his arms and carried him up stairs like a baby, and Florence and Julia lingered forlorn in the dining-room, with the untasted meal on the table. Florence took the kettle into the kitchen for the water to be kept warm, and Julia sat on the rug, as dismal as she had been giddy before.

'How can you, Floss? when Fred looked as if he was dying!'

'I don't think he was so bad as that,' said Florence; 'and if he was, it would do him no good to let the tea get cold.' But this matter-of-fact view did not seem to console Julia at all. Florence curled herself on the sofa, tired out with the day's excitement. It seemed a week since she had been talking to her mother! Oh, if only mamma were at home she would set everything right, and know what to do with Grace. Florence's thoughts were more occupied with Grace than with Fred. To be sure it was very sad for poor Fred, but still he was a boy, and older, and it did not seem so utterly forlorn for him as for Grace, who had had no one to help her for so long, and was so miserable and unhappy. She did not know all Grace's misdeeds, but she suspected quite enough to account for her state of terror, and she lay turning in her mind how she could help her, and recollecting ever so many things she might have said. Presently she began wondering whether she had better go up stairs and see if she could be of any more

use, but her head ached so that she was dizzy with the pain when she lifted it, and she lay still, and was just dropping into a doze, when Julia jumped up and exclaimed, 'Why shouldn't we have our supper and go to bed? They are such a long time up stairs!'

'You can.'

'Won't you?'

'I don't want any. I shall wait for papa and Arthur.'

Julia hesitated, but she knew she deserved a scolding, and was willing to put off the evil day of meeting her father; so at last, after making a very good supper, she went, saying, 'You'll tell me about Fred when you come up. I hope—oh, I hope—he isn't screaming like Tony.'

Florence did not think that at all likely, and she was glad to get rid of Julia and be quiet again. She was very forlorn and miserable, longing for her mother, and dreamily feeling as if she had no right to do so when Grace must want hers so much more. Besides, she had promised mamma to be cheerful, and this was not being cheerful, to lie here in the dark! Just then she heard steps on the stairs, and started up to listen, and in a minute Arthur came in, saying—

'Is that you, Floss? Where's Julia?'

'Gone to bed,' said Florence. 'Oh, Arthur, I am so tired! I do so want mamma!'

'I wish she was here!' said Arthur. 'You silly little thing, why didn't you go to bed too?'

'Oh, I don't know!' Florence burst into tears, fully expecting to be scolded, and wondering to find that Arthur let her cling to him and put his arm round her, though he had nothing to say but 'You had much better go to bed.'

His caress had done her good, and she looked up more brightly as her father came in, surprised to find her there, and telling her it was nonsense to say she could not eat; she must have some supper. She was afraid he was angry, but he settled her tenderly on the sofa, and Arthur cut her a tempting little sandwich. It was very pleasant to be so petted, but she was ashamed to recollect how comfortably she had meant to make tea for her father, and now he was waiting on her! Lizzie came down, and then Florence remembered she had never asked about Fred.

The account was not very comfortable. He had broken two ribs, and was terribly bruised, and seemed so unable to bear up against pain, as to make the doctors anxious. Probably he was all the worse for having exerted himself after the accident, though he declared he really did not know there was much the matter till, as he came up the garden, all the scarlet geraniums began to dance about on the lawn, and he turned so queer that he could not the least tell how he reached the sofa. He only remembered waking up there and finding it hurt him so much to move that he lay still till Julia rushed in upon him

It was, as Dr. Restryfe said, misplaced fortitude to try to sit up to tea instead of owning the hurt at once, but it might be excused in a boy who had never known serious illness, and was always sternly discouraged from mentioning small ailments, as was evident from his surprise at any one thinking of apologising for having neglected him.

Directly after supper Dr. Restryfe rang the bell for prayers, and Florence heard his voice tremble as he read the usual thanksgiving for mercies during the day. Oh, it was indeed something to be thankful for to be spared the dreadful sorrow they had feared at first! If only they had been able to help bringing all this anxiety that had come! Perhaps, as mamma said, if she had not been so dismal, the others would have attended to her, and she might have helped keep them right. She would try very hard, and pray for strength, but she felt as if she did not deserve her father's kiss and blessing.

Tony had been dozing when Lizzie came down, but he was awake now, and nurse reported he was that contrary she could do nothing with him. He would not lie still, and his papa must come and give him a talking to; but Dr. Restryfe was obliged to go first and see to Fred, who was moaning with the pain that the tight bandages seemed to make unbearable. He tried to settle him more easily, but moving brought back the faintness, and he was summoned twice to Tony before he was able to go, leaving Arthur in charge. Arthur was rather proud of his own powers of bearing pain stolidly without betraying it, and might have despised Fred for not being able to help showing how much he was suffering; but his self-esteem had received a severe shock to-day, and he felt that though he would have borne it silently, he could never have taken so gratefully all that was done for his relief. It would simply have made him sullen to be meddled with! Fred lay for some minutes with closed eyes, breathing uneasily, and then looked up, saying faintly, 'Do tell me that verse. It won't come.'

'What verse?' said Arthur, almost thinking he was wandering.

'You know. Mr. Howard's sermon. "Making melody," and "Giving thanks."'

'Oh, I know.' Arthur recollected the sermon and what Fred had said afterwards, and he repeated the text, which he had often learnt in the Sunday Epistles: 'Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord. Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ; submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.'

'For all things,' murmured Fred to himself; and after a minute he startled Arthur again by asking dreamily 'What day of the month is it?'

'The thirtieth of August.'

'I thought so. I heard the organ just now: "Let everything that hath breath——." But they don't go right.'

‘The Psalms? Shall I say them?’

‘Yes, do.’

Both boys were in the choir at school, and were accustomed to chant the Psalms daily at morning and evening chapel, so that they knew them pretty well by heart. Those for the last evening of the month were particular favourites, especially the last verse; but they had little thought when last they joined their voices with pealing organ and full choir in ‘Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord,’ how they would next use the glorious words.

‘O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God: yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.’ It was not what Arthur would have chosen under such circumstances, but Fred listened as if it were what he wanted, and he lay so still when Arthur had finished that he hoped he was asleep.

That sermon! Arthur felt conscience-stricken as he recollected it. Mr. Howard was an extremely popular young master, and his sermons were always liked and attended to more than any others. This one had been preached just before the holidays, and he had spoken in it of the joyful spirit of thanksgiving, in which all things, trials and blessings alike, should be received from a Heavenly Father’s hand with childlike trust and submission; and of the way in which the same temper of submission would show itself to man, not in rebelling against authority or asserting its own rights, but in cheerful obedience and readiness to sacrifice self. Fred had said, as they were walking together after Church, that it was ‘a jolly sermon,’ and had followed up the rather inappropriate praise by a remark which sounded as if he were applying it to his own life at his uncle’s; but, beyond a momentary pity for any one who had such an uncomfortable home that he had to bring sermons to his aid in enduring it, Arthur had not thought much more about it. The remembrance came back to him now, and with it the thought if he had but done the same how different things would have been. Lizzie had no doubt been tiresome and provoking, but that was the very trial he ought to have met cheerfully! Very likely she would have given in if he had been good-humoured, and if not it would not have hurt any of them to yield, and the children would have forgotten there was any grievance if he had encouraged them to submit instead of rebel! Then they might have gone on happily, this last flagrant act of disobedience would never have been perpetrated, and all the trouble and distress would have been spared!

‘If only Fred had been me it would have been very different. It’s what he tried to do all the time, he and Floss, and now he’s half killed! I only wish I could bear it all for him!’ thought Arthur; and there his meditations were interrupted by a moan of ‘Oh! I can’t bear it!’ from Fred; but directly after came a murmur, ‘For all things—giving thanks.’

Tired as she was Florence could not settle to sleep for hours, and

just as she began to doze she was roused by a dismal howling cry in the next room, and going to see what was the matter she found Grace in a state of trembling and shivering, having just waked out of a horrid dream. It was almost impossible to soothe her; it was no use to tell her poor Fred was very ill and the noise would hurt him; she did not seem to hear what was said to her, and she would keep on repeating 'It wasn't my fault! I didn't make the pit fall in! Why did you say I did?'

Florence had not said so. She had not heard the rights of the story, and had never dreamt of her being more to blame than any one else; but these vehement protestations rather roused her suspicions, though she could do nothing but try to coax and comfort her. She got into bed with her, and fondled and hushed her as Grace had not been fondled for years, and at last she fell asleep, but Florence's sleep had been effectually driven away, and she only lay still for fear of waking Grace till Eliza came to call them and exclaimed at finding her there, telling her she looked like a ghost. She inquired eagerly for news of the others, and was informed that Master Tony hadn't been still a minute together all night, and master had been backwards and forwards from him to Mr. Mortimer, who was as ill as ever he could be. Master Arthur had fetched Mr. Dankin an hour ago, and nurse said they couldn't hardly keep the life in him, poor young gentleman, and she didn't think he could ever get through it; and to be sure how bad it was to think of his poor mamma so far off knowing nothing about it! It was some comfort that this dismal report rested on nurse's authority, for she always took a gloomy view of illness, particularly if she was fond of the patient; and as Fred had won her heart by his good-nature to the little ones, it might be hoped that her prognostications were only a proof of affection; but such news was a depressing beginning for the day.

Florence went to her room to fetch her things, promising Grace to come back soon, and found Julia wondering what had become of her.

'Oh, it's Grace, is it?' she said, when she heard. 'Horrid little thing! It was all—but no, Fred said it was I, so I'd better not incriminate her.'

'What?' said Florence, wanting to get at the rights of the story before returning to Grace.

'He said it was our duty to our neighbour,' said Julia; with which lucid explanation she left the room, and Florence was not much enlightened. When she went back to Grace she was surprised to find her half-dressed, scrambling into her clothes in a hurried way, and rejecting offers of help in a manner she did not understand considering how ready she generally was to be waited on.

'Don't, Floss! You have no business to meddle with my things. That isn't my frock. Don't touch it!'

‘Why not?’ said Florence in amaze. ‘Why,’ she added, as she caught sight of enormous grease spots, ‘what have you been doing?’

‘Nothing! Never mind; it’s only grease. It’s very unkind of you!’

‘Was that why you did not want me to look?’ said Florence, so sure that something was wrong that she took the frock to examine it.

‘Why, it looks like butter. Oh, Grace! You don’t mean——?’

‘Don’t! don’t! oh, don’t tell! I didn’t mean—oh! There’s Lizzie!’

They both started so as Lizzie came in that she felt sure all was not right, and changed the petting she had prepared for Grace into rather a severe ‘What have you there?’

‘Only—only my dirty frock.’

‘Why should you try to hide it? Let me look. Why, you have greased it all over! What have you done to it?’

‘Oh, don’t!’ Grace buried her face in the bed, and Lizzie looked at Florence, who was obliged to falter reluctantly, ‘Monday evening.’

‘Monday evening! What!—that butter—! Oh, Grace, how could you deceive me so?’

Grace screamed as she had done in the night, and Florence whispered, ‘Oh, don’t make her cry—she will disturb Fred!’

‘I cannot pet her,’ said Lizzie; but just then came a sharp rap at the door, and Arthur’s voice, ‘Is Lizzie there?’

Florence opened the door, and he said hurriedly, ‘Lizzie, papa says you know where the champagne is, and you are to take the key out of his room and get a bottle—quick!’

‘There was some in the dining-room,’ said Lizzie, springing forward.

‘Only a little—they used it in the night. Don’t be an hour.’

‘Fred?’ said Florence, in a frightened voice, as Lizzie ran away.

‘Yes.’

Arthur seemed half-choked, and Julia came out of the nursery saying, ‘Oh, Arthur, is it really? It’s only nurse, is it? She says we have killed him with our mischievousness. Oh, don’t! Do say he isn’t so ill!’

‘He’s very ill indeed.’ Arthur’s tone frightened Julia even more than his words, and she stood quite still, looking as white as a sheet.

Lizzie brought the wine, and after speaking to her father at Fred’s door, came to them, saying, ‘Papa thinks he is not suffering quite so much, but he is frightfully exhausted, and they can’t bring him round.’

‘How sad for none of his friends to know!’ whispered Florence.

‘I think papa will telegraph if he is not better very soon,’ said Lizzie.

Telegraph! It sounded like a far more desperate measure some eighteen years ago than it does now, and they all felt their worst fears confirmed. Grace began sobbing again ‘It wasn’t me. Julia said she would go!’

'Grace, I never said I would go behind Lizzie's back!' said Julia, suddenly waking from the sort of trance she had stood in, and turning round and running down stairs, darting a glance from her black eyes that made Grace positively cower.

'It wasn't! it wasn't!' she sobbed, as Lizzie and Florence dragged her back into her room. 'I never told her you knew we were going. She had no business to say I did.'

Florence would have coaxed her into quiet and left an investigation until afterwards, but Lizzie was quite upset by the discovery about the butter, and could not rest without getting to the bottom of the whole affair.

'Did you persuade her to go?' she said sternly.

Grace clung to Florence, and cried more bitterly than ever. 'I did not tell her you said we might,' was all that could be extracted from her; but she could not contradict Florence's 'But you made her believe it. Oh, poor Grace, I am so sorry for you!'

Dr. Restryfe himself came to the door, to say sternly that they *must* be quiet; Fred had revived a little, and the noise of crying excited him, and was doing serious harm. His tone frightened Grace enough to check her a little, and Florence knelt by her and coaxed her, while Lizzie murmured—

'How can you, Floss?'

The best thing to do for Grace seemed to be to put her to bed again, and Florence tucked her up and kissed her, and promised her some breakfast; but Lizzie could not have brought herself to treat her so on any account.

'I could not have believed one would be so deceitful,' she exclaimed, as they left the room. 'Why, Floss dear, what is it?' she added, frightened, as she found Florence trembling all over, and choking with tears, which she vainly tried to check. Her disturbed night had not helped her to get over yesterday's fatigues, and this last excitement had completely upset her.

Nurse was with Tony, and Lizzie did not know what to do for her; but Arthur, who was lingering by Fred's door, came to the rescue—helped to lay her on her bed, and petted, and fondled, and comforted her in the most effectual manner; while poor Lizzie stood by, feeling as if she were of no use to any of them. She had set them all against her, let herself be taken in by Grace, and done harm everywhere. Was it all her own fault? Surely the others had behaved very ill; and how could she help it?

Florence disengaged herself from Arthur, threw her arms round her sister's neck, and whispered—

'I am so sorry I did not help you more. Do please be kind to Grace.'

Lizzie kissed her, and settled her pillow, and they left her to go to sleep.

As they went down stairs, Arthur said—

‘I say, Lizzie, I am awfully sorry. I know they would have minded you better if I hadn’t set their backs up.’

Lizzie felt that if she spoke she should go into as helpless a fit of crying as Florence had done. She could only squeeze her hand on her brother’s shoulder, as she opened the dining-room door.

The Rector had just come to inquire, and was urgent to take some of the children home with him for the day; and Lizzie felt it would be such a relief, that she gratefully accepted the invitation for Julia and Herbert.

Julia exclaimed, on hearing it—

‘Oh don’t! I cannot—cannot go! I sha’n’t hear how he is.’ But, after a minute or two of silence, while Lizzie and Mr. Wilson were talking, when her sister turned to her again, and desired her to fetch her hat, she said, with a resolute air, ‘Yes, I will submit,’ and went off without another word.

(To be continued.)

ON THE REVIVAL OF DEACONESSSES IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

THE valuable Report just issued on Sisterhoods, Brotherhoods, and Deaconesses, by the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation, and the interesting debate to which it gave occasion, bring the subject of organized Church workers more prominently than usual before the minds of the thoughtful among us; and will, we may hope, result in winning for these various agencies a more fully recognised position as indispensable weapons in the mighty warfare against evil which Christ has left as His legacy to His Church on earth.

Perhaps we can point to no more undeniable token of the presence of the Holy Ghost, with all His energizing power within the English Church in these latter days, than the rapid growth of Sisterhoods, from the very small beginning in the year 1848, when one who still lives to see the great result, sowed, amid much suspicion and opposition, the small seed, which has become a mighty tree, sheltering in its branches large and flourishing communities.

It is a remarkable fact, that much as we owe to the revival of religion in England at the close of the eighteenth century, it never produced a single attempt in favour of organized Religious Life; but as soon as the Faith of the Church was taught in all its completeness, the higher forms of self-devotion, as by a necessary law, began to manifest themselves. The appearance of Anglican Sisters of Mercy in the streets of Plymouth and Devonport was greeted with a howl of opposi-

tion and scorn ; but new movements only succeed in proportion to the opposition which they encounter, and so this prospered and grew, and soon other communities were founded, at Clewer, at Wantage, and elsewhere. These are now, some of them, large and powerful organizations, rich in the gifts of the faithful, but richer still in good works, and nurturing many a chosen soul which will prove a costly jewel in the diadem wherewith the Church will be adorned in the day of the Bridegroom's return. It is not however of these that we wish now to speak, nor of Brotherhoods, which are slowly winning for themselves a recognised place among the Church's agencies, but of Deaconesses, the most ancient of all bodies of organized religious workers. Sundry attempts have been made to revive the order, but with, as yet, small success ; and whilst there is no lack of postulants seeking admission into Sisterhoods, very few are to be found who are willing to become Deaconesses. Why is this ? Why should a religious order which claims Apostolic sanction in its origin, which till nearly the close of the third century was the only form of organized Church work for women, and which formed as much a part of the machinery of each diocese as the male diaconate,—why should it have fallen into complete abeyance for more than a thousand years, and why should its revival now prove so slow, and commend itself so little to the sympathy of the Church in comparison with institutions of a later date ? To answer this question fully would occupy more space than can be assigned to it in this paper ; but much is undoubtedly due to the influence of what, for want of a better term, we must call Mediævalism, an influence which has made itself largely felt, some may think too largely, in the Catholic revival within the English Church.

The substitution of communities of women devoted to a religious life, under a rule external to the authority of the Bishop, for the Deaconess of primitive times, was a gradual work, originating probably in the necessities of the troubled times which preceded the fall of the Roman Empire, and the general disintegration of society which accompanied it. As upon the ruins of that Empire grew up slowly, and little by little, the mighty edifice of the Papal power, religious orders both for men and women grew up *pari passu* to be its most powerful support. It is not without meaning that the statues of the founders of the chief religious orders occupy the first place in the nave of the great Basilica which is the centre of Papal Christendom, for it is to them that Rome has chiefly owed her preservation in the most notable crises of her existence.

The female diaconate was for the most part extinct in the Western Church by the end of the sixth century. As early as the middle of the fifth century, we find that two French Provincial Councils passed canons, forbidding the consecration of any fresh Deaconesses, owing to certain abuses which had arisen ; but till about that period, when the monastic life was growing more and more into favour with the women

who wished to devote themselves to the service of God, we find Deaconesses occupying much the same relative position as Deacons among the officers of the Church. These last, be it remembered, were employed, in primitive times, in offices more strictly subordinate to the priesthood than at the present day. Phebe, 'a servant,' in the original 'a *deaconess* of the church which is at Cenchrea,' was evidently from the context a person holding an important official position, and intrusted with important duties. Our best commentators are of opinion that the passage in 1 Tim. iii. 11, relating to the *wives* of the Deacons, ought to be interpreted the *Deaconesses*; and Dean Howson thinks the 'aged women' mentioned in the Epistle to Titus mean really women holding an official position in the Church.

The information given us in the New Testament, respecting the external organization of the Church, even with regard to more important matters is very limited; but in the writings of the early Fathers we find constant mention of Deaconesses, and the so-called Apostolic Constitutions abound with rules respecting them, and contain a form of service for their consecration. Canons also were passed with regard to them at the two great Ecumenical Councils of Nicæa and Chalcedon. The names of several Deaconesses of note in their time have come down to us, specially of Olympias, the friend of S. Chrysostom, a woman of remarkable talents as well as great saintliness. S. Chrysostom, like most men who have left a great name in the Church, relied much on the co-operation of women; and we learn that in his day there were in Constantinople forty Deaconesses attached to the Cathedral alone, besides those belonging to the parish Churches. We perceive how entirely the Deaconess was looked upon as a necessary member of the Church's staff in early days by the regulations in the Apostolic Constitutions for the due apportionment of the Offertory. They provide that the Bishop shall receive four shares, the Presbyters three, the Deacons two, and the Deaconesses one. Evidently it was as much taken for granted that the Bishop would have Deaconesses as that he would have Priests and Deacons on his staff. They were employed in preparing female converts for baptism, in keeping the doors of the portion of the Church set apart for women, in ministering to the sick and needy, and specially to the martyrs in prison. It may be useful to give a translation of the prayer used at their consecration to be found in an ancient collection of Offices, which, though somewhat fuller, is very similar to that given in the Apostolic Constitutions—

'O Lord God, strong and mighty, Who didst make all things by the word of Thy power, and dost by Thy command sustain the universe, Who hast been pleased to bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost upon women as well as men; do Thou, O Lord, now mercifully choose this Thy lowly handmaid for the good work of the diaconate, and grant unto her that she may without spot perform this great and sublime ministry before Thee, and be guarded free from all harm in all good works, and that she may instruct the assembly of women, and teach charity and goodness and truth, and may merit from Thee the reward of good works in the great day of the revelation of Thine Only-begotten Son.'

Do we not find here recognised what Dissenting bodies have already realized, and what must have dimly forced itself upon our own experience, that God the Holy Ghost does sometimes vouchsafe to women, even as to men, special gifts for evangelization, though the English Church has never attempted to regulate or make use of them?

We have gone more into detail in speaking of ancient Deaconesses than the limits assigned to this paper would altogether justify, because we believe much ignorance exists on the subject, and many are prejudiced against modern Deaconesses, thinking that they are Lutheran in their origin, rather than catholic in the true sense of the word. But it may be said, when Sisterhoods are so successful and so manifestly blessed in their work, why not be satisfied with them, instead of seeking to revive an institution which has been obsolete for so many hundred years?

Our answer is, that there are many women who would be anxious to give up their lives to work for God and His Church, who yet are unsuited, either by age or temperament, for a community life, and who nevertheless might be an immense source of strength to the Church, if organized and under rule instead of being isolated in their work, or distracted by the obligations of ordinary social life, as they now are. *As a rule* it is found that women who are no longer young, however earnest and devoted, are not suited to the life of a Sisterhood. In addition to this, we believe it would be found on experience that for *parochial work*, women who were under the exclusive authority of the Bishop of the Diocese would be more practically useful than those who owed obedience to an extraneous authority and were liable to be recalled at its bidding. Why should not each Bishop have a band of women such as we have described, trained under his own eye in his Cathedral City, holding his licence, and sent forth by him to work in the crowded parishes of his diocese, or in the diocesan Penitentiary or Hospital? What an increase of power and resource would each diocesan centre thus receive, and how much would many a woman gain of strength and support through the consciousness of an official position, who is now fretted and disheartened while engaged in the irregular and fragmentary work of a District Visitor! A speaker in Convocation gave as a reason why women prefer becoming Sisters to Deaconesses, that those who wish to devote themselves to the Religious Life feel the want, even more than others, of direction, and will on this account seek to enter a Sisterhood. It is quite true that few women can stand alone, and all feel as one of the deepest needs of their nature the want of sympathy and support, but as this is supplied in the case of Sisters by the organized community life, so would it be in the case of Deaconesses by the joint support of the central Home, and the diocesan organization. In the case of Missionary Bishops who have taken out with them a band of female workers, Deaconesses in all but the name, the success has been complete, and there is no reason why it

should not be so likewise in our home dioceses, if sympathy and support were as hearty and assured.

'It would be a blessed work of Christian 'charity,' to quote the weighty words of Bishop Wordsworth, 'to restore the office of Widow and Deaconess in the Church to their primitive simplicity ; and so to engage the affections and sympathies, and to exercise the quiet piety and devout zeal of Christian women, old and young, in the service of Christ in a regular and orderly manner, under the guidance of lawful authority, and with its commission and benediction according to the Apostolic model prescribed by the Holy Ghost.' The attempt to do so is now being made, and six of our Bishops have already established Deaconess Homes in their dioceses, where probationers may receive the training necessary for their work, and workers procure needful rest and refreshment, but all alike testify to the difficulty of finding ladies who have the necessary qualifications, and some of the institutions threaten to die of inanition for want of inmates. Meanwhile the work of the Church languishes, and she is hindered in her glorious mission. On all sides, in Hospitals, in Penitentiaries, in the crowded lanes of our cities, there is the same cry for more workers ; our aged poor too often are left to die in our workhouses, uncheered by the love and sympathy which the Church ought to be able to afford them, and 25,000 pauper children, called 'Children of the State,' but who ought to be 'Children of the Church,' are left to be dealt with by Poor Law officials, and to grow up to feed our pauper and criminal classes, because, though there are plenty of cottage homes where they could be boarded out and reared, there are no educated ladies who will give them the necessary supervision.

Daughters of the English Church, who are living at ease, and whom she has so tenderly nurtured in the faith, and blessed with such a rich inheritance of spiritual gifts, will ye not in return give Her, that which will come back to you in blessing a hundredfold, the offering of your life-service?

M.

A SUMMER IN THE APENNINES.

BY LINDA VILLAR.

CHAPTER V.

OUR CUTIGLIANO PICNIC.

A FEW miles beyond the paper-works, perched high on the mountain side above the ravine through which the impetuous Lima dashes down from Boscolungo, is the pretty little town of Cutigliano. It seizes hold of your fancy at the very first glimpse as you drive slowly along the winding road on the opposite side of the stream.

After living so long amid chestnuts, and nothing but chestnuts, it

gladdens the eye to see the group of noble fir-trees beside an irregular cluster of white convent buildings on a projecting spur promontory below the town. Above, you see a fine avenue of the same trees leading towards the parish church. Like rocky islands in a summer sea are these dark specks in an ocean of lighter foliage. Cutigliano, bathed in the rays of the afternoon sun, struggles in and out among the chestnuts in irregular clumps of balconied houses, enlivened by numerous patches of bright flower-garden. This is all that you can see of it from the road by the Lima, but you fall in love with it at once. 'What a peaceful spot!' you exclaim; 'here indeed one could forget the strife and turmoil of the world.' So it is a cruel shock to learn that your imagined haven of rest is the most turbulent in all the countryside. Its inhabitants, gentle and simple, noted for their quarrelsomeness, are split into two factions, who never lose any opportunity of coming to blows. Merry-makings at Cutigliano are apt to end as riotously as the traditional Irish fair. Only last week, we are told, a little difference between the two parties was adjusted in such fashion, that on the following day no fewer than forty persons were brought before the Pretore (magistrate) of San Marcello, charged with various degrees of assault and battery. We gazed upon Cutigliano with changed eyes, but I cannot say that our spirits were much damped by this intelligence.

It was a glorious afternoon of the last week in June; there were nine or ten of us packed into three little open carriages; the children were in, not a flutter, but rather a rampage, of delight and excitement; baskets and bundles filled every available corner, and when I add that the teakettle reposed in rotund brazen majesty at our driver's feet, it will easily be understood that we were bound on a picnic.

Behold us, then, leaving the high-road by the bridge near the smoke-blackened iron foundries on the river's brink, and winding slowly up the steep zigzags leading to the town.

Up at last; and now all must dismount, for it had been decided that we should spread our feast in the woods beyond the church, and we had come to the end of the carriage-road in that direction. Some of us would willingly have explored the stony labyrinth of narrow streets to our left. The quaint little houses, with curiously-worked iron balconies and heavy stone porticoes, were very attractive, but the children clamorously protested against any such deviation from our programme. We had come to make tea in the woods; plainly then our first duty was to pick up sticks for the fire. Our small tyrants would hardly give us time to peep into the mouldy old church; and when two elders of the party ventured to suggest that it might facilitate matters to have our water boiled in some friendly cottage, it was fine to hear the grand burst of juvenile indignation with which this proposal was scouted. One little maiden was so overcome by her feelings, that she rushed sobbing out of the church, and clasping her

hands, pathetically exclaimed, 'What! give up our gipsy fire!—give up the very best of the fun!'

By this time quite a crowd had collected round us in the shady fir avenue by the church. They did not look in the least ferocious, these turbulent mountaineers, but smiled graciously enough upon us as they listened to our admiring comments on their splendid trees. Among these tall stately firs too grew a tree we had never before seen in Italy—a mountain ash of unusual size and luxuriance, and with glowing clusters of scarlet berries, each individual one as big as a large cherry. But the children have dashed on ahead, and we must follow the eager pack.

Beyond the church was a beautiful terraced path, winding along the mountain-side for several miles, commanding the whole valley and glorious views of the principal peaks of the Central Apennines. The Libro Aperto is magnificent from this point, and it was hard to turn one's eyes from those grand crests in order to bend mind and body to the present duty of picking up sticks. It was not long before a sort of triumphal war-whoop from our advanced guard indicated that water had been found, and a site chosen for our fire.

There were two of the little girls already returning from the torrent, carrying between them the precious kettle with a staggering care that brought about the spilling of part of its contents. There too was pretty Mrs. Y——, already piling up sticks in a truly artistic manner. We felt quite ashamed of our own laziness, as we laid our scanty contribution of chips at her feet; and then all set to work to unpack the baskets containing the materials for our feast. Whether it is that frugality always engenders greediness, or that we were more depraved than the generality of mankind, is an open question not to be too hastily decided, but it is a fact that we were all so weary of the tough beef and skinny fowls that formed our daily fare, that when Mrs. Y—— disinterred from her basket a pot of Yarmouth bloater-paste and some English cakes of her own making, the appearance of these unaccustomed dainties was greeted by a chorus of gluttonous delight. It was odd, perhaps, from an æsthetic point of view, to be enthusiastic over herring-paste on the slopes of the Apennines, but no doubt the very incongruity added to its flavour. And now, all our delicacies prettily arranged, mountains of bread and butter cut, and the children, who were still scampering backwards and forwards in search of fuel, summoned to the feast, it was clearly time that our water should boil. Alas! it was little warmer than when first dipped from the spring down the ravine. We were hot enough—blazing even, as to our faces—through tending the sacred flame, but the flame itself was chiefly smoke. Evidently our wood was not so dry as it seemed. It was broadly hinted by the pessimists of the party that probably that kettle would begin to boil an hour or two after sundown, and that it would be wiser to give up the attempt, and wash

down our bloater-paste in wine and water. We felt desperate ; our tea we must have ; the smoke had made us very thirsty. There were the china-cups ready for the refreshing beverage ; there was a great bottle of milk ; teaspoons even were not wanting ; we had everything, in fact, but boiling water. Some of the party retired from the contest, but it being an Anglo-Saxon quality never to accept defeat, we blew and fanned with fresh vehemence ; and now important allies came to our rescue in the shape of small boys, with great armfuls of dry sticks. Being instantly rewarded by a gift of *centesimi*, other children soon appeared with larger supplies. Bright, clear flames enveloped on all sides our brazen enemy ; steam began to issue gently from its spout ; it swayed to and fro on its fiery throne ; at last it was conquered—at last the water boiled ! And what tea before or since ever equalled the flavour of this delicious, hard-won brew ?

Our camping-ground being close to the public promenade—a fact that had dawned upon us too late—quite a crowd of Cutiglianesi had collected round us by this time, and were gazing at us with apparently the same amused curiosity with which we regard the four-footed inhabitants of a zoological garden. But in Italy one soon learns perforce to do everything *coram populo*.

Nearer and nearer tinkled a bell from among the trees, and now appeared an old woman leading her sleek grey cow home from pasture. She stood still, amazed at the sight of this strange group of foreigners lounging on the grass, and her eyes travelled rapidly from us to the fire and steaming kettle, and back to the laughing children, so eagerly gobbling bread and butter, strawberries, and herring-paste. That old woman plainly thought us all mad ; but presently, as she watched the process of tea-making, she took a practical view of the situation, and jerking the rope round her milch cow's neck, eagerly asked if we would not like some fresh new milk. But, like many other delightful things in this life, her milk came too late ; the feast was over, and it was time to pack away teapot, forks and spoons, and break up our encampment. Now, too, more little boys appeared, with loads of brushwood sufficient to cook the cow itself, had we been so disposed. Rewarding these volunteers with the scraps of our banquet, we turned towards the town, just in time to meet its principal inhabitants coming out for their evening stroll on the beautiful path we had just left. How we would have liked to have followed it ourselves to its very end, some three miles away, right round the shoulder of the mountain. Truly a most enchanting walk ; now cleaving the bowery chestnuts, now overhanging the valley, with ever-varying views of snowy peaks and sharp crags, of rounded hills and dashing waterfalls, of gloomy ravines and smiling pastures. Here comes a well-fed priest, with a stolid, self-sufficient air, discussing some interesting question—the state of the Pope's health, perhaps—with a sleek man in threadbare

black, who by his appearance should be a notary, but who may very likely be a wealthy landed proprietor. In Italy dress is no criterion of social status.

Further on a young man is caressing a big lion-poodle whose toilet—evidently just completed—is of the highest canine elegance. His whole body is clean shaven, excepting round the throat, which is ornamented by a trim ruff of his snow-white hair, enormous whiskers lend mock ferocity to his good-natured face, he has frills round his paws, and a small tuft at the tip of his tail. The animal seems as proud of his appearance and far more dignified than the peacock up there on a cottage roof, who is staggering under the weight of his outspread tail, and inviting us with harsh cries to look his way and admire his beauty. Here, too, is a family group. A tall, shambly father, with an enormous nose jutting out far beyond the shade of his straw hat, armed with a huge blue-lined white umbrella. By his side waddles his fat wife in a many-flounced dress, tight-fitting where a waist should be, but no waist is; and behind the couple come two still more beflounced daughters, with elaborate towers of hair. The owner of the dog raises his hat as this party approaches. All bow; the girls smile, and one of them reddens. The big-nosed father turns sharply round. He does not seem to relish his prettier daughter's admiration of the irreproachable poodle. We sniff a romance, and would like to know on what terms that young man stands with the family.

And now here is a point from which we can look down into the picturesque convent garden. Two black-robed women are pacing up and down a white-washed cloister; another is going up the steps from the fountain, and two white-coifed heads are looking up towards us from one of the windows. Are those heads merely enjoying the sweet evening air, or are they envying the movements of the free beings on the hill-path above? *Chi lo sa?* It is possible that well-seasoned nuns feel little else than contemptuous pity for the outside world in general. Once, years ago, in the days when there were still monks in Vallombrosa, we asked a strapping young friar whose thews and sinews could have helped him to an honest livelihood all the world over, whether he was content with his life. 'Certainly,' said he, raising his thick eyebrows in surprise at the question, 'certainly, for I shall stay here till I go to Paradise.' It was so long before we could tear ourselves away from that cathedral aisle of fir by the Church, that scanty time remained for seeing the town itself. Cutigliano is a perfect labyrinth of steep-paved lanes, and has one characteristic by no means common in Italian towns, *i.e.* a general love of flowers, which adds very greatly to its charms. The narrow street leading to the Piazza was radiant with flowers. Scraps of garden were niched in wherever there was space, and where there was not, armies of flower-pots guarded the walls; there were vine trellises on the house-tops, and every bulging iron balcony was filled with gay blossoms.

And now we came to the Municipal Palace, *anglicè* Town-hall of Cutigliano ; its porticoed façade being covered all over with sculptured arms of former Captains of the Mountains, is, in fact, a picturesque patchwork in stone. One of the last of these captains was a certain Giovanni Filippo di Mario Bonaparte, of San Miniato, who ruled in Cutigliano from 1742 to 1745, and is thought to have belonged to the same branch of the family as Napoleon Bonaparte. It is the quaintest of town-halls this patchwork palace, and by its entrance is a fountain of deliciously cold water. Opposite is a beautiful Gothic loggia, also on a small scale, as though to suit the dimensions of the street.

Turning down a still steeper lane, we found ourselves on the irregular, shelving piazza of no particular shape, and with but one building of any architectural pretensions : the palace of the Pretore (magistrate). The other houses were mean and ugly, with such oddly-set windows, that all looked either squinting or one-eyed. One tall squalid dwelling opposite the Palazzo had a particularly sneaky expression. It was of a bilious yellow colour, with small irregular windows guarded by blistered shutters, and looked—what in fact it was—the house of a miser. Here, we were told, resided the best-hated man in Cutigliano, a wealthy old miser, father of a lovely daughter, who, some two years ago, had been the heroine of a Romeo and Juliet drama, which, however, unlike the immortal love-tale of Verona, came to a commonplace and happy end. The Romeo in question was son of the Pretore, between whom and the miserly owner of the yellow house there raged a feud almost as inveterate as that ‘ancient grudge’ ’twixt ‘two households both alike in dignity.’

How the young people made acquaintance, we did not hear, but Cutigliano is small, the piazza narrow, the rival houses exactly opposite to each other, so imagination can easily supply the details of the courtship. For a few months all went on quietly, then rumours of certain stolen interviews on the hill-side reached old Capulet’s ears, and the storm burst forth. The Pretore’s share in it was of the slightest ; he was a peaceable man, and anything that annoyed his adversary naturally pleased him. The miser swore a great oath that he would rather see his daughter in her grave, than married to a Montague, whereupon the lovers determined to force his hand by the scandal of an elopement. There is no Gretna Green in Italy ; the parents’ consent is absolutely necessary to a legal union, but running away is often an effective means of bringing refractory parents to their senses.

All was arranged. Romeo had left Cutigliano, ostensibly on his way to Pisa, and Juliet had already stolen from the yellow house to join him, when her father discovered the plot. Possibly the girl had told her secret to some confidant less discreet than Friar Laurence of Verona. Anyhow, old Capulet and his friends pressed hard upon her heels as she sped along the mountain-path towards the spot where Romeo was waiting to fly with her over the hills and down to the San Marcello road,

where a bagarino (gig) was in readiness to whisk them away to the nearest station. Luckily, as Juliet hurried along, she cast many a nervous glance behind ; she saw her pursuers before they caught sight of her, and had time to hide herself in the stone channel of a little torrent passing under the road. But, unluckily, that spot commanded a view of a long tract of high road in the valley beneath, and so it fell out that her father came to a halt exactly over her head, and waited there till nightfall, while some of his companions scoured the hill-side to recover the lost scent.

So, trembling with fright and shivering with cold, poor Juliet had to cower for some hours in her damp refuge. Then, in an agony of terror lest Romeo should have gone away despairing of her arrival, she stumbled on over the rocks and amid the gloom of the trees. But Romeo was as patient as he was true, and soon the girl was sobbing out her grief in his sheltering arms. They reached Florence unmolested, and Juliet took refuge in a convent, while Romeo and his father set to work to obtain Capulet's consent to their marriage. It was won at last, and the wedding took place. But poor Juliet did not live long to enjoy her happiness. People said that she never recovered the effects of that midnight flight over the mountain, and within a year of her marriage her body was laid to rest in the wind-swept cemetery of her native place.

We lingered about the Cutigliano Piazza as long as we could, in the vain hope of having a glimpse of old Capulet before setting off down the hill by the short cut to the spot where our vehicles were awaiting us. The valley already darkling with evening shadows, was sombre and mysterious. Far below us, the Lima rushed past in flashing whiteness ; above us loomed stern crags and blackening forests, and the austerity of the scene held even the children's tongues as with a spell. It was like leaving shadow-land for reality when we once more heard the thud-thud of the carliera (paper-mill) machinery, and we looked back on the ravine we left behind us with almost the same relief with which travellers in German legends gave a last glance to the darksome forests they had had to cross before reaching the open country.

The moon good-naturedly lifted her white face from behind the opposite hills ; the stars gleamed softly above the trees ; the last fire-flies of the season flashed hither and thither in the air, while now and then at the foot of a mossy bank, a patch of emerald light betrayed the shrine of a glow-worm.

Gentle breezes swayed the chestnut branches ; bursts of childish laughter and snatches of Tuscan *stornelli* resounded from the carriages behind us. We, in front, silently enjoyed the soft glory of this summer night, and the two little girls at our feet whiled away the time with scraps of rather jumbled fairy lore.

OUR FIRST CANARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRIENDS IN FUR AND FEATHERS.'

It was a bitter winter day during a memorable frost six or seven years ago, London was hushed into a ghostly stillness under a fresh-fallen pall of snow, when two ladies braved the pains and perils of a walk across Portland Place into one of the obscure streets leading eastward out of Regent Street.

It was 12 A.M., but hardly any people were to be seen away from the main thoroughfares, so that we noticed at once a group of three people whom we passed soon after leaving Regent Street. They were two rough-looking men, and a particularly respectable-looking young woman.

The latter was dressed with the print gown and white apron, and the apparently hastily-donned bonnet and shawl, of a servant sent out on a message; the men were chiefly dressed in bird-cages, of which they had several hung about them.

As we passed the group, much action was observed, and rather loud words were heard; the men speaking so roughly to the young woman that when she left them and came towards us, we stopped instinctively to ask if she wanted anything.

The men had dropped behind. She seemed, what she would herself have called 'flurried,' and told us with much earnestness and the most perfect simplicity, how those rough men had wanted to make her sell a bird she had in her hand, and that she would not do it, as she did not like their looks; and opening a small paper bag, she showed us the head and shoulders of a very large and very yellow canary.

Her mistress, it appeared, had borne the singing of that bird until she could bear it no more (it was a wonderful bird for singing), and now, this very morning, she had ordered the bird out of the house altogether; and so, screwed up in that wretched little paper-bag, she was going to take it somewhere where she hoped to sell it.

The end of it was, that in pure pity for the bird, who would certainly not survive much more of that bitter cold and the paper-bag together, we ransomed it at the cost of 3s. 6d., and at once turned homewards to put it in shelter and safety. But first, in passing the Langham Place Bazaar, we stopped to buy a cage, glasses, sand, seeds of all sorts—in fact, everything a canary could possibly want.

Our bird's arrival at home was soon followed by that of his cage, but in the interim he had flown out of the paper-bag, and dashed against the window. From there, he flew round and round the room, and after some difficulty was caught and kept quiet until his cage arrived. We thought he would be glad of such a nice cage, but not a bit of it. In

the first place, he evidently did not know how to get into it, and when put in, instead of stepping on to the perch like any other well-educated canary, he fluttered wildly against the wires, or clung head-downwards to the top of the cage. Fearing he would hurt himself, he was shrouded in a shawl, and left to compose himself in quiet and darkness.

But the next morning it was much the same. He fed at day-dawn, and sometimes ventured near the seed-glass in the evening, but the least movement in the room made him fly against the bars and batter his feathers to pieces, so that for his better preservation he was overwhelmed with darkness and night in the shape of that Nemesis of a shawl as soon as the first flutter was heard.

For four or five days it was the same story. As the first streak of daylight told that the cold winter morning had dawned, how carefully our bird was unshrouded from his shawl that he might eat his early breakfast in peace ; how anxiously were the cats kept away all day, and the room kept quiet ! Like his white-aproned mistress, we thought he had been 'that fluttered,' that until he got over the change of abode and the paper-bag he would continue rather eccentric. We were truly sorry for him, still, making every allowance for his flurry and his feelings, as we had bought him for the tamest and most affectionate of birds, we began to think he was behaving rather badly. He was our first canary, and we mentally resolved he should be our last.

He was a very large, but by no means a very shapely bird, and although his feathers were of the most brilliant yellow, his back, which was very broad, was rather brown ; but as we were assured by the wise in bird-lore that the best songsters sang in motley, we ignored the brown back, and thought of the singing which one day would make up for all.

But the singing seemed as if it was never coming. We knew he could hardly sing until he was happy and quiet ; still we listened anxiously for the first mellow note which would prelude the burst of bird-music which had exasperated, and finally been too much for that old lady.

But the days went on, and never a note sang he. He made a weak sort of chirping, piping noise sometimes, and it seemed when he did it as if he was rather happy than otherwise ; but although as the days went on the piping got more pronounced, and the bird was certainly becoming a little more gentle in his ways and doings, he did not, somehow, comport himself like a rational canary.

We began to wonder if there were such things as crazy canaries !

About this time, that is, about the fifth day of his captivity and of our bewilderment, we bethought us, that amongst our bird's despised comforts we had forgotten to include a bath ; so a little dish-bath was improvised out of some delicate waif and stray of china, and, amidst a perfect fury of flutterings, introduced into his cage.

By this time, our minds were filled with misgivings and suspicions (formless as yet, but none the less depressing), upon the subject of our new pet and his strange behaviour. What it might mean we did not know, but it was very certain that all our ideas upon the pleasures of pets were thoroughly upset, and we felt that this was the sort of thing people who 'set up canaries' subjected themselves to, there must be as many patient people in the world as there were canaries.

Not until the fifth day did the truth dawn upon us. In vain for us had coming events cast their shadows before; neither his eccentric manners nor even his back, visibly getting browner, told us anything; we still believed in the old lady, the white-aproned maid-of-all-work, the bad men; but most of all we believed in our first and last canary!

Out of thoughtful consideration for his chosen state of flurry, much mystery had been made about that bath, and every precaution was taken that he should be left alone to take it in peace. How he took it no one ever knew (tumbled into it most probably), for when next seen, although he was as wet, and perhaps rather wetter, than we hoped to find him, he was more scary than ever, and his back (his brown back) was browner than ever.

A closer view revealed further peculiarities. There was brown upon his head and on his wings, and although he had still a good deal of yellow about him, it was not the yellow he had had two hours before; *that* was nearly all bespattered about the cage, or left on the sides of the bath.

Truth was too strong for doubt. He was *not* a canary! . . . and with that conviction passed away for ever into the Land of Myth, the old lady, the bad men, and the white-aproned maid-of-all-work, and with them went all our faith in our own prudence, foresight and all other forms of wisdom, and all that was left was the conviction of extreme foolishness, and the possession of that poor little, dirty, brown and yellow impostor, shivering with bedraggled feathers at the bottom of his cage.

But what in the world was he? With that look of abject misery, and two tints of yellow streaked about his feathers all amongst the brown, he was like nothing we had ever seen, but still something about him recalled memories of a jaunty bird sitting on the topmost twig of a hedge, calling in five rapid notes and three long drawn ones, 'A-little-bit-of-bread—and . . . no . . . che . . . e . . . se.'

Now the truth was out—he was that or he was nothing—that broad back betrayed him—he was a horrid yellow yowling—

'Half a baddock, half a toad,
Half a drop of Deil's blood,
Horrid yellow yowling!'

and that's what he was in Scotland, where he never dares put up his

head above the hedge and ask for bread and no cheese for the sticks and stones thrown to the tune of those naughty words ; but in England he was a yellow-ammer, a masquerading impostor of a yellow-ammer fresh caught, and fresh painted, and doubly dosed and drugged to keep him quiet in a paper-bag, until the little play was played out of which he, poor little bird, was the hero as well as the victim.

And now what was to be done with him ? It would not do to turn him out in the London Parks, and so the only thing to do was to try and tame him ; but no gentleness or kindness tamed his poor little wild heart, or lessened his horror of his wired and barred prison life. We learned that he was not an English, but a Belgian yellow-ammer, and had probably been netted and sent over among a large number of more saleable captives by mistake, and thus had had to be disposed of by the ingenious device by which we had been entrapped.

Poor little impostor, he was finally sent to Wales, and there let loose ; and there, let us hope, that he found yellow-ammers who could understand his Belgian language, and a mate who could respond to his entreaties for ‘a little-bit-of-bread, and—no—che-e-e-se.’

G. WYNFRYN.

‘THE LORD HATH NEED OF HIM.’*

CONTENT thyself, my heart—‘The Lord hath need of thee.’

Why shouldst thou care to scan

The attitude of man

If only thou canst say, ‘My Lord hath need of me’ ?

Content thyself, my heart—poor though thy calling be,

Thou hast an end in view

In all thou hast to do,

If truly thou canst say, ‘The Lord hath need of me.’

Far off in time and place one lowly peasant heart

Unknowing minister’d

To the Incarnate Word,

And in the greatest act the world hath seen had part.

For when the morning rose upon one Eastern home,

The Passover at hand,

They for some pilgrim band

Must cleanse and furnish forth and deck their upper room.

* See S. Luke xix. 29—34 ; and xxii. 10—14.

And one poor peasant maid, thus much we may believe,
Of unrecorded name—
To simple duties came,
And knew not in the morn Who would be there at eve!

Perhaps with careless hand she brushed the dust away,
And with unwilling tread
The long guest-table spread,
And blamed the lot which placed her there to serve that day.

Perhaps with thoughts devout, an Israelite indeed,
With reverential care,
She made all ready there,
And blest who there should find the shelter he should need.

We know not—all is dark—and yet one thing is sure,
That she prepared for Him,
Before Whom suns grow dim,
For Him who came from Heaven the whole World's ill to cure!

Ah, could they then have known, and seen as *now* we see—
What zeal had been too great,
What love commensurate,
Lord, in Thy low estate, to tend and wait on Thee?

O let us learn betimes, ere all has passed away,
True at His side to fight,
To walk by faith, not sight,
As children of the light and of the unclouded day;

Lest at the end of all our piteous cry should be,
E'en at the golden gate—
'Ah, known and loved too late!
Earth's trial o'er, the Lord no more hath need of me!'

J. R.

Spider Subjects.

The Wool-trade is best given by President, but the absence of invasions as well as of wolves should have been mentioned. Stickleback, Thistle Alert, good history but no reason. Roma, very good. Why does Tipula say England has free trade?—F. M. L., Image, too late.

WOOL.

It is well to remember that, during the Middle Ages, England was not only the greatest breeder of sheep in Europe, but also that wool was almost her only article of commerce. Therefore it is, in reality, the history of the growth of English trade and advance in civilisation that is required; and a country's history depends so much on its mercantile importance, that an account of its commerce given as it might be brings with it subjects beyond the limits of this paper.

We must look to the natural condition of England to find out why the Anglo-Saxons were the principal breeders of sheep among the countries then important in the history of Europe.

First,—The excellent pastures, kept well watered by our variable climate, while in warmer countries droughts cause great mortality among the animals.

Secondly,—The absence of wild beasts. Edgar the Peaceable, when he put a price on the head of every wolf, did much for the future success of his country's trade in wool.

Thirdly,—The uneducated condition of the people and their small number. They knew little of agriculture, and were content to grow enough of corn, &c., for their own needs, interfering therefore but little with the pastures.

At the time of the Norman Conquest, the export of wool was considerable; London then, and much later, being the only mercantile town of any importance. Its safe port, and accessibility by water, doubtless made it thus important.

The invasion of the Normans and the consequent introduction of the Feudal System stopped for a time all independent movement on the part of the people. They became the slaves of their conquerors, and the Normans, caring for little but war, and for what they considered chivalry, were certainly no promoters of commerce. It was the Jews, despised equally by Normans and Saxons, who carried on the mercantile transactions that were necessary.

The first great step towards free commerce was the signing of the Magna Charta. With that deed passed away many of the restrictions of the Feudal Laws.

The Great Charter secured to foreign merchants whose countries were at peace with England the power of going and coming at will, and it also gave each Englishman liberty to leave and return to his native

country. These concessions were of course of great importance to merchants, and trade with foreign ports was then finally established.

The English were at this time very primitive in their habits, and unlearned in all useful arts, so that they could only manage to spin a kind of rough cloth fit for their own use, but unfit for sale in other countries. All fine materials were manufactured in Flanders, or the mercantile towns on the coast of Italy. Amsterdam was the largest mercantile port in Europe. The Dutch were altogether the greatest traders, their workmen were skilled; yet in their land of water, they could not keep sufficient sheep to provide themselves with wool. To them therefore England sent the sheepskins, for the intercourse was easy by boat, and a constant traffic began.

In those days of inferior roads, or no roads at all, baggage had to be carried inland on mules. Water therefore was then much the easiest mode of transmission, and the Dutch owed much of their mercantile success to their canals.

All the trading vessels in those days belonged either to them, or to the Italians, with whom, through the Crusades, the English got acquainted. But the distance was too great for much commerce, and though the English obtained goods from them, also from France and from Spain, their principal market was in the Netherlands, and many of their dealings with other countries were carried on by the Dutch, and the alliance between these two nations was firm.

The increase of commerce brought necessarily increase of wealth and power to the lower classes. This caused the foundation of the House of Commons under the direction of Simon de Montfort; and many more concessions were then made to the burgesses. The service of mercenaries then began to be usual, for the vassals, as they became wealthy, were naturally glad to purchase exemption from serving their masters in war, and thus the style of armies was altered. Those composed of mercenaries, skilled to fight, were necessarily superior to those collected on the feudal system, and thus the great towns who always kept paid forces to fight for them became most important friends to gain and keep. England was always on good terms with the Netherlands, and had also occasionally bands of Genoese and other Italian forces fighting beneath her standard.

In Edward III.'s reign, the English made their first attempt to improve their merchandize, and sent to Ghent for workmen to teach them. These workmen were established in Kent and Essex, to be near the coast, and the labour of the English soon became skilled. Some remains of these early Flemish settlements are still to be found.

Edward III. cemented the friendship between England and the Low Countries by his marriage with Philippa of Hainault. Shortly before his death the Duke of Burgundy, Philip, by his marriage with the heiress of the Count of Flanders, added all the Netherlands to his possessions; the towns still retained their rights, of which they were extremely proud, and England then became allied to the Dukes of Burgundy. They were as powerful as kings, and far more wealthy than most. The rivalry therefore between France and Burgundy was great, and the English and Burgundians naturally sided together against their common enemy France.

From Richard II. to the accession of Henry VII. when the Civil Wars ceased, there were continual wars, and commerce therefore made

little or no progress during the century that passed. Her military power and knowledge increased, but the progress of peaceful arts and sciences was proportionately slow.

The ambitious kings fought with France; the weak ones were fought against at home. Such seems a fair summary of the doings of the fifteenth century; and therefore till the union of the York and Lancastrian parties by Henry VII. brought peace to the land, trade received many hindrances, and no encouragement.

With that peace came the great start in all sciences, in trade, in our navy, mercantile as well as warlike, in civilisation and prosperity; yet here the Middle Ages end, so we may say no more.

PRESIDENT.

Bath Brick's account is the most condensed, Josephine, President, Stickleback, Cape Jasmine, the Muffinman, first class, but too long. Ila, Annie Laurie, Myrrhis, Inez, Don Quixote, Alert, Spear Maiden, second class. Lethe, Firefly, Molly and Eurydice (who must only write on one side of the paper), and a nameless one, third class. Meg. E. H., fourth class.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

IN the year 1797, Napoleon Bonaparte was urged by the Directory to attempt the invasion of England, but as he had reason to doubt whether the undertaking would be successful, he preferred to attack this country indirectly by seizing Egypt, the key to her Eastern possessions.

His fleet on the 22nd of June crossed the track of the British squadron under Nelson, which had been seeking it along the Egyptian coast; but favoured by the darkness, the French sailed safely past, within earshot of the British guns, and in ten days were anchored in Aboukir Bay. Here they remained while Napoleon, penetrating inland, gained the battle of the Pyramids, and while Nelson continued his search for the enemy's vessels, doubling back as far as Syracuse; and returning again to Alexandria on the morning of August 1st, to find the tricolour floating from every mast-head in the bay, where he had so lately sought it in vain.

For days the English admiral's anxiety had prevented his taking needful sleep or food, but once in presence of his foes his usual coolness returned, and he took prompt measures for their destruction.

'If we succeed,' said his flag captain, Berry—'what will the world say?'

'No *if's*,' replied Nelson; 'we shall succeed.'

The French fleet were unable, from their balk-draught, to lie within the harbour of Alexandria, and Admiral Brueys had received Napoleon's orders in that case to lie at the mouth of the Nile, where he took up a strong and, as he thought, an unassailable position, arranging his ships in a curve, the point of which, to the north-west, was close to a shoal, while the concave side faced the sea, and the whole was supported by the batteries of Aboukir.

Nelson conceived the bold project of penetrating between the French fleet and the shore with part of his vessels, while the rest should remain to seaward, and thus engage the enemy between two fires. He had no frigates, and no ships larger than seventy-four guns, whereas Brueys had two ships of eighty guns, and *L'Orient* carried 120 guns. The

number of vessels was the same on both sides, but the French had three thousand men more than the English.

The battle commenced at 3 p.m., on August 1st (within five hours of their first appearance within each other's sight). The French opened fire from their fleet and batteries as the English advanced; the latter did not return the fire, but bore steadily on, the crews meanwhile furling sail, and making ready to drop anchor. Captain Foley in the *Goliath* was the first to pass between the outmost French ship and the shoal, closely followed by Captain Hood in the *Zealous*, the rest following in order, until half the English vessels were interposed between the French fleet and the shore, while Nelson in the *Vanguard*, with five ships, anchored on the outer line, and the *Leander*, taking up a side position, raked right and left, and cut off any aid they might have derived from their other ships. Nelson had thus directed his whole strength against two-thirds of the enemy's, and held the remainder in inaction, by boldly interposing between them and the main force. Three times over, every man serving the first six guns on board the *Vanguard* was killed within a few minutes. The *Bellerophon* engaged *L'Orient* till all her masts were shot away, and every officer was either killed or wounded, when its dismantled hulk, floating past the *Swiftsure*, narrowly escaped being fired into by her friends. Three other English ships then devoted themselves to the destruction of the mighty *L'Orient*. It was then dark, but the flashes from two thousand cannon illuminated the sky with lurid light. Before long the great ship took fire, but continued to make a brave defence nevertheless; her crews even firing from the lower deck after the flames had neared the powder-magazine, but at ten o'clock the whole vessel blew up, and the tremendous explosion shook every ship in both fleets to her centre; and then followed some moments of awful silence, until the masts and spars fell splashing in the waters, from the vast height to which they had been flung. There was a great danger to the English vessels from these burning pieces of wreck, but wet sheets and blankets were ready to extinguish those which fell on the *Swiftsure* and *Alexander*, and no damage ensued. The French resumed firing ten minutes after the explosion, but slackened at midnight, when both crews were completely worn out.

Admiral Brueys had been killed on his own quarterdeck; Cass Bianca, captain of *L'Orient*, was mortally wounded after his ship had taken fire; his brave little son of ten years old bound his father to a mast, and, kissing him, refused to leave him, or to quit the vessel though a gunboat was lying alongside to bring him off. After the explosion, this spar was seen floating with its double burden, but both were washed off before it could be picked up. (Another version of the death of this noble father and son relates that the boy was serving his battery on the lower deck when his father was killed on the upper, and having been told on no account to leave his post without his father's orders, remained there to the last, and perished in the explosion. Mrs. Hemans has adopted the latter story in her beautiful little poem, but it seems less well-authenticated than the other.) The captain of the *Tonnant*, Petit-Thonars, lost both legs by a cannonshot, but would not leave his quarterdeck, and made his men swear not to strike their colours as long as one of them could stand to a gun. Nelson himself was struck on the head by a falling shot, early in the

action, and supposed to be killed. The surgeon wished to attend to his wound instantly, but he refused to be treated differently from his men, and insisted on waiting till his turn came, and until all who had been hit previously had had their wounds dressed. Meanwhile he sent farewell messages to his wife, and tried to write an account of the action. When it was ascertained that the wound was not serious, the joy amongst his men and officers was unbounded. Wounded as he was, he personally superintended the efforts that were made to rescue the crew of *L'Orient* from a fiery or a watery grave.

When day broke, the English realized the extent of their success. It was rather a conquest than a victory. The largest of the enemy's vessels was blown into splinters. Another was sunk, and all the rest had struck their colours except two, which with two frigates stood gallantly out to sea, closely pursued by the *Zealous*, but as there were no English frigates to assist her, she was recalled.

This want of frigates pressed heavily on Nelson, and he declared it would have been found written on his heart, had he fallen in the action. The English lost but one commander, and less than 1000 men in killed and wounded; the French loss was over 5000, besides 3000 taken prisoners.

For four leagues the beach was strewn with wreck and floating bodies, which the utmost efforts were unable to save. The French prisoners, accustomed to the godless rule of their own commanders (scarcely one of the men who were with Napoleon in Egypt had ever been in a church), were greatly impressed by the perfect stillness which reigned throughout the British squadron, when Nelson ordered a general thanksgiving for his victory to be offered up to Almighty God.

The loss of his fleet entirely changed and checked Napoleon's course in the East, and a grateful and admiring nation showered public and private rewards upon the brave admiral in whose name, Horatio Nelson, they traced the ingenious anogram—*Honor est a Nilo*.

BATH BRICK.

WEISSES VEILCHEN is chosen, but Bog Oak's Violets are so very good, that Arachne grieves not to use them, from sheer want of space. The same may be said of Quilly's and Colleen's conversation; Lady Betty very good; Lambda, and K.M.B. good; M. too short; Adolescents too technical for present use.

THE BOTANY AND ASSOCIATIONS OF THE GENUS VIOLA.

'I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.'—*Hamlet*.

'Es war ein herzig's Veilchen.'—GOETHE.

'VIOLA,' is a word of Celtic origin, though the modern Gaelic name for the violet—*failchuach*—only faintly suggests the original word. The roots of the violet have powerful medicinal properties, while the petals are a delicate test for acids and alkalies, and a wreath of the flowers is said to cure the headache. The universally beloved *V. odorata* is widely distributed throughout Europe, and is found in parts of Asia; but in some English districts (as for instance in Gloucestershire) it is considered unlucky to bring violets into the house. Still, this prejudice is by no means universal, and a few sweet violets found by a school-child in early spring are considered a treasure

worthy to be kept a week hanging limply over the lip of a cup to grace at length the Sunday-school teacher's hand. *V. odorata* is very remarkable in colour, being sometimes red, sometimes white or blue, the blue surpassing the garden violet in richness of tint. All three are very rare in Scotland, where, however, *V. palustris* is abundant—a pale lilac flower of a slender fragile appearance. The alpine violet (*V. alpina*) must be a lovely little flower, of so intense a purple, as to suggest the idea of having absorbed some of the colour from the sky above it. *V. hirta* and *V. stagnina* are both English violets; but the former is perhaps only a variety of the dog-violet; and the latter, which has almost white flowers, is confined to fenny and boggy country. The common dog-violet (*V. canina*) is extremely variable in colour; under favourable circumstances it is a beautiful mauve, under unfavourable a Quaker-like grey; in either case, so beautifully-pencilled as to be worthy of every one's attention, though to the disappointed child it is 'only a dog.' The associations of the violet are many. It is emphatically the flower of sentiment and poetry, though the little creature seems rather to avoid than to court notice by hiding under its leaves. A golden violet was the prize of the Provençal troubadour; Goethe and Shakspeare vie with each other in praise of it; and in our own time the poet Bryant has made a little yellow American cousin with an 'ebon lip' (perhaps slightly resembling the *V. biflora* of Weber's '*Alpen Pflanzen*,') the subject of some of his prettiest lines. The violet was, as is well known, Napoleon I.'s favourite flower—the strangest contrast imaginable to himself—and during his years of exile became also a favourite with the Bonapartists, suggesting the thought, 'He will come back with the violets in spring.' (Does the violet not also resemble the human body sleeping in the wintry grave, until the 'spring of souls' shall come, the Sun of Righteousness shall appear!) In the life of the Prince Consort it is said that our own Prince Arthur when a child gave Napoleon III.* (with whom he was always a favourite) two violets on his birthday as a suitable present, the prettiest possible attention, which gave great pleasure. The English Christian name of *Violet* is not of ancient origin. The Italian form is *Viola*, the Spanish *Violante*, the French *Yolande* or *Yolette*. I do not think there is any German equivalent, though violets and the month of May are inseparably connected in those triumphant northern songs that herald their late spring. Two of Shakspeare's characters bear the names, one of *Viola*, the other of *Violante*; nor must I forget, though hardly to be mentioned in the same sentence, the greedy '*Violante in the pantry*,' so ingeniously woven into nursery rhyme. The stock gilliflower is supposed to be the '*viola*,' of classic authors. The purple violet has been introduced into sacred art.† There is a beautiful old picture, the '*Madonna and Child*,' by one Meister Wilhelm, belonging to the Archbishop of Cologne. At the feet of the blessed Virgin kneels a tiny figure, dressed in black, with a scroll issuing from her mouth; she herself wears a red dress, and holds two violets in her hand; two angels, with brown wings, appear in an ingenious fashion over the top of a brocaded curtain in the background. The common wild pansy (*V. tricolor*) is one of those tiny, perfect flowers that most delight children; to compare it with its garden sister, the

* His corpse was strewn with violets at his death.

† Bog Oak says as the emblem of widowhood.

purple splendour of our spring beds, is to compare Chang with Tom Thumb. It grows in cultivated spots, and though often white, is sometimes parti-coloured, when its pathetic German name of *Stiefmütterchen* is most appropriate; the upper petals, or the mother's own children, flaunting high in rich purple velvet above the sickly little yellow lower petals—the half-sisters. The other German name, *Sammt Blume*, seems better suited to the handsome garden varieties. If less quaint, our own names of *Heartsease* and *Pansy*, and the French *Pensée*, are more beautiful than that of *Stiefmütterchen*, 'pansy' having evidently been suggested by the thoughtful air of the flower-face—eyes, nose, and mouth, being distinctly marked—giving it a quietly intelligent appearance peculiar to itself. 'There is pansies—that's for thoughts,' says poor Ophelia, in her never-to-be-forgotten flower lore. I must mention the *V. lutea*, a mountain pansy, generally yellow in colour, and frequent in Wales, before concluding with Milton's lines * :—

'Throw hither all your *quaint enamelled eyes*,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers,
. . . . the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.'

WEISSES VEILCHEN.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Collect the predictions which have been curiously fulfilled to the ear, though not in the sense they seemed to convey.

Explain the working of long division.

Stamps received : Weisses Veilchen.

Rajah Hans calls attention to some mistakes in the German parsing in the August number. *Singt* is Präd. to *Fischerknabe*; *schlief ein* is Imperfectum, not Präsens Ind.; *ein Klingen*, Sub. with *unbest. Artikel*.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

I.—

'Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind oppressed.'

E. B. M.—The author, and rest of the words, of a hymn beginning—

'I have called thee "Abba Father,"
I have set my heart on Thee.'

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

'I slept, and dreamt that life was beauty;
I waked, and found that life was duty,'

is from a poem by an American lady, Mrs. Hooper, privately printed.

* Authorities—Hooker and Arnott, Weber's *Alpen Pflanzen*, *Name Fancying*, &c. Dr. Hooker mentions several sub-species of the wild pansy.

Spear Maiden.—

(1) 'The lady sighed in heaviness'
is from Wordsworth's *Founding of Bolton Priory*.

(2) 'Leave me, I have conquered,'
Mrs. Hemans' *Ivan the Czar*.

O.—

'Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,'

are to be found in an unfinished ode by Gray, on *The Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*.—*Spear Maiden*.

QUESTIONS.

Spear Maiden.—Who was the dying queen who offered a million of money for a moment of time?

I should be so obliged to any one who would send me some *authentic* quaint and curious epitaphs, with the names of the places from whence they are taken. Address—A. G. W., *The Gothic Cottage, Barnes, S.W.*

Edmée asks the author of *Beyminster* and *Lena*; and if *King's Cops* is in print, if so where can it be obtained?

C. Z. D.—What is the origin of the saying 'The tailor riding to Brentford?' What did he do there, and why did he go there?

ANSWERS.

The *New Priest of Conception Bay* is by the Rev. R. Lowell; to be had of Dulton, New York.

K. A.—We know of nothing really good at the price. For the girl we should recommend *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, but this is 8d.; for the boy (perhaps) *Every Boy's Magazine*, 6d. (Routledge). Boys like nothing so well as *The Youth's Companion*, published by Perry Mason, 41, Temple Place, Boston, U.S., a fortnightly paper, 11s. 6d. per annum, with postage.

An Old Subscriber.—*Friendly Leaves for Young Servants*. The *Day of Rest* is far the most interesting, but it is negative as to Church doctrine.

An American Reader.—The Spider Subjects began in 1873. Some volumes were, we believe, bound up without them. The last volume of Miss Yonge's *Scripture Readings* is in the press.

G. E. M.—*Cottage Commentary*, S.P.C.K., *The Gospel Story* (Hodges), the last volume of Miss Yonge's *Scripture Readings* (Macmillan), 'Questions on the Harmony of the Four Gospels,' in vols. ix., x., xi., xii., xiii., xiv., and xv. of *The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching* (Mozley and Smith).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Daisy Chain Cot.—K. A., 5s. stamps; S. T., 1l.; also a scrap-book from E. R. and E. P. R.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore (5, Arlington Street, London, S.W.) acknowledges with best thanks for the above: Jessie, 2s.; Paddington, 1s.; E. A. M., 5s.; Rev. C. R. Chase, 1l.; London, W., 2s. 6d.; A Priest's Daughter, 1s.; J. E., 2s. 6d.; L. J. C., 2s. 6d.; W. E. W., 1l. 1s.; Mrs. Burgers, Pennsylvania, 1l.; May, 1873, 2s.; per Rev. W. Perrin, 70s.; Marie, 2s. 6d. 81l. required; further offerings gladly received as above. Post Office Orders made payable at St. James's Street, S.W.

THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

DECEMBER, 1878.

IN MEMORIAM.

M. A. D.

On the 4th October, in the churchyard of Crookham, near Farnham, was interred all that was mortal of Mary Ann Dyson. She was the sister of Charles Dyson, the friend of Keble and of Arnold, the last survivor of three persons who for nearly thirty years made the rectory of Dogmersfield the centre of a loving influence, animated by intelligence and guided by wisdom ; the effect of which is now being felt by numbers who are totally unacquainted with its source. She died in the seventieth year of her age. Perhaps to the greater number of those who may read these lines her existence has been unknown ; yet she was a person of rare gifts ; a character at once noble and beautiful ; her life was a constant and inspiring lesson to those who knew her ; and her death will to many hearts leave a void which in this world can never be filled again.

Those who know Sir John Coleridge's *Memoir of Keble* will remember the picture drawn by him of Charles Dyson, his wife and sister, and their retired yet intellectually active and most useful life. The picture, though by a friendly hand, is in no respect overdrawn ; and the sister was by no means the least remarkable figure in the group.

She was born in 1809, the only child of the second marriage of her father, Mr. Dyson, who was many years Clerk to the House of Commons. Her mother was a Miss Newbolt. On both sides she was well connected ; and after an early girlhood in London, where her father's connection with the House of Commons gave him a beautiful house and excellent society, her youth was passed with him and her

mother (excepting short visits to London and Brighton) at Lavington, to which place he retired on his resignation, and afterwards at Petworth. There she spent many happy years, roaming over what Gilbert White calls 'that vast range of mountains,' the South Downs, wandering through the woods at their feet, and forming acquaintances, which deepened into friendships, with the Sargent family, and, through the Miss Sargents, with their husbands, Bishop Wilberforce and his brother Henry, Mr. George Ryder, and Cardinal Manning. To these years, too, must be referred the subjects of many of her playful allusions, her bright wit, her fun. For to the last she was as playful as a child; no suffering ever damped her keen sense of humour, though nothing ever infused into the merriment which was so characteristic of her the slightest tinge of malice:—

"For as round mountain tops the lightning plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a crowd of some grave sympathy,
Humour, and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of her spoken words."

What she was herself in youth the writer of these lines, many years younger than she was, cannot describe from any personal knowledge. The beauty and attractiveness of her character may, however, be gathered from some personal papers of her mother, which, under the name of *Memorials of a Departed Friend*, were, after her mother's death, printed rather than published by her brother, Charles Dyson. The book has a singular charm about it: it is made up of the private thoughts and meditations (such, at least, as might properly be printed) of an English lady sixty years ago, refined in feeling, graceful in expression, and full of that pure, unquestioning, simple, yet profound and practical religion which, if it has passed away from amongst us, has left behind it undying influences, and examples much easier to reverence than to follow or surpass. The book is full of incidental notices of what Miss Dyson was as a young girl. Bright, it might almost be said brilliant; a fine face and form, a strong and clear if not an original intellect, accomplishments, and even learning, far beyond the ordinary standard of educated women, and a manner, the grace and charm of which, in spite, perhaps because, of her shyness, was entirely irresistible;—such did she seem to the tender yet discriminating judgment of her mother. Nor was the fair promise of her girlhood belied by the fulfilment of her whole life.

Her mother died while she was still young: her father did not survive for many years; and on his decease she came to live with her brother and his wife; and their union was broken only by that which breaks all union upon earth. Soon after she came to live with them she was smitten with a strange disease, which, except for short intervals, never again left her, and which made her life one long trial

of distress and suffering. It did not affect her powers of mind ; they remained undisturbed in their clearness and strength ; but it made incessant watchfulness and unbroken occupation an absolute necessity. It confined her to her sofa, and latterly even to her bed : yet her sweetness and cheerfulness never flagged, and her disease never shook for an instant the calmness of her judgment or the serenity of her temper.

In the household of which she became a member, and in the society which from time to time gathered under its roof, there was no doubt abundant scope for the exercise of a cultivated intellect. She filled her place well in that chosen company, and delighted to fill it. But though, after intercourse with Charles Dyson and his wife and sister, you felt that indeed you had been conversing with clever and able people, their cleverness and ability were the last things you cared to remember. A certain distinction and originality of thought and expression, a high and somewhat old-world tone of breeding could not but impress you : but what remained as the chief and most precious memory was the simple goodness, the utter unworldliness, it is not too strong to say the holiness, of all three. Till a few months ago, those privileged to call Miss Dyson friend might conceive of that household from its last survivor.

She had inherited a moderate fortune, but probably more than half of it she gave away in good works. Contributing largely to other churches and useful institutions, she built at her sole charge a beautiful church in her brother's parish, and she set on foot and carried on at a considerable expense, if not the first, yet one of the earliest, schools in point of time in which an attempt was made to raise and improve the education of girls belonging to a class just above the poor. Her success deserved to be, as it was, very great. The school was not large, usually some ten or twelve girls, and she was herself the chief, though never the only teacher. The habits of the school were simple and hardy ; the work was steadily and vigorously enforced ; there was no undue spoiling or petting ; but the children were thoroughly happy, and were sent forth from it thoroughly well educated. What a school inspector would say to them, how they would stand in a competitive examination, the writer of these lines does not know, and, speaking with due respect, does not care to know ; but the minds of the children were awakened, their powers cultivated ; they were made familiar with good books ; what they were taught was worth knowing, and was well taught ; and there are a number of good and high-principled young women doing excellent educational service in various parts of the country who owe much of the will and the power to be of use to the years they spent in Miss Dyson's school. For, besides the intellectual education, the moral and religious training was the best and highest. The direct religious teaching was of the old Church type ; it might be described, perhaps, as modelled upon and guided by *The*

Christian Year ; and the pupils had the unspeakable blessing of having always before them their teacher's noble character and beautiful example.*

Miss Dyson spent her life in such work as this, carried on for more than thirty years amidst constant and increasing bodily distress and pain ; at last suspended with the utmost reluctance, only on the strong remonstrances of friends, and because her bodily strength became absolutely unequal to the labour. She had not the time needed for much literary composition. She published without her name a story called *Ivo and Verena*, with a flavour in it of *La Motte Fouqué* (one of her great favourites), which was popular in its day, and deserved its popularity. Besides this, a short 'Companion' to portions of the Sunday and Saints' Day services, with which Charles Dyson had a good deal to do, and a few little tales, all published anonymously, were her contributions to literature.

The stories are pretty, and the 'Companion' is useful ; but it is not by her writings that Miss Dyson will be remembered. She will be remembered for herself ; for the rare union in her of a commanding mind and a tender heart ; above all, for a wonderful power of sympathy, which seemed as if it could take in all the world, without ceasing to be discriminating and personal and individual to her chosen friends. Though secluded, and, latterly, almost bedridden, she was really the centre of her small community, some old friends, some newcomers, all feeling the indescribable charm that she exercised, all, in different degrees of depth and warmth, admiring and loving her, happy to watch over and minister to her declining health, to read to her, when she herself could read no longer, the Bible, *The Christian Year*, Dr. Newman's sermons ; and afterwards any books, new or old, so that they were pure and good (listening to reading being her best refuge from well-nigh unbearable irritation of nerves and brain), and thus to contribute, so far as she would allow them, to her comfort and amusement. Such was she who has passed away in full and undoubting communion with the Church of England, to be with Him to Whom she gave her whole life ; but whose memory will never pass away from any one who was privileged to know her and to call her friend. The writer does not fear that any one so privileged will think that he has used the language of exaggeration ; he feels that to her friends it will seem what Shakespeare calls 'cold modesty ;' while to those who did not know her, he despairs by any words at his command of being able to convey an image either distinct or adequate of a life so lovely, of a woman so bright, so winning, so gentle, yet so strong ; but he desires to end what he has to say by applying to her the grand yet tender

* Latterly, when the pupil-teacher system had provided for the training of school-mistresses, Miss Dyson's pupils came to be of a higher class, and for the last few years of her life, they were usually ladies by birth, as well as by her training.

lines wherein the greatest poet of this century describes his wife:—

“ Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young ;
As welcome, and as beautiful : in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy :
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;
To thy large heart, and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past.”

HEATHS COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY.

C.

NOTE.—The above notice is reprinted by kind permission, that the readers of the *Monthly Packet* may have in a permanent form this beautiful record of one to whom the Editor, among many others, owes a deep debt of gratitude, chiefly for personal influence ; and also because it should also here be noted that to the home at Dogmersfield, here described, the *Monthly Packet* owes its very existence. The desire to make wholesome religious literature easily accessible, especially to village children and young people generally, prompted the composition among their circle, of the little books above alluded to. *Conversations with Cousin Rachel, Little Alice and her Sister*, are the best known ; but there were also packets of little penny books, such as *The White Kitten, Out in the Dark, &c.*, which were hailed with delight in village schools. The *Magazine for the Young* there began its course. To write for children without affectation, or puerility, and with nature and spirit was Miss Dyson's special gift. Miss Dyson was more imaginative, and was more like La Motte Fouqué than any writer more of the ordinary world, though she was always practical in her criticisms. She lived in ideals, but by spiritualising all about her and thus bringing to bear what is usually called common sense, but was in her “ a right judgment in all things ;” and her enthusiasm was too practical, constant, and true, ever to wear out. From this home of high and deep thoughts, this magazine was an outcome and suggestion. Would that it were always worthy of those with whom the plan originated !

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

‘ O, all ye green things of the earth, bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.’

MAKE beautiful God's temple,
Come, wreath His house of prayer—
The fairest, sweetest flowers
Should shed their fragrance there ;
And twin'd in sacred emblems
Tell of our Saviour's birth,
Praise Him, and magnify His Name,
Ye green things of the earth.

The glory of fair Lebanon,
The fir-tree, box, and pine,
With wreaths of dark-green ivy
And laurel sprays entwine,

And garlands of bright holly,
 Roses, immortals bring,
 Make glorious the sanctuary
 Of our Almighty King.

Stars of the earth are flowers
 From their bright kindred riven ;
 The fairest of God's works
 Should raise our hearts to heaven.
 Twine them in sacred emblems,
 Tell of our Saviour's birth,
 Praise Him, and magnify his Name,
 Ye green things of the earth.

C. Y.

MAGNUM BONUM ; OR, MOTHER CAREY'S BROOD.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ANGEL MOUNTAIN.

THE Leukerbad section of the party had only three days' start of the others, for Jock was not released till after a whole month's course of the baths, and Armine's state fluctuated so much that the journey would not have been sooner possible.

It had been a trying time. While Dr. Medlicott thought he could not rouse Mrs. Brownlow to the sense of the little fellow's precarious condition, deadly alarm lay couched in the bottom of her heart, only kept at bay by defiantly cheerful plans and sanguine talk.

Then Jock was depressed, and at his age (and, alas ! at many others) being depressed means being cross, and very cross he was to his mother and his friend, and occasionally to his brother who, in some moods, seemed to him merely a rival invalid and candidate for attention, and whom he now and then threatened with becoming as frightful a muff as Fordham. He missed Johnny, too, and perhaps longed after Eton. He was more savage to Cecil than to any one else, treating his best attentions with growls, railings, and occasionally showers of slippers, books, and cushions, but, strange as it sounds, the friendship only seemed cemented by this treatment, and this devoted slave evidently preferred being abused by Jock to being made much of by any one else.

The regimen was very disagreeable to his English habits, and the tedium of the place was great. His mother thought it quite enough to account for his captiousness, and the doctor said it was recovery, but no one guessed how much was due to the good resolutions he had

made on the Moraine and ratified with Cecil. To no one else had he spoken, but all the more for his reserve did he feel himself bound by the sense of the shame and dishonour of falling back from vows made in the time of danger. No one else was aware of it, but John Lucas Brownlow was not of a character to treat a promise or a resolution lightly. If he could have got out of his head the continual echo of the two lines about the monastic intentions of a certain personage when sick, he would have been infinitely better tempered.

For to poor Jock steadiness appeared renunciation of all 'jest and youthful jollity,' and religion seemed tedious endurance of what might be important, but like everything important, was to him very wearisome and uninteresting. To him all rest and pleasure in life seemed extinguished, and he would have preferred leaving Eton, where he must change his habits and amaze his associates. Indeed, he was between hoping and fearing that all this would there seem folly. But then he would break his word, the one thing that poor half-heathen Jock truly cared about.

Meantime he was keeping it as best he knew how under the circumstances, by minding his prayers more than he had ever done before, trying to attend when part of the service was read on Sundays, and endeavouring to follow the Evelyn sabbatical code, but only succeeding in making himself more dreary and savage on Sunday than on any other day.

By easy journeys they arrived at Engelberg early on a Friday afternoon, and found pleasant rooms in the large hotel, looking out in front on the grand old monastery, once the lord of half the Canton, and in the rear upon pine woods, leading up to a snow-crowned summit. The delicious scent seemed to bring invigoration in at the windows.

However, he was tired enough to be sent to bed, if not to sleep, immediately after the—as yet, scantily filled *table-d'hôte*. He was lying dreamily listening to the evening bells of the monastery, when Cecil came in, looking diffident and hesitating.

'I say, Jock,' he began, 'did you see that old clergyman at the *table-de'hôte* ?'

'Was there one ?'

'Yes ; and there is to be a Celebration on Sunday.'

'O ! Then Armine can have his wish.'

'Fordham has been getting the old cleric to talk to your mother about it.'

Armine was unconfirmed. The other two had been confirmed just before Easter, but on the great Sunday, Jock had followed his brother Robert's example and turned away. He had recollected the omission on that terrible night, and when after a pause Cecil said 'Do you mean to stay ?' he answered, rather snappishly, 'I suppose so.'

'I fancied,' said Cecil, with wistful hesitation, 'that if we were together it would be a kind of seal to——'

Jock actually forced back the words 'Don't humbug,' which were not his own, but his ill-temper's, and managed to reply—

'Well, what?'

'Being brothers in arms,' replied Cecil, with shy earnestness that touched the better part of Jock, and he made a sound of full assent, letting Cecil, who had a turn for sentiment, squeeze his hand.

He lay with a thoughtful eye, trying to recall some of the good seed his tutor had tried to sow on a much-trodden way-side, very ready for the birds of the air. The outcome was—

'I say, Evelyn, have you any book of preparation? Mine is—I don't know where.'

Neither his mother, nor Reeves, nor, to do him justice, Cecil himself, would have made such an omission in his packing, and he was heartily glad to fetch his manual, feeling Jock's reformation his own security in the ways which he really preferred.

But Jock, who, whatever he was, was real in all his ways, and could not lead a double life, as his friend too often did, read and tried to fulfil the injunctions of the book, but only became more confused and unhappy than ever, yet held on, in a blind sort of way, to his resolution. He had undertaken to be good, he meant therefore to communicate, and he believed he repented, and would lead a new life—if—if he could bear it.

His next confidence was—

'I say, Cecil, can you get me some writing things? We—at least I—ought to write and tell my tutor that I am sorry about that supper.'

'Well, he was rather a beast.'

'I think,' said Jock, who had the most capacity for seeing things from other people's point of view, 'we did enough to put him in a wax. It was more me than any one else, and I shall write at once, and get it off my mind before to-morrow.'

'Very well. If you'll write, I'll sign,' said Cecil. 'Mother said I ought when I saw her in London, but she didn't order me. She said she left it to my proper feeling.'

'And you hadn't any?'

'I was going to stick by you,' said Cecil, rather sulkily; on which Jock rewarded him with something sounding like—

'What a donkey you can be!'

However, with many writhings and gruntings the letter was indited, and Jock was as much wearied out as if he had taken a long walk, so that his mother feared that Engelberg was going to disagree with him. He had not energy enough to go out in the evening to meet the new arrivals, but stayed with Armine, who was in a state of restless joy and excitement, marvelling at him, and provoking him by this surprise as if it were censure.

With his forehead against the window Armine watched and did his

utmost to repress the eagerness that seemed to irritate his brother, and at last gave vent to an irrepressible hurrah.

'There they are! Cecil has got his sister! Oh! and there she is! Babie—holding on to mother, and that must be Mrs. Evelyn with Fordham—and there's Elf making up already to the Doctor! Aren't you coming down, Jock?'

'Not I! I don't want to see you make a fool of yourself before everybody!—I say—you'll have to get up again, you know! Shut the door I say!—shouted Jock, as he found Armine deaf to all his expostulations, and then getting up, he banged it himself, and then shuffling back to the sofa, put his hands over his face and exclaimed, 'There! What an eternal brute I am!'

A few moments more and the door was open again, and Cecil, with his arm round his sister, thrust her forwards, exclaiming—

'Here he is, Syd.'

Jock had recovered his gentlemanly manners enough to shake hands courteously, as well as to receive and return Babie's kiss, when she and Armine staggered in together, reeling under their weight of delight. Janet kissed him too, and then, securing both brothers, observed to her mother—

'I think Lucas is the most altered of the two.' In which sentiment Elvira seemed to agree, for she put her hands behind her and exclaimed—

'O Jock, you do look such a fright; I never knew how like Janet you were!'

'You are letting every one know what a spiteful little Elf *you* can be,' returned Janet, indignantly. 'Can't you give poor Jock a kinder greeting?'

Whereupon the Elf put on a cunning look of innocence and said—

'I didn't know it was unkind to say he was like you, Janet.'

The Evelyn pair had gone—after this introduction of Jock and Sydney—to their own sitting-room, which opened out of that of the Brownlows, and the door was soon unclosed, for the two families meant to make up only one party. The two mothers seemed as if they had been friends of old standing, and Mrs. Evelyn was looking with delighted wonder at her eldest son, who had gained much in flesh and in vigour ever since Dr. Medlicott's last and most successful prescription of a more pressing subject of interest than his own cough.

She had an influence about her that repressed all discords in her presence, and the evening was a cheerful and happy one, leaving a soothing sense upon all.

Then came the awakening to the sounds of the monastery bells, and in due time the small English congregation assembled, and one at least was trying to force an attention that had freely wandered ever before.

The preacher was the chance visitor, an elderly clergyman with silvery hair. He spoke extempore from Job xxviii.

Where shall wisdom be found ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Man knoweth not the price thereof ;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith, 'It is not in me :'
And the sea saith, 'It is not with me.'
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

What he said was unlike any sermon the young people had heard before. It began with a description of the alchemist's labours, seeking for ever for the one great arcanum, falling by the way upon numerous precious discoveries, yet never finding the one secret which would have rendered all common things capable of being made of priceless value. He drew this quest into a parable of man's search for the One Great Good, the wisdom that is the one thing necessary to give weight, worth, and value to the life which, without it, is vanity of vanities. Many a choice gift of thought, of science, of philosophy, of beauty, of poetry, has been brought to light in its time by the seekers, but in vain. All rang empty, hollow, and heartless, like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, till the secret should be won. And it is no unattainable secret. It is the love of Christ that truly turneth all things into fine gold. One who has attained that love has the true transmuting and transforming power of making life golden, golden in brightness, in purity, in value, so as to be 'a present for a mighty King.'

Then followed a description of the glory and worth of the true, noble, faithful manhood of a 'happy warrior,' ever going forward and carrying through achievements for the love of the Great Captain. Each in turn, the protector of the weak, the redresser of wrong, the patriot, the warrior, the scholar, the philosopher, the parent, the wife, the sister, or the child, the healthful or the sick, whoever has that one constraining secret, the love of Christ, has his service even here, whether active or passive, veritably golden, the fruit unto holiness, the end everlasting life.

Perhaps it was the cluster of young faces that led the preacher thus to speak, and as he went on, he must have met the earnest and responsive eyes that are sure to animate a speaker, and the power and beauty of his words struck every one. To the Evelyns it was a new and beautiful allegory on a familiar idea. Janet was divided between discomfort at allusions reminding her of her secret, and on criticisms of the description of alchemy. Her mother's heart beat as if she were hearing an echo of her husband's thoughts about his *Magnum Bonum*. Little Armine was thrilled as, in the awe of drawing near to his first Communion, this golden thread of life was put into his hand. But it was Jock to whom that discourse came like a beam of

light into a dark place. When upon this dreary vista of dull abnegation on which he had been dwelling for a month past, came this vision of the beauty, activity, victory, and glory of true manhood, as something obtainable, his whole soul swelled and expanded with joyful enthusiasm. The future that he had embraced as lead had become changed to gold ! Thus the whole ensuing service was to him a continuation of that blessed hopeful dedication of himself and all his powers. It was as if from being a monk he had become a Red Cross Knight of the Hospital. Yet, after his soiled, spoiled, reckless boyhood, how could that grand manhood be attained ?

Later in the afternoon when the denizens of the hotel had gone their several ways, some to look and listen, at Benediction in the Convent church, some to climb through the pine woods to the Alp, some to saunter and rest among the nearer trees, the clergyman, with his Greek Testament in his hand, was sitting on a seat under one of the trees, enjoying the calm of one of his few restful Sundays, when he heard a movement, and beheld the pale thin lad, who still walked so lame, who had been so silent at the *table d'hôte*, and whose dark eyes had looked up with such intensity of interest, that he had more than once spoken to them.

‘ You are tired,’ said the clergyman, kindly making room for him.

‘ Thanks,’ said the boy, mechanically moving forward, but then pausing as he leant on his stick, and his eyes suddenly dimmed with tears as he said, ‘ Oh, sir, if you would only tell me how to begin——’

‘ Begin what ?’ said the old man, holding out his hand.

‘ To turn it to gold,’ said Jock. ‘ Can I after being the mad fool I’ve been ?’

They talked for more than an hour ; even till Dr. Medlicott, coming down from the Alp, laid his hand on Jock’s shoulder, and told him the evening chill was coming, and he must sit still no longer. And as the boy looked up, the restless weary distress of his face was gone.

Jock never saw that old clergyman again, nor heard of him, unless it were his death that he read of in the paper six months later. But he never heard the name of Engelberg without an echo of the parting benediction, and feeling that to him it had indeed been an Angel mountain.

It had been a happy day to several others. Cecil, after ten minutes with his mother, which filled her with hope and thankfulness, had gone to show his sister the charms of the place, and Armine and Babie, on a sheltered seat, were free to pour out their hearts to one another, ranging from the heights of pure childish wisdom to its depths of blissful ignorance and playful folly as they talked over the past and the future.

Armine knew there was no chance of an immediate and entire recovery for him, and this was a severe stroke to Babie, who was quite unprepared. And, as her face began to draw up with tears near the

surface, he hugged her close, and consolingly whispered that now they would be together always, he should not have to go away from his own dear Babie Bunting, and there was a little kissing match, ending by Babie saying, disconsolately, 'But you did like Eton so, and you were going to get the Newcastle and Prince Albert's prize, and be in the eleven and all—and you were so sure of a high remove! Oh, dear!' and she let her head drop on his shoulder, and was all but crying again.

'Don't, don't, Babie! or you'll make me as bad again,' said Armine. 'It does come over me now and then, and I wish I had never known what it was to be strong and jolly, and to expect to do all sorts of things.'

'I shall always be wishing it,' said Babie.

'No, you are not to cry! You would be more sorry if I was dead and not here at all, Babie; and you have got to thank God for that.'

'I do—I have! I've done it ever since we got Johnny's dreadful letter. Oh, yes, Armine, I'll try not to mind, for perhaps if we aren't thankful I mayn't keep you at all,' said poor Babie, with her arms round her treasure. 'But are you quite sure, Armine; couldn't Dr. Lucas get you quite well? You see this Dr. Medlicott is very young,' added the small maiden sapiently.

'Young doctors are all the go. Dr. Lucas said so when mother wrote to ask if she had better bring me home for advice,' said Armine. 'He knows all about Dr. Medlicott, and said he was first-rate, and they've been writing to each other about me. The doctor stethoscoped me all over, and then he did a map of my lungs, Cecil said, to send in his letter.'

'Oh!' gasped Babie, 'didn't it frighten you?'

'I wanted to know, for I saw mother was in a way. She did talk and whisk about so fast, and made such a fuss, that I thought I must be much worse than I knew. So I told Dr. Medlicott I wished he would tell me right out if I was going to die, in time to see you, and then I shouldn't mind. So he said not now, and he thought I should get over it in time, but most likely I should have a long time, years perhaps, of being very careful. And when I asked if I should be able to go back to Eton, he said he hardly thought it likely; and he thought it was kinder to let me know at once than let me be straining and hoping on.'

'Was it?' said Babie.

'I thought not,' said Armine, 'when I shut my eyes and the playing-fields and the trees and the river stood up before me. I thought if I could have hoped ever so little, it would have been nice. And then to think of never being able to run, or row, or stay out late, and always to be bothering about one's stockings and wraps, and making a miserable muff of oneself just to keep in a bit of uncomfortable life, and being a nuisance to everybody.'

Babie fairly shrieked and sobbed her protest that he could never be a nuisance to her or mother.

'You are Babie, and mother is mother, I know that ; but it did seem such a long burthen and bore, and when—oh, Babie—don't you know——'

'How we always thought you would go on and be something great, and do something great, like Bishop Selwyn, or like that Mr. Denison that Miss Ogilvie has a book about,' said Babie. 'But you will get well and do it when you are a man, Armie ! Didn't you think about it when you heard all about the golden life in the sermon to-day ? I thought, "That's going to be Armie's life," and I looked at you, but you were looking down. Were you thinking how it was all spoilt, Armie, poor dear Armie. For perhaps it isn't.'

'No, I know nobody can spoil it but myself,' said Armie. 'And you know he said that one might make weakness and sickness just as golden by that great Love as being up and doing. I was going to tell you, Babie, I was horridly down in the mouth one day at Leukerbad when I thought mother and all were out of the way—gone out driving, I believe—and then Fordham came in. He had stayed in, I do believe, on purpose——'

'But, but,' said Babie, not so much impressed as her brother wished ; 'isn't he rather a spoon ? Johnny said he ought to have been a girl.'

'I didn't think Johnny was such a stupid,' said Armie, 'I only know he has been no end of a comfort to me, though he says he only wants to hinder me from getting like him.'

'Don't then,' said Babie, 'though I don't understand. I thought you were so fond of him.'

'So *must* you be,' said Armie ; 'I never got on with anybody so well. He knows just how it is ! He says if God gives one such a life, He will help one to find out the way to make the best of it for oneself and other people, and to bear to see other people doing what one can't, and we are to help one another. Oh, Babie ! you must like Fordham !'

'I must if you do !' said Babie. 'But he is awfully old for a friend for you, Armie.'

'He is nineteen,' said Armie, 'but people get more and more of the same age as they grow older. And he likes all our books, and more too, Babie. He had such a delicious book of French letters, that he lent me, with things in them that were just what I wanted. If we are to be abroad all the winter, he will get his mother to go wherever we do. Suppose we went to the Holy Land, Babie !'

'Oh ! then we could find Jotapata ! Oh, no,' she added humbly, 'I promised Miss Ogilvie not to talk of Jotapata on a Sunday.'

'And going to the Holy Land only to look for it would be much the same thing,' said Armie. 'Besides, I expect it is up among the Druses, where one can't go.'

'Armie,' in the tone of a great confession, 'I've told Sydney all about it. Have you told Lord Fordham ?'

'No,' said Armine, who was less exclusively devoted to the great romance. 'I wonder whether he would read it?'

'I've brought it. Nineteen copybooks and a dozen blank ones, though it was so hard to make Delrio pack them up.'

'Hurrah for the new ones! We did so want some for the *Traveller's Joy*, the paper at Leukerbad was so bad. You *should* hear the verses the Doctor wrote on the mud baths. They are as stunning as *Fly Leaves*. Mr. Editor, I say,' as Lord Fordham's tall figure strolled towards them, 'she has brought out a dozen clean copybooks. Isn't that a joy for the *Joy*?'

'Had you no other intentions for them?' said Fordham, detecting something of disappointment in Babie's face. 'You surely were not going to write exercises in them?'

'Oh, no!' said Babie, 'only——'

'She can't mention it on Sunday,' said Armine, a little wickedly. 'It is a wonderful long story about the crusaders.'

'And,' explained Babie, 'our governess said we—that is I—thought of nothing else, and made the Lessons at Church and everything else apply to it, so she made me resolve to say nothing about it on Sunday.'

'And she has brought out nineteen copybooks full of it,' added Armine.

'Yes,' said Babie, 'but the little speckled ones are very small, and have half the leaves torn out, and we used to write larger when we began. I think,' she added with the humility of an aspirant contributor towards the editor of a popular magazine, 'if Lord Fordham would be so kind as to look at it, Armie thought it might do what people call, I believe, supplying the serial element of fiction, and I should be happy to copy it out for each number if I write well enough.'

The word 'happy' was so genuine, and the speech so comical, that the Editor had much ado to keep his countenance as he gave considerable hopes that the serial element should be thus supplied in the *MS. Magazine*.

Meantime, the two mothers were walking about and resting together, keeping their young people in some degree in view, and discussing at first the subject most on their minds, their sons' bodily health, and the past danger, for which Caroline found a deeply sympathetic listener, and one who took a hopeful view of Armine.

Mrs. Evelyn was indeed naturally disposed to augur well whenever the complaint was not hereditary, and she was besides in excellent spirits at the very visible progress of both her sons, the one in physical, the other in moral health, and she could not but attribute both to the companionship that she had been so anxious to prevent. She had never seen Duke look so well, or seem so free from languor and indifference since he was a mere child, and it all seemed due to his devotion to Armine; and as to Cecil, he seemed to have a new spring of improvement which he ascribed altogether to his friend.

'It is strange to me to hear this of my poor Jock,' said Caroline, 'always my pickle and scapegrace, though he is a dear good-hearted boy. His uncle says it is that he wants a strong hand, but don't you think an uncle's strong hand is much worse than any mother's weakness?'

'Not than her weakness,' said Mrs. Evelyn. 'It is her love, I think, that you mean. There are some boys with whom strong hands are vain, but who will guide themselves for love, and *that* we mothers are surely the ones to infuse.'

'My boys are affectionate enough, dear fellows,' said Caroline, proudly, forgetting her sore disappointment that neither Allen nor Robert had chosen to come to her help.

'I did not only mean love of oneself,' said Mrs. Evelyn, gently. 'I was thinking of the fine gold we heard of this morning. When our boys once have found that secret, the chief of our work is done.'

'Ah! and I never understood how to give them that,' said Caroline. 'We have been all astray ever since their father left us.'

'Do you know,' said Mrs. Evelyn, with a certain sweet shyness, 'I can't help thinking that your dear Lucas found that gold among the stones of the Moraine, and will help my poor weak Cecil to keep a fast hold of it.'

Mrs. Evelyn's opinion was confirmed, when a few days later came the answer to Jock's letter to his tutor, pleasing and touching both friends so much that each showed it to his mother. Another important piece of intelligence came in a letter from John to his cousin, namely that the present captain of the house with two or three more were leaving Eton at the midsummer holidays, and that his tutor had been talking to him about becoming captain.

Jock and Cecil greatly rejoiced, for the departing captain had been a youth whose incapacity for government had been much better known to his subordinates than to his master, and the other two had been the special tempters and evil geniuses of the house, those who above all had set themselves to make obedience and religion seem contemptible, and vice daring and manly.

'I should have hated the notion of being captain,' wrote John, 'if those impracticable fellows had stayed on, and if I did not feel sure of you and Evelyn; you are such a fellow for getting hold of the others, but with you two at my back, I really think the house may get a different tone into it.'

'And every one told us what an excellent character it had,' said Mrs. Evelyn, when the letter, through a chain of strict confidence, came round to her, the boys little knowing how much it did to decide their continuance together, and at Eton. Sir James had never been willing that Cecil should be taken away, and he had become as sensible as any of the rest to the Brownlow charm.

That was a very happy time in the pine woods and the Alp. The

whole of the nineteen copy books were actually read by Babie to Sydney and Armine; and Lord Fordham, over his sketches, submitted to hear a good deal. He told his mother that the story was the most diverting thing he had ever heard, with its queer mixture of childish simplicity and borrowed romance, of natural poetry and of infantine absurdity, of extraordinary knowledge and equally comical ignorance, of originality and imitation, so that his great difficulty had been not to laugh in the wrong place, when Babie had tears in her eyes at the heights of pathos and sublimity, and Sydney was shedding them for company. It was funny to come to places where Armine's slightly superior age and knowledge of the world began to tell, and when he corrected and criticised, or laughed, with appeals to his elder friend. Babie was so perfectly good-humoured about the sacrifice of her pet passages, and even of her dozen copybooks, that the editor of the *Traveller's Joy* could not help encouraging the admission of 'Jotapata' into the magazine, in spite of the remonstrances of the rest of his public, who declared it was merely making the numbers a great deal heavier for postage, and all for nothing. ¶

The magazine was well named, for it was a great resource. There were illustrations of all kinds, from Lord Fordham's careful water-colours, and Mrs. Brownlow's graceful figures or etchings, to the doctor's clever caricatures and grotesque outlines, and the contributions were equally miscellaneous. There were descriptions of scenery, fragmentary notes of history and science, records more or less veracious or absurd of personal adventures, and conversations, and advertisements, such as—

Stolen or Strayed.—A parasol, white above, black below, minus a ring, with an ivory loop handle, and one broken whalebone. Whoever will bring the same to the Señora Donna Elvira de Menella, will be handsomely rewarded with a smile or a scowl, according to his deserts.

Lost.—On the walk from the Alp, of inestimable value to the owner, and none to any one else, an Idea, one of the very few originated by the Honble. C. F. Evelyn.

Small wit went a good way, and personalities were by no means prohibited, since the editor could be trusted to exercise a safe discretion in the riddles, acrostics, and anagrams deposited in the bag at his door, and immense was the excitement when the numbers were produced, with a pleasing irregularity as to time, depending on when they became bulky enough to look respectable, and not too thick to be sewn up comfortably, by the great Reeves, who did not mind turning his hand to anything when he saw his lordship so merry.

The only person who took no interest in the *Traveller's Joy* was Janet, who could not think how reasonable people could endure such nonsense. Her first affront had been taken at a most absurd description which Jock had illustrated by a fancy caricature of 'The Fox and the Crow,' 'Woman's Progress,' in which 'Mr. Herman Dowsterswivel' was represented as haranguing by turns with her on the steamer,

and, during her discourse, quietly secreting her bag. It was such wild fun that Lord Fordham never dreamt of its being an affront, nor perhaps would it have been if Dr. Medlicott would have chopped logic, science, and philosophy with her in the way she thought her due from the only man who could be supposed to approach her in intellect. He however took to chaff. He *would* defend every popular error that she attacked, and with an acumen and ease that baffled her, even when she knew he was not in earnest, and made her feel like Thor, when the giant affected to take three blows of Miölner for three flaps of a rat's tail.

The magazine contained a series of notes on the nursery rhymes, where the 'Song of Sixpence' was proved to be a solar myth. The pocketfull of rye was the yield of the earth, and the twenty-four black-birds sang at sunrise while the king counted out the golden drops of the rain, and the queen ate the produce, while the maid's performance in the garden was, beyond all doubt, symbolic of the clouds suddenly broken in upon by the lightning!

Moreover the man of Thessaly was beautifully illustrated, blinding himself by jumping into the prickly bush of science where each gooseberry was labelled with some pseudo study. When he *saw* his eyes were out he stood wondrously gazing after them with his sockets while they returned a ludicrous stare from the points of thorns, like lobsters. In his final leap deeper into truth, he scratched them in again, and walked off, in a crown of laurels, triumphant.

Janet was none the less disposed to leap into her special gooseberry-bush, and her importunity prevailed, so that before Dr. Medlicott returned to England he escorted her and her mother to Zurich, and after full inquiries it was decided that she should have her will, and follow out her medical course of study, provided she could find a satisfactory person to board with.

She proposed, and her mother consented, that the two Miss Rays should be her chaperons, of course with liberal payment. Nita could carry on her studies in art, and made the plan agreeable to Janet, while old Miss Ray's eyes, which had begun to suffer from the copying, would have a rest, and Mrs. Brownlow had as much confidence in her as in any one Janet would endure.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SUN-DIAL.

I LOOK on the happy children,
And they bid me join their play
By the sun-dial in the garden,
The sun-dial old and gray.

They smile as they watch the shadow
With stealthy resistless pace ;
But they read not the lesson, the dear ones,
Writ on the dial's face.

For you, my children, it numbers
No hours save hours serene ;
No fears for a hidden future,
No pang for the dread 'has been.'

The vision of wasted hours,
Of faces we would not forget
Yet prized not enough when with us,
The deep, unavailing regret :

The years in their torrent swiftness
That shriek as seaward they go . . .
—What know they of this, the children ?
—Ah, better they should not know !

They smile and watch by the dial,
Till darkness hurries them hence :—
And their souls are bathed in slumber
With the sunshine of innocence.

But I stand and watch them sleeping,
And over their faces go
Flushes and smiles and sweetness,
And breathing even and low.

I muse on the thousand perils
That hang o'er each golden head ;
And I know that my treasures tremble
Like dew on the gossamer-thread.

O Life, what art thou that holdest
What is more than life to thee
By the tenure of thine own hours,
Thine own fragility ?

And each breath is a sigh, that nearer
Brings the long farewell to me :—
O were Life not life for ever,
Better it should not be !

F. T. PALGRAVE.

HERIOT'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NELLIE'S MEMORIES,' 'WOOM AND MARRIED,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THREE YEARS AFTERWARDS.—A RETROSPECT.

'And still I changed—I was a boy no more;
 My heart was large enough to hold my kind,
 And all the world. As hath been apt before
 With youth, I sought, but I could never find
 Work hard enough to quiet my self-strife,
 And the strength of action craving life.
 She, too, was changed.'

JEAN INGELow.

In the histories of most families there are long even pauses during which life flows smoothly in uneventful channels, when there are few breaks and fewer incidents to chronicle; times when the silent ingathering of individual interests deepens and widens imperceptibly into an under-current of strength ready for the crises of emergency. Times of peace alternating with the petty warfare which is the prerogative of kinship, a blessed routine of daily duty misnamed by the young monotony, but which in reality is to train them for the rank and file in the great human army hereafter; quiescent times during which the memory of past troubles is mercifully obliterated by present ease, and 'the cloud no bigger than a man's hand' does not as yet obscure the soft breadth of heaven's blue.

Such a time had come to the Lamberts. The three years that followed Olive's illness and tardy convalescence were quite uneventful ones, marked with few incidents worthy of note; outwardly things had seemed unchanged, but how deep and strong was the under-current of each young individual life; what rapid developments, what unfolding of fresh life and interests in the budding manhood and womanhood within the old vicarage walls.

Such thoughts as these came tranquilly to Mildred as she sat alone one July day in the same room where three years before the Angels of Life and Death had wrestled over one frail girl, in the room where she had so patiently and tenderly nursed Olive's sick body and mind back to health.

For once in her life busy Mildred was idle, the work lay unfolded beside her, while her eyes wandered dreamily over the fair expanse of sunny green dotted with browsing sheep and tuneful with the plaintive bleating of lambs; there was a crisp crunching of cattle hoofs on the beck gravel below, a light wind touched the elms and thorns and woke a soft sighing, the tall poplar swayed drowsily with a flicker of shaking leaves; beyond the sunshine lay the blue dusk of the circling

hills, prospect fit to inspire a day-dream, even in a nature more prosaic than Mildred Lambert's.

It was Mildred's birthday; she was thirty to-day, and she was smiling to herself at the thoughts that she felt younger and brighter and happier than she had three years before.

They had been such peaceful years, full of congenial work and blessed with sympathetic fellowship; she had sown so poorly, she thought, and had reaped such rich harvests of requited love; she had come amongst them a stranger three years ago, and now she could number friends by the score, even her poorer neighbours loved and trusted her, their northern reserve quite broken down by her tender womanly graces.

'There are two people in Kirkby Stephen that would be sorely missed,' a respectable tradesman once said to Miss Trelawney, 'and they are Miss Lambert and Dr. Heriot, and I don't know which is the greater favourite. I should have lost my wife last year but for her; she sat up with her three nights running when that fever got hold of her.'

And an old woman in the workhouse said once to Dr. Heriot when he wished her to see the Vicar:

'Nae thanks to thee, doctor; thou needn't bother the'sel about t'minister, Miss Lambert has sense enough. I wudn't git mair gude words than she gi'es, she's terrible gude, bless her;' and many would have echoed old Sally Bates' opinion.

Mildred's downright simplicity and unselfishness were winning all hearts.

'Aunt Milly has such a trustworthy face people are obliged to tell their troubles when they look at her,' Polly said once, and perhaps the girl held the right clue to the secret of Mildred Lambert's influence.

Real sympathy, that spontaneity of vigorous warm feeling emanating from the sight of other's pain, is rarer than we imagine. Without exactly giving expression to conventional forms of condolence, Mildred conveyed the most delicate sympathy in every look and word; by a rapid transit of emotion, she seemed to place herself in the position of the bereaved; to feel as they felt—the sacred silence of sorrow; her few words never grazed the outer edge of that bitter irritability that trenches on great pain, and so her mere presence seemed to soothe them.

Her perfect unconsciousness added to this feeling; there were times when Mildred's sympathy was so intense that she absolutely lost herself; 'What have I done that you should thank me?' was a common speech with her; in her own opinion she had done absolutely nothing; she had so merged her own individual feelings into the case before her that gratitude was a literal shock to her, and this same simplicity kept her quiet and humble under the growing idolatry of her nephews and nieces.

'My dear Miss Lambert, how they all love you,' Mrs. Delaware said to her once, 'even that fine grown young man Richard seems to lay himself out to please you.'

'How can they help loving me,' returned Mildred, with that shy soft smile of hers, 'when I love them so dearly, and they see it? Of course I do not deserve it; but it is the old story, love begets love;' and the glad, steady light in her eyes spoke of her deep content.

Yes, Mildred was happy; the quiet woman joyed in her life with an intense appreciation that Olive would have envied. Mildred never guessed that there were secret springs to this fountain of gladness, that the strongly-cemented friendship between herself and Dr. Heriot added a fresh charm to her life, investing it with the atmosphere of unknown vigour and strength. Mildred had always been proud of her brother's intellect and goodness, but she had never learnt to rely so entirely on his sagacity as she now did on Dr. Heriot.

If any one had questioned her feelings with respect to the vicarage Mentor Mildred would have assured them with her sweet honesty that her brother's friend was hers also, that she did full justice to his merits, and was ready to own that his absence would leave a terrible gap in their circle; but even Mildred did not know how much she had learnt to depend on the sympathy that never failed her and the quick appreciation that was almost intuitive.

Mildred knew that Dr. Heriot liked her, he had found her trustworthy in time of need, and he showed his gratitude by making fresh demands on her time and patience most unblushingly: in his intercourse with her, there had always been a curious mixture of reverence and tenderness which was far removed from any warmer feeling, though in one sense it might be called brotherly.

Perhaps Mildred was to blame for this; in spite of her appreciation of Dr. Heriot she had never broken through her habit of shy reserve, which was a second nature with her—the old girlish Mildred was hidden out of sight. Dr. Heriot only saw in his friend's sister a gentle, soft-eyed woman, seeming older than she really was, and with tender, old-fashioned ways, always habited in sober greys and with a certain staidness of mien and quiet precision of speech, which, with all its restfulness, took away the impression of youth.

Yes, good and womanly as he thought her, Dr. Heriot was ignorant of the real Mildred. Aunt Milly alone with her boys, blushing and dimpling under their saucy praise, would have shattered all his ideas of primness, just as those fits of wise eloquence, while Olive and Polly lingered near her in the dark, the sweet impulse of words that stirred them to their hearts' core, would have roused his latent enthusiasm to the utmost.

Dr. Heriot's true ideal of womanly beauty and goodness passed his door daily, disguised in Quaker greys and the large shady black hat that was for use and not for ornament, but he did not know it; when

he looked out it was to note how fresh and piquant Polly looked in her white dress and blue ribbons as she tripped beside Mildred, or how the Spanish hat with its long black feather suited Olive's sombre complexion.

Olive had greatly improved since her illness; she was still irredeemably plain in her own eyes, but few were ready to endorse this opinion; her figure had rounded and filled out into almost majestic proportions, her shoulders had lost their ungainly stoop, and her slow movements were not without grace.

Her complexion would always be sallow, but the dark abundant hair was now arranged to some advantage and the large earnest eyes were her redeeming features, while a settled but soft seriousness had replaced the old absorbing melancholy.

Olive would never look on the brighter side of life as a happier and more sanguine temperament would; she still took life seriously, almost solemnly, though she had ceased to repine that length of days had been given her; with her, conscientiousness was still a fault, and she would even be given to weigh herself carefully and be found wanting, but there were times when even Olive owned herself happy, when the grave face would relax into smiles and the dark eyes grew bright and soft.

And there were reasons for this; Olive no longer suffered the pangs of passionate and unrequited love, and her heart was at rest concerning Richard.

For two years the sad groping after truth, the mute search for vocation, the conflict between duty and inclination had continued, and still the grave, stern face, kindly but impressive, has given no clue to his future plans. 'I will tell you when I know myself, father,' was his parting speech more than once. 'I trust you, Cardie, and I am content to wait,' was ever his father's answer.

But deliverance came at last, when the fetters fell off the noble young soul, when every word in the letter that reached Mr. Lambert spoke of the new-born gladness that filled his son's heart; there was no reticence.

'You trusted me and you were content to wait then; how often I have repeated these words to myself, dear father; you have waited, and now your patience shall be rewarded.

'Father, at last I know myself and my own mind, the last wave of doubt and fear has rolled off me, I can see it all now, I feel sure. I write it tremblingly. I feel sure that it is all true.

'Oh, how good God has been to me! I feel almost like the prodigal, only no husks could have satisfied me for a moment, it was only the truth I wanted, truth literal and divine; and, father, you have no reason to think sadly of me any longer, for "before eventide my light has come."

'I am writing more to tell you that it is my firm and unalterable intention to carry out your and my mother's wishes with respect to my

profession; will you ask my friends not to seek to dissuade me, especially my friends at Kirkleatham? You know how sorely inclination has already tempted me; believe me, I have counted the cost and weighed the whole matter calmly and dispassionately. I have much to relinquish—many favourite pursuits, many secret ambitions—but shall I give what costs me nothing? and after all I am only thankful that I am not considered too unworthy for the work.'

It was this letter, so humble and so manly, that filled Olive's brown eyes with light and lifted the weight from her heart. Cardie had not disappointed her, he had been true to himself and his own convictions. Mildred alone had her misgivings; when she next saw Richard, she thought that he looked worn and pale, and even fancied his cheerfulness was a little forced; and his admission that he had slept badly for two or three nights so filled her with alarm that she determined to speak to him at all costs.

His composed and devout demeanour at service next morning, however, a little comforted her, and she was hesitating whether the change in him might be her own fancy when Richard himself broke the ice by an abrupt question as they were walking towards Musgrave that same afternoon.

'What is all this about Ethel Trelawney, Aunt Milly?'

And Mildred absolutely started at his tone, it was suppressed and yet so eager.

'She will not return to Kirkleatham for some weeks, Richard; she and her father are visiting in Scotland.'

Richard turned very pale.

'It is true, then, Aunt Milly?'

'What is true?'

'That she is engaged to that man?'

'To Sir Robert Ferrers? What! have you heard of that? No, indeed, Richard, she has refused him most decidedly; why he is old enough to be her father!'

'That is no objection with some women. Are you sure? They are not in Renfrewshire, then?'

'They have never been there; they are staying with friends near Ballater. Why, Richard, what is this?' as Richard stopped as though he were giddy and covered his face with his hands.

'I never meant you or any one to know,' he gasped at length, while Mildred watched his varying colour with alarm, 'but I have not been able to sleep since I heard, and the suddenness of the relief—oh! are you quite sure, Aunt Milly?' with a painful eagerness in his tone very strange to hear in grave, self-contained Richard.

'Dear Cardie, let there be full confidence between us; you see you have unwittingly betrayed yourself.'

'Yes, I have betrayed myself,' he muttered with increasing agitation; 'what a fool you must think me, Aunt Milly, and all because I could not

put a question quietly ; but I was not prepared for your answer ; what a consummate——'

'Hush, don't call yourself names. I knew your secret long ago, Cardie. I knew what friends you and Ethel Trelawney were.'

A boyish flush suffused his face.

'Ethel is very fond of her old playmate.'

He winced as though with sudden pain.

'Ah, that is just it, Aunt Milly ; she is fond of me and nothing else.'

'I like her name for you, Cœur de Lion, it sounds so musical from her lips ; you are her friend, Richard, she trusts you implicitly.'

'I believe—I hope she does ;' but drawing his hand again before his eyes, 'I am too young, Aunt Milly. I was only one-and-twenty last month.'

'True, and Sir Robert was nearly fifty ; she refused a fine estate there.'

'Was her father angry with her ?'

'Not so terribly incensed as he was about Mr. Cathcart the year before. Mr. Cathcart had double his fortune and was a young good-looking man. I was almost afraid that in her misery she should be driven to marry him.'

'He has no right to persecute her so ; why should he be so anxious to get rid of his only child ?'

'That is what we all say. Poor Ethel, hers is no light cross. I am thankful she is beginning to take it patiently ; the loss of a father's love must be dreadful, and hers is a proud spirit.'

'But not now ; you said yourself, Aunt Milly, how nobly she behaved in that last affair.'

'True,' continued Mildred in a sorrowful tone ; 'all the more that she was inclined to succumb to a momentary fascination ; but I am certain that with all his intellect Mr. Cathcart would have been a most undesirable husband for her ; Sir Robert Ferrers is far preferable.'

'Aunt Milly !'

'Yes, Richard, and I told her so ; but her only answer was that she would not marry where she could not love. I am afraid this will widen the breach between her and her father ; her last letter was very sad.'

'It is tyranny, downright persecution ; how dares he. Oh, Aunt Milly !' in a tone of deep despondency, 'if I were only ten years older.'

'I am afraid you are very young, Cardie. I wish you had not set your heart on this.'

'Yes, we are too much of an age, but she need not fear, I am older in everything than she ; there is nothing boyish about me, is there, Aunt Milly ?'

‘Not in your love for Ethel, I am afraid; but, Cardie, what would her father say if he knew it?’

‘He will know it some day. Look here, Aunt Milly, I am one-and-twenty now, and I have loved Ethel, Miss Trelawney I mean, since I was a boy of twelve; people may laugh, but I felt for my old playmate something of what I feel now. She was always different from any one else in my eyes. I remember telling my mother when I was only ten that Ethel should be my wife.’

‘But, Richard—’

‘I know what you are going to say—that it is all hopeless moonshine, that a curate with four or five hundred a year has no right to presume to Mr. Trelawney’s heiress; that is what he and the world will tell me; but how am I to help loving her?’

‘What am I to say to you, Cardie? long before you are your father’s curate Ethel may have met the man she can love.’

‘Then I shall bear my trouble, I hope, manfully. Don’t you think this is my one dread, that and being so young in her eyes? How little she knew how she tempted me when she told me I ought to distinguish myself at the bar; I felt as though it were giving her up when I decided on taking orders.’

‘She would call you a veritable Cœur de Lion if she knew. Oh! my poor boy, how hardly this has gone with you,’ as Richard’s face whitened again with emotion.

‘It has been terribly hard,’ he returned, almost inaudibly; ‘it was not so much at last reluctance and fear of the work as the horrible dread of losing her by my own act. I thought—it was foolish, and young of me, I daresay, but I thought that as people spoke of my capabilities I might in time win a position that should be worthy even of her. Oh, Aunt Milly! what a fool you must think me.’

Richard’s clear glance was overcast with pain as he spoke, but Mildred’s affectionate smile spoke volumes.

‘I think I never loved you so well, Cardie, now I know how nobly you have acted. Have you told your father of this?’

‘No, but I am sure he knows; you have no idea how much he notices; he said something to me once that showed me he was aware of my feelings; we have no secrets now: that is your doing, Aunt Milly.’

Mildred shook her head.

‘Ah, but it was; you were the first to break down my reserve; what a churl I must have been in those days. You all think too well of me as it is. Livy especially puts me in a bad humour with myself.’

‘I wanted to speak to you of Olive, Richard; are you not thankful that she has found her vocation at last?’

‘Indeed I am. I wrote my congratulations by return of post. Fancy Kirke and Steadman undertaking to publish those poems, and Livy only eighteen!’

'Dr. Heriot always told us she had genius. Some of them are really very beautiful. Dear Olive, you should have seen her face when the letter came.'

'I know; I would have given anything to be there.'

'She looked quite radiant, and yet so touchingly humble when she held it out to her father, and then without waiting for us to read it she left the room. I know she was thanking God for it on her knees, Richard, while we were all gossiping to Dr. Heriot on Livy's good fortune.'

Richard looked touched.

'What an example she is to us all, if she would only believe half the good of herself that we do, Aunt Milly.'

'Then she would lose all her childlike humility. I think she gets less morbidly self-conscious year by year; there is no denying she is brighter.'

'She could not help it, brought into contact with such a nature as Marsden's; that fellow gives one the impression of perfect mental and bodily health. Dr. John told me it was quite refreshing to look at him.'

'Chriss amuses me, she will have it is he so noisy.'

'He has a racy laugh, certainly, and his voice is not exactly low pitched, but he is a splendid fellow. Roy keeps up a steady correspondence with him. By the by, I have not shown you my last letter from Rome,' and Richard, who had regained his tranquillity and ordinary manner, pulled the thin, foreign-looking envelope from his breast-pocket and entertained Mildred for the remainder of the way with an amusing account of some of Roy's Roman adventures.

That night as Richard sat alone with his father in the study, Mr. Lambert placed his hand affectionately on his son's broad shoulder with a look that was rather more scrutinising than usual.

'So the last cloud has cleared away; that is right, Cardie.'

'I do not understand you, father;' but the young man faltered a little under his father's quiet glance.

'Nay, it is for you to explain; only last night you seemed as though you had some trouble on your mind, you were anxious and absorbed, and this evening the oppression seems removed.'

For a moment Richard hesitated, and the old boyish flush came to his face, and then his determination was taken.

'Father,' he said, speaking in a quick resolute tone, and tossing back his wave of dark hair as he spoke, always a trick of his when agitated, 'there shall be no half-confidence between us; yesterday I was heavy at heart because I thought Ethel Trelawney would marry Sir Robert Ferrers; to-day I hear she has refused him and the weight is gone.'

Mr. Lambert gave a low dismayed exclamation, and his hand dropped from his son's shoulder.

'Ah, is it so, my poor boy?' he said at last, and there was no mistaking the sorrowful tone.

'Yes, it is so, father,' he returned firmly; 'you may call me a fool for my pains—I do not know, perhaps I am one—but it is too late to help it now, the mischief is of too long standing.'

In spite of his very real sympathy a smile crossed his father's lips, and yet as he looked at Richard it somehow died away. Youthful as he was, barely one-and-twenty, there was a set determination, a staid manliness in his whole mien that added five years at least to his age.

Even to a disinterested eye he seemed a son of whom any father might be proud; not tall, the massive thickset figure seemed made for strength more than grace, but the face was pre-eminently handsome, the dark eyes beamed with intelligence, the forehead was broad and benevolent, the lips still closed with the old inflexibility, but the hard lines had relaxed: firm and dominant, yet ruled by the single eye of integral principle; there was no fear that Richard Lambert would ever overstep the boundaries of a clearly defined right.

'That is my brave boy,' murmured his father at last, watching him with a sort of wistful pain; 'but, Cardie, I cannot but feel grieved that you have set your heart on this girl.'

'What! do you doubt the wisdom or the fitness of my choice?' demanded the young man hotly.

'Both, Cardie; the girl is everything that one could wish; dear to me almost as a daughter of my own, but Trelawney — Ah, my poor boy, do you dream that you can satisfy her father's ambition?'

'I shall not try to do so,' returned Richard, speaking with set lips; 'I know him too well; he would sell her to the highest bidder, sell his own flesh and blood; but she is too noble for his corrupting influence.'

'You speak bitterly, Cardie.'

'I speak as I feel. Look here, father, foolishly or wisely it does not matter now, I have set my heart on this thing; I have grown up with this one idea before me, the hope of one day, however distant, calling Ethel Trelawney my wife. I do not think I am one to change.'

Mr. Lambert shook his head.

'I fear not, Cardie.'

'I am as sure of the faithfulness of my own heart as I am that I am standing here, young as I am. I know I love her as you loved my mother.'

His father covered his face with his hand.

'No, no, do not say that, Cardie.'

'I must say what is true; you would not have me lie to you.'

'Surely not; but, my boy, this is a hard hearing.'

'You are thinking of Mr. Trelawney,' returned Richard, quietly; 'that is not my worst fear; my chief obstacle is Ethel herself.'

'What! you doubt her returning your affection?' asked his father.

'Yes, I doubt it,' was the truthful answer; but it was made with

quivering lips. 'I dread lest I should not satisfy her exacting fastidiousness ; but all the same I mean to try ; you will bid me God speed, father.'

'Yes, yes ; but, Cardie, be prudent, remember how little you have to offer—a few hundreds a year where she has thousands, not even a curacy !'

'You think I ought to wait a little ; another year—two perhaps ?'

'That is my opinion, certainly.'

Richard crossed the room once or twice with a rapid disordered stride, and then he returned to his father's side.

'You are right ; I must not do anything rashly or impulsively just because I fear to lose her. I ought not to speak even to her until I have taken orders ; and yet if I could only make her understand how it is without speaking.'

'You must be very prudent, Cardie ; remember my son has no right to aspire to an heiress.'

Richard's face clouded.

'That dreadful money ! There is one comfort, I believe she hates it as much as I do ; but it is not entailed property, he can leave it all away from her.'

'Yes, if she displeases him. Mildred tells me he holds this threat perpetually over her ; poor girl, he makes her a bad father.'

'His conduct is unjustifiable in every way,' returned Richard in a stifled voice ; 'any one less noble would be tempted to make their escape at all hazards, but she endures her wretchedness so patiently. Sometimes I fancy, father, that when she can bear her loneliness no longer my time for speaking will come, and then——'

But Richard had no time to finish his sentence, for just then Dr. Heriot's knock sounded at the door, and with a mute hand-shake of perfect confidence the father and son separated for the night.

This conversation had taken place nearly a year before, but from that time it had never been resumed ; sacredly did Mr. Lambert guard his boy's confidence, and save that there was a deferential tenderness in his manner to Ethel Trelawney and a wistful pain in his eyes when he saw Richard beside her, no one would have guessed how heavily his son's future weighed on his heart. Richard's manner remained unchanged ; it was a little graver, perhaps, and indicative of greater thoughtfulness, but there was nothing lover-like in his demeanour, nothing that would check or repel the warm sisterly affection that Ethel evidently cherished for him ; only at times Ethel wondered why it was that Richard's opinions seemed to influence her more than they used, and to marvel at her vivid remembrance of past looks and speeches.

Somehow every time she saw him he seemed less like her old play-mate, Cœur de Lion, and transformed into an older and graver Richard ; perhaps it might be that the halo of the future priesthood already

surrounded him ; but for whatever reason it might be Ethel was certainly less dictatorial and argumentative in her demeanour towards him, and that a very real friendship seemed growing up between them.

Richard was more than two-and-twenty now, and Roy just a year younger ; in another eight months he would be ordained deacon ; as yet he had made no sign, but as Mildred sat pondering over the retrospect of the three last years in the golden and dreamy afternoon she was driven to confess that her boys were now men, doing men's work in the world, and to wonder, with womanly shrinkings of heart, what the future might hold out to them of good and evil.

(To be continued.)

ALL NO HOW.

CHAPTER IX.

'Think not all is hidden quite :
 Mothers' ears are keen to hear,
 Mothers' eyes are quick as light,
 Glancing wide and watching near.'

Lyra Innocentium

At last Mr. Dankin came down with the report, 'Stronger pulse and less pain,' and it was plain Dr. Restryfe was more at ease, for he was writing to Fred's uncle by the early post instead of telegraphing. It had been a night of severe suffering, which Fred seemed to have unusually little power of resisting, and his exhaustion had been so alarming that both doctors thought at one time he could not rally. Almost the first sign he had given of reviving had been that, catching the word 'telegraph' when they thought him far past hearing anything, he had murmured, 'Mother, don't let her be frightened ;' but as none of them knew his parents' address, they could not communicate direct with them even had they wished it, and Dr. Restryfe hoped now it would not be necessary to frighten any one. He looked very tired after his night of anxiety, but had only time to snatch a hasty breakfast before going out to his work, and Lizzie and nurse were left in charge of the invalids.

Tony was a most troublesome patient. Nothing was right that any one did for him, and it was impossible to keep him quiet. Lizzie almost fancied he was trying to stave off an inquiry into his proceedings by making himself out as ill as possible, and it was a relief to go from him to Fred, who lay quite still, dreading the least movement, lest the pain should return, and too much spent to talk, but receiving all that was done for him with a grateful smile. Neither was fit to be left ; Mary, though not seriously hurt, was out of sorts, and nervous and fretful ; Florence could hardly hold up her head for headache ;

Grace looked the picture of misery, and but for Arthur's helpfulness, Lizzie did not know how she could have got through the morning. She was in Tony's room trying in vain to reduce him to obedience, and feeling dreadfully at a loss when Arthur looked in with a beaming face, and the announcement—'Here's mother!' and the next minute she was in her mother's arms.

Poor Mrs. Restryfe had been terribly alarmed by the letter she had received that morning. Her husband had written in the first relief of finding that his children were less hurt than he feared, and had forgotten that it would not be quite the same consolation to her to hear that they hoped *all* the damage was that Tony's leg was badly broken, and Mary was bruised and shaken; and there he had been called to Fred, and Arthur had finished the letter with a most gloomy account of his friend's sufferings. She felt exactly like Mahomet's coffin; but as she was considering how she could possibly leave Charlie, and go home if it were only for an hour or two, to see how matters stood; a lady, with whom she was slightly acquainted, called to bring him some fruit; and, on hearing of the trouble, begged so warmly to be left in charge of him till his mother could either come back or send some one else, that she could not help accepting the offer. Mrs. Reinagle had often invited Charlie to her house on half-holidays, and had been very kind to him, so that he was quite happy at being left with her, and Mrs. Restryfe felt she must at least go home for the day, even if she did not stay.

What a comfort it was to see her! There was a head now, to think for every one and manage everything, and as she heard Lizzie's 'Oh, mother, we did want you so!' saw Tony's instant submission to her voice of authority, and felt Florence's clinging hug, she was convinced of the utter impossibility of leaving them again, and came to the conclusion that nurse would be very tender with Charlie, and would probably do better alone there than clashing with Lizzie at home. So it was settled, and Florence's white looks and inability to eat anything at dinner made her father say afterwards—

'I really think you had better send Florence with nurse, or we shall have her laid up, too.'

'Send Floss away!'

Mrs. Restryfe and Lizzie were aghast at first, but a little reflection made the idea appear rather desirable, as it certainly would be an advantage for Charlie to have a more lively companion than nurse, and a comfort to have fuller accounts sent than she could write; besides that there was no doubt Florence was dreadfully overdone, and in need of the change. So it was decided for her, while she lay on the school-room sofa trying to doze away her headache. Grace was in the room with her, curled in the armchair, and presently sounds made Florence look up to see her crying, and looking thoroughly miserable.

'What is the matter?' she said, and as Grace did not answer she

went to her and put her arm round her, coaxing her till she faltered out—

‘I know it was very naughty, and Julia will never speak to me again, and she will say it was all my fault, and Mrs. Restryfe will hear, and she will be so cross. She will send me away, and never let me come again.’

‘Mamma is never cross,’ said Florence. ‘She will be very, very sorry; but she won’t be near so much displeased if you tell her about it yourself.’

‘But it wasn’t my fault! I know it was unkind to Julia, but it was Tony took it, and he said she never minded a scolding.’

‘Tony took the butter?’ said Florence, who could quite understand his taking it audaciously to tease cook, but was sure the concealment must have been Grace’s doing.

‘Yes, when they were scrimmaging over the pepper. We did so want some more, and he took it, and then they looked round and I popped it in my pocket-handkerchief; but I forgot the fire would melt it, so my frock got all greasy; but I never said it was Julia.’

‘But you let them think it, and that wasn’t being true, any more than it was true to let Julia think Lizzie said you might go to the chalk-pit. Oh, Grace!’ she added earnestly, ‘only think how dreadful if you had all been killed!’

Grace shrank.

‘Don’t!’ she said, ‘don’t say such dreadful, dreadful things!’

‘But you might! Any of you might. They thought Tony was, and Fred snatched you away from a big stone that must have crushed you, and that was how he got hurt. And you know how ill he was this morning!’

‘But he’s better now!’

‘Yes, but don’t you see it might have been any of you?’

‘But if it hadn’t tumbled in then, nobody would have known, and it wouldn’t have mattered.’

‘Nobody?’ Florence’s voice was so low and awestruck that Grace shuddered all over. ‘Oh, Grace,’ she pleaded, ‘do tell mamma! She will help you, and I know you would tell your own mamma.’

‘I wasn’t naughty then; but we always do it at school, and nobody minds if we aren’t found out; and if we are, they are—oh, so cross! You don’t know! And Julia didn’t mind Lizzie a bit more than I did.’

‘But she didn’t pretend to be all right. I can’t tell you what I mean, Grace, but mamma will, and I know she will comfort you.’

‘Oh, no! There are lots and lots of things, and if one is so bad, so are the others.’

‘But mamma will know them, anyhow. She always does, and it will be so much better to tell her yourself! You don’t know how happy you would feel! Promise me, dear Grace!’

Grace was so miserable that she felt as if nothing could be worse, and she half promised, as Mrs. Restryfe came in. Florence would have liked to bring about a confession then and there, but Grace ran out of the room nervously, and she was so astonished at the sudden news that she was to go to Hastings by the next train, that everything else was nearly put out of her head. Go away in the holidays! What would Arthur say? Perhaps though he would not care much. Of course Fred was better company than she was, and he would be with him. The idea of his not wanting her was a pang to poor Florence, but it was speedily dispelled by his face when he came in from the garden, where he had been amusing little Ormond, and heard of the arrangement.

‘You going away! Oh, I say, what an awful nuisance!’

‘I don’t like it at all,’ said Florence, brightening nevertheless; ‘but mamma wants some one besides nurse to go, and there’s nobody else.’

‘Yes, of course it’s all right,’ said Arthur. ‘I daresay it will do you good, and I’m sure it serves me right after the way I served you!’

Arthur’s feelings must have been wonderfully stirred before he made such a speech in broad daylight, and it was a great consolation to Florence that he should care so much about her absence as to look on it as a just punishment, though she did not see that he deserved any punishment, least of all for his treatment of herself; for how could she have got through either yesterday evening or this morning without his petting? So she made her farewells in pretty good spirits, and found a chance of whispering to her mother that poor Grace was very unhappy, and wanted comforting dreadfully, and Arthur saw her and nurse into the train, and took a very affectionate leave of her.

Mrs. Restryfe was fully taken up all the afternoon. She had to give nurse directions about Charlie, see to household matters, and devote every spare minute to Tony, who submitted to no one but her or his father. He had never ailed anything seriously before, and was angry at the feelings of discomfort to which he was totally unused, and cross at whatever was done for him. It was of no use to tell him how Fred behaved, he only thought it cruel to hint at the possibility of any one suffering as much as himself, and his mother was so occupied with him that she had no time for Grace, and could only look in on Fred occasionally for a minute or two till late in the evening when Tony dropped asleep. Then she went to Fred, feeling as if she had neglected him. The first thing she saw was a mop of curly hair, resting on two arms on the table, and he said—

‘Don’t wake Arthur.’

Arthur looked as if a cannon-shot would hardly disturb his slumbers, but Fred seemed very sympathetic.

‘I kept him and Dr. Restryfe, too, awake all night!’ he said. ‘I was so sorry! I hope the doctor is not very tired.’

'No, he had to go a long drive, and went to sleep in the carriage, and he is used to disturbed nights. I am afraid you have not followed Arthur's example! Your head aches, does it not? Let me bathe your face.'

'Thank you. How did you know?' said Fred; and the refreshing vinegar and water brought another grateful 'Thank you! That is nice! I am so sorry to give so much trouble.'

'My dear boy, you must not think of that. We only want to see you more comfortable, and you know it was entirely our children's fault that you met with the accident at all.'

'No, if I had had any sense I should have seen it was not safe where the side hung over. I can't think how I could be so stupid!'

'It is very easy to see things afterwards, as Arthur will find when he wakes and upsets the ink. What has he been doing with it?' said Mrs. Restryfe, moving the ink, which was perilously near Arthur's elbow.

'Oh, I asked him to write home for me, and he went to sleep over the letter.'

'Dr. Restryfe wrote to your uncle this morning.'

'That isn't home,' said Fred, smiling. 'I know if Aunt Sarah takes in there's anything the matter, she will send my mother a most awful account, and I don't want her to be frightened.'

'Oh, I will write to your mother if you will tell me the address.'

'Will you? Oh, thank you! But please don't frighten her. She is not at all strong, and I know she worries about me.'

'No, I will not. Shall I say you wished for her last night?'

'Oh, no!' Fred looked quite surprised. 'I was so glad she was not there. It made it much easier to think she did not know.'

Mrs. Restryfe thought she would have been sorry had one of her own boys expressed such sentiments, but Fred added—

'There's her photograph on the table, only I can't reach;' and opening the case she saw such a sweet, fragile-looking creature, that she could not wonder at her son wishing to shield her from anxiety.

'I should have taken it for your sister,' she said; 'how like you it is!'

'She was only eighteen when I was born,' said Fred. 'I'm not a bit like her, though!' he added, almost indignantly. 'Gertrude is a little, but she is not near so beautiful.'

'I can see she must be very lovely,' said Mrs. Restryfe, and his heart was completely won, though he checked himself as he was going on talking of his mother, to say—

'I beg your pardon. You want to go to Tony, or to rest.'

'No, I don't; but you must not exhaust yourself with talking too much.'

'Mamma! are you there?' a loud whisper was heard at the door, and Mrs. Restryfe said—

‘Yes, Julia ; you may come in for a minute.’

Julia made the door creak on its hinges, and nearly knocked down a chair in her tip-toe advance. She seemed to think it would hurt Fred to look at him, for she came straight to her mother without turning her head, and whispered—

‘I’m so glad you are come home, mamma. We’ve been dreadfully naughty, but we shall be all right now.’

‘I hope so, Julia ; but I am very much grieved to find my children cannot be trusted for a week without me.’

Julia gave her mother a hug, and Fred said—

‘What have you been doing all day ?’ at which she started as if she had not thought him capable of speaking, but she took courage to answer—

‘We’ve been at the rectory, but they wouldn’t play at anything sensible, and it was horribly slow.’

‘I thought you were gone out, the house was so quiet,’ said Fred, so much in his ordinary tone that she was set at ease, and exclaimed—

‘It’s very sacrilegious of you to think we would make a row when you are so ill !’

‘Don’t make me laugh !’ said Fred, as her mother corrected her.

‘Sarcastic, I suppose you mean, Julia ?’

‘I daresay I do,’ said Julia, in a melancholy voice. ‘You are a little better, aren’t you, Fred !’

‘Oh, yes, thank you. You see the battle ended in favour of Ju-land, and all the Gory-landers were more or less wounded.’

‘So they were !’ exclaimed Julia, as if this view of the subject were very consoling. ‘I didn’t think of that before ! You don’t still think it was my fault, do you ?’

‘Did I say it was ?’

‘Yes, because of the Catechism. Don’t you remember ?’

Fred could not help laughing at her way of putting it ; but it brought a thrill of pain that made him frown and set his teeth, and Mrs. Restryfe sent Julia to bed, promising to come to her presently. She was curious to know what he had said to her, but she would not encourage his talking, and settled him as comfortably as she could, hoping he would sleep. Arthur started up in the middle of her arrangements, exclaiming—

‘Hollo ! I do believe I’ve been asleep !’

‘I do believe you have !’ said his mother. ‘A very wise proceeding, only it would be wiser still to go to bed.’

‘Awfully stupid to be so sleepy, only because one was awake an hour or two last night !’ said Arthur, disconsolately. ‘I’ll finish to-morrow, Fred. It’s too late for post now.’

‘All right.’

Fred looked too comfortable to trouble himself, and as Arthur was leaving the room after his mother, he said—

‘I do think I shall go to sleep! I say, your mother is——!’

‘Have you just found that out?’ was the reply.

Mrs. Restryfe went first to Grace, but she was apparently asleep, so she went on to Julia, who was sitting up in bed, and exclaimed—

‘Now, mamma, you shall hear the whole history, and you will see proof positive certain whose fault it was.’

It would have puzzled a cleverer person than Mrs. Restryfe to extract positive proof of anything from Julia’s involved story, especially as her mood varied about half-a-dozen times in the course of it, and she blamed alternately herself, Lizzie, Tony, and Grace. Her mother could hardly wait to hear it all, but she wished to know what her child had to say, and so listened patiently to all the ins and outs as Julia represented them.

‘And so you see quite how it was, don’t you, mamma?’

‘Yes, Julia, I see you were determined not to acknowledge Lizzie’s authority.’

‘But Arthur said she was an old fidget! and I didn’t pretend to be all right like Grace.’

‘My dear, I can see by Arthur’s manner that he is very sorry for his behaviour to Lizzie; as to Grace, I am afraid she behaved very badly, poor child; but she is younger than you, and whatever she may have done can be no excuse for you.’

‘But Fred said she was a sneak! Only Lizzie would believe her, and thought I did things.’

‘I am not excusing Grace; but I don’t think you tried to explain matters to Lizzie.’

‘I wasn’t going to tell tales!’

‘Explaining to a person in authority what they ought to know, is not telling tales, Julia. If you had told Lizzie when first you found out Grace’s ways after the boat affair, without any of your nonsense, I am sure she would have listened, and she and Floss would have helped poor little Grace instead of letting her get hold of Tony.’

‘If you had been at home, I would; but I wasn’t going to tell her!’

‘No, you would not own her authority, and you forgot that as she was in my place you ought to obey.’

‘Would that have been submitting myself?’

‘Yes. What made you think of that?’

‘Fred said that was it.’

‘What was?’

‘Why, I told him it wasn’t my fault, because I never said I wouldn’t go, and I thought Lizzie knew, and he said that wasn’t all our duty to our neighbour.’

‘What was not all?’

‘Being true, and just, and all that. He said submitting ourselves was too!’

'Fred was quite right. I am very glad he gave you such good advice.'

'But what is Lizzie?'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, it doesn't say sisters, and she isn't governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters.'

'Is she not? Do I not appoint her to govern you when I am away?'

'But I don't like——'

'Don't like! That is at the bottom of it, Julia; but we all have a great many things to do we don't like. Now, I can't have you argue, and I must go to papa. Lie down and go to sleep. Bless you, my child!'

Anything said to Julia had far more effect if she were left to think it over than if she were allowed to argue it out. Indeed it was plain Fred's words had worked in her mind all day, and her mother had no scruple in stopping her mouth. When she found she was not to be allowed the chance of the last word, which she dearly loved, she rolled herself in the bedclothes, and settled herself to think, and her thoughts soon ended in sleep.

Lizzie had been feeling more and more all day that she was to blame, and when she recollected Arthur's frank apology to her in the morning, she could not help owning that something was due on her side as well. It was not pleasant to descend from her dignity; but the more she thought about it, the more uncomfortable she was at her own proceedings, and finding herself alone in the drawing-room with her brother, she said with an effort—

'Arthur, you said you set their backs up; but I know I did it as much, or more, to you and all of them!'

'Yes, I know you did,' said Arthur, with a comical look something like Julia's; but he added more seriously, 'We've gone and fetched mamma away from Charlie, and spoilt Fred's holidays, and Tony's too! I wish one could do anything to make up!'

'You can if you go on as you have done to-day,' said Lizzie, with just the tinge of elder-sisterishness in her tone that always made Arthur feel cross. He *could* not talk to her as if she were Florence, and was quite ashamed of the effort it was to remember last night's thoughts and answer, not grumpily—

'Going on how one will won't mend broken bones!'

'There's mother!'

It was a relief to both that their mother came in.

'Oh, mamma, how tired you do look! You'll be knocked up next.'

'No, I shall not, my boy, thank you. Who taught you to settle sofa cushions so comfortably? Where is your father?'

'In the study. Somebody came to see him,' said Lizzie. 'Have you been talking to Julia, mamma?'

‘Yes, and I want to hear what you and Arthur have to say now. Come and sit here, dear, and tell me all about it.’

Arthur was just in the humour for a confidential talk, and would have enjoyed of all things getting hold of his mother all to himself; but as this was not possible, he had to help out Lizzie’s account of the goings on of the last week. Neither of them tried to shift blame from themselves, but ‘no fault on their part could possibly excuse the deceit, which was by far the worst part of the business, among the children. Lizzie reproached herself bitterly for not having attended to Florence’s warning, and for having made Julia reckless with her suspicions, which, as she truly said, might very easily have driven her into underhand dealing too. It was puzzling that Grace should have gained such influence over Tony, who generally followed Julia’s lead; but as they talked over all that had passed, Lizzie and Arthur exclaimed at once—

‘Don’t you remember the mess at the fernery?’ and as on consideration they could not recollect that either Grace or Tony had positively denied the mischief, it seemed but too likely, that after sharing the successful concealment, he had not dared to make any stand against her ways.

‘I wouldn’t have believed it of one of us!’ said Arthur; ‘but I suppose I ought to have looked after him. I’ll tell you what I can’t make out, though; how in the world any of them ventured to go to the chalk-pit when *papa* forbade it! If it had been only you, I should not have wondered.’

Lizzie hesitated.

‘I don’t know whether they knew it was he,’ she said.

‘I’m sure I told you! What! do you mean you went and told them on your own hook? Well!’

Arthur evidently thought everything was accounted for, and Lizzie tried to defend herself.

‘You don’t know how pert they were, mamma! When Julia chose to ask, “Who says so?” what could I say?’

‘The truth,’ said her mother, smiling.

‘But you don’t know how difficult it was to keep up my own authority at all.’

‘My dear child, don’t you think you forgot a little that your authority came through *papa* and me? I think if you had let them feel that, they would have been more ready to submit.’

‘Perhaps! but Julia’s open defiance is dreadfully hard to deal with,’ sighed Lizzie.

‘Julia seems to have been greatly impressed by something Fred said to her. I don’t know when, for I should have thought he had been too ill since the accident.’

‘Fred! has he been taking her in hand? I say! He’s got a good handful!’ exclaimed Arthur.

'It must have been yesterday evening before he fainted,' said Lizzie. 'Floss told me they were together in the schoolroom. What did he say?'

'I could not exactly make out. Something about its being as much her duty to submit, as to be true.'

'Submit! Oh, I know why he said that,' said Arthur. 'It was a sermon. Don't you know, mother, I told you how jolly Mr. Howard was, and it was all about not sticking up for yourself, and putting yourself in your pocket, and all the rest of it. Fred said how jolly it was.'

'Mr. Howard would be edified by your abstract of it!' said his mother; 'but I am sure Fred, at any rate, has acted upon it. I never saw any one who seemed to have less "self."'

'I don't believe there's such another fellow in all the world!' said Arthur, enthusiastically; and there Dr. Restryfe came in, and directly after, Eliza brought word that Tony was awake. Lizzie knew her mother had hardly spoken to her father all day, and persuaded her to rest a little longer while she gave Tony some tea, and Arthur was so sleepy that he actually condescended to go to bed. Fred was quietly asleep, but Tony had waked in a very cantankerous temper, and Arthur, from his own room, heard such wrangling, that he went in upon him with 'Tony, aren't you ashamed of yourself? You'll bring mamma up, and she is tired to death as it is.'

Tony murmured something about 'Lizzie's fads;' but all the answer he had was—

'Mamma sent her up, and you are to mind her. Nonsense! Lie still and hold your tongue!'

Arthur sat on the table looking at his brother till he had finished his supper, and then went back to his room, and was tumbling into bed, when his mother came in, saying—

'Good-night, my own dear boy. I could not help coming to tell you how pleased papa was to find you were able to be a comfort to poor Fred last night!'

'That verse?' said Arthur, colouring. 'He asked for it when papa was gone to Tony. I should never have thought of it.'

'No, you would not have thought of that way of bearing pain! Papa told me how he kept on saying, "say it again," when he was so faint he hardly seemed to know who was there. I am so glad you have such a friend, Arthur. That bright thankful spirit is just what you want.'

'He's much too good to be my friend,' said Arthur, in the bottom of his throat. 'That was the sermon,' he added, 'and I know now what you said yesterday was true, mother, and if I had done as Floss wanted me to, we shouldn't have got to wrongs.'

'What was the sermon? On that verse?'

'Yes. Don't you know how it ends?' and Arthur gave his mother

such a hug as he used to do in baby days, and was asleep almost before she left the room.

‘Not sticking up for yourself, and putting yourself in your pocket; Lizzie thought over the words as she sat by Tony, and began to see what her mistakes had sprung from. It had been herself she had upheld, not her mother’s authority; and so instead of trying to carry out her mother’s plans, she had worried the children by orders given on her own responsibility, resented Arthur’s interference, and lost her temper with them all. No wonder everything had gone wrong! It was a comfort to get a few words alone with her mother, and pour out her confessions to her, ending with—

‘It has been very miserable, mamma. Floss would have done better than I did, for she always forgets herself! You will never trust me again.’

‘My dear child, I would far rather trust you now than when you were so confident. Do you know I felt rather uneasy when I went away? but I think you know now what you have to guard against, and pray against.’

CHAPTER X.

‘For the love’s sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play.’

Lyra Innocentium.

FRED had a comfortable night and was decidedly better the next day, owing, in great part, the doctors said, to his resolute patience and stillness. Tony was pronounced to be going on well, a note written by Florence after her arrival gave a good account of Charlie, and everything seemed brighter except the sad business of Grace and Tony, which was a weight on Mrs. Restryfe’s mind. Poor Grace was used to companions who thought it the right thing to trick those set over them, and to people in authority who expected deceit, spied it out and punished it as a fault against themselves, but never taught their charges high motives for truth and honour; and it really came more naturally to her to act in an underhand way than openly even when there was nothing to hide. Florence’s look of pitying horror had made her feel that this way of going on was not right, and what she had said of telling her mother reminded her of how she used to sit in her own mother’s lap and be comforted in her troubles. It had been a terrible pang to Mrs. Page to part from her child, but she hoped she had chosen a happy home for her, and for the first year all had gone well, but then the lady at the head of the school fell ill and died, and matters had become very different under the new management.

Grace woke in the night dreaming that she had told her mother all her misdeeds, and what would she not have given for the dream to be true? Could she ever tell Mrs. Restryfe? And if not, what then?

She would certainly hear it. Lizzie would tell her, and make the very worst of it, and now Florence was gone there was no one to comfort her. If she had but told yesterday and had it over! What should she do if Mrs. Restryfe looked at her as Lizzie had done? She felt so frightened in the dark that she nearly began howling; but all that had been said about Fred made her try to be quiet, and at last she fell asleep again, but she woke in the morning with a feeling of something dreadful hanging over her. She shrank from meeting any one's eye at breakfast, but no one took any special notice of her, and she was beginning to forget her troubles among the other children when Mrs. Restryfe came to the schoolroom and said, 'Grace, my dear, I want to speak to you in my room.'

She would have hung back had she dared, but Mrs. Restryfe looked more sorry than angry, and she took her on her lap, saying, 'Now, my dear, I want you to tell me one or two things about all that has gone on since I have been away.' Somehow the feeling of sitting on any one's lap, with a protecting arm round her, brought back former times so vividly that Grace clung to her and hid her face on her shoulder as she used to do to her mother, sobbing, 'Oh, I know what you are going to say, and I am so sorry; but I did tell Floss, and I didn't say anything that wasn't true, really!'

Mrs. Restryfe comforted and encouraged her, and by degrees drew out the whole story, how she and Tony had upset and damaged the ferns when they were hiding that first evening, and he had said they were in for no end of a rowing, and she had persuaded him they need know nothing about it; how they had let Julia be blamed about the boat and the croquet-ball and the butter, because Tony said she never minded a scolding, and how she had persuaded the others to go to the chalk-pit, and deceived Julia into thinking all was right. Perhaps her confessions would not have gone back so far, but for the clue Mrs. Restryfe had had from Lizzie and Arthur, which enabled her to lead round to the ferns; but it was evidently a relief to tell all. After all, as she said, she had not *spoken* much untruth, and she was inclined to argue that but for the accident the deceit would have done no harm, but Mrs. Restryfe talked to her very seriously, though so kindly that she could not help listening, showing her how she had acted deceits, and reminding her Whom she sinned against even if she injured no one, and how unlike such ways were to 'him that leadeth an uncorrupt life and doeth the thing that is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.'

Grace cried bitterly, and did not rebel when Mrs. Restryfe said she must confess it all to Lizzie and tell Julia she was sorry for having thrown the blame on her. She would have made her explain to cook about the butter, but that Tony, who took it, was too ill to be forced to confess just now. However Grace said of her own accord, 'Please tell cook it was I, not Julia, and I am very sorry,' and Mrs. Restryfe thought it was a sign she was really penitent. Julia received the apology in a

way of her own. 'I knew it was you, and Floss said I ought to tell Lizzie, and I suppose if I had, you wouldn't have done it again, and you wouldn't have gone to the chalk-pit if I hadn't said it was humbug, so it was all because I wouldn't submit myself.' And she said to her sister, 'Lizzie, I'm sorry I plagued you so, and next time mamma goes out, I'll try and remember you are one of my governors. I've written it down in my resolution book, so I hope I sha'n't forget.'

It was more difficult to know what to do with Tony, for he was ill enough to make them afraid of exciting him, and he shrank from any approach to confidence. His mother was always baffled when she tried to lead to the subject, and it was Julia at last who broke the ice. She was alone in the room with him one day, and he tried to persuade her to give him some fruit which she considered he ought not to have.

'That I sha'n't, then,' she said. 'I should have thought you had had enough of such slippery intrications, and I sha'n't assist you, no, not if it was my last breath!'

'You've no business to say that!' said Tony, crossly. 'You had just as much to do with it as I had.'

'That just shows your brains are depraved by your illness,' said Julia. 'I know I didn't ought to have done what I did, and being true isn't all of our duty, but you didn't submit a bit more than I did, and you weren't true either, so you did it double.'

'Hold your tongue, I say! It was Grace's fault I tell you!'

'I should be ashamed to be led by the nose by a *girl*,' said Julia, scornfully, ignoring the fact that she herself had hitherto always, as she elegantly expressed it, 'led him by the nose.'

'I'm not!' cried Tony. 'It's very nasty of you to say such things!'

'Then why did you let her do such sneaky things and never tell? and do them yourself too?'

'What sneaky things?'

'Grace has more sentiments of honour than you after all.'

'What, did she tell? Oh, how awfully mean of her!'

'People's ideas of meanness don't co-operate. Of course when she told of herself she couldn't help imprecating you.'

Tony did not know the difference between implicating and imprecating, and he was chiefly bent on finding out whether his father knew.

'Of course he does! Tony, how *could* you do such things?'

Tony cowered under his sister's flashing eyes. 'Everybody does,' he said.

'Everybody! Do you think Arthur or Fred ever *thought*, even *thought* of doing anything so infallibly mean? and to be led to it by a little skimpy girl! If it had been a boy it would be bad enough, but a *girl*!'

Tony knew quite well what Arthur would think of such sly ways, and probably if he had not already been influenced by one or two care-

less boys at his school, he would not have been so easily led astray by Grace. Julia's vehement indignation made him rather ashamed, but he tried to shake off the feeling by muttering, 'Of course you say so, because you had the scoldings.'

'Tony!! If you say that I'll never, never have any more to say to you! Fancy papa and mamma knowing a son of theirs has been telling stories, or as good as telling them! I should think you could never, never hold up your head again!'

Tony was more impressed by this speech with no long words than by any of Julia's bursts of eloquence. He began to cry, and his mother coming in, sent Julia away, and by degrees drew out a sort of confession. Not that he could be made to see at once how badly he had behaved. He defended himself in every possible and impossible way, and persisted that Grace had been mean in telling, but his mother's distress and the way his father and brother regarded such faults made him gradually feel the full blackness of them, and learn that they must be struggled and prayed against as real sins.

Fred need not have feared his aunt's sending an 'awful account' to his mother, for she did not seem to take in at all how ill he was, and wrote in great distress at the Restryfes being inconvenienced, desiring that he would return home immediately, and saying that if he was not well enough to travel alone, their man-servant should meet him in London, as his uncle was laid up with gout, and could not come himself.

'It is very kind of Uncle Nicholas, to spare Coles when he is ill,' was Fred's remark, 'but I am afraid I could not quite manage alone.'

'You don't look much like managing either alone or otherwise!' said Mrs. Restryfe, seeing how languidly he was resting on the pillows after the exertion of moving from his bed to a sofa.

'Oh, it's all sitting still in the train, you know, and Coles is so used to waiting on my uncle, I know he will take good care of me.'

'I daresay he would, but I think we could take still better care of you for the present.'

'Please, don't!' said Fred, as if he were resisting an unwarrantable temptation. 'I'm sure I am awfully in your way, and I know I ought to go.'

'What do you suppose I should think of any one who sent Arthur on an eight hours' journey when he could hardly cross the room?'

'Arthur would never have gone on in such a ridiculous way!'

'It is no use, Fred!' said Mrs. Restryfe, as he tried to rouse himself and was obliged to lie back again. 'I shall tell your aunt I can't possibly part with you for another fortnight at least; that is if you like to stay and will promise to make yourself at home, and not talk any more nonsense about being in the way.'

'*Like* it! I should think I do!' and he turned away his face with such a homesick look that Mrs. Restryfe was almost sorry for what

she had said, but he was still unhappy at the idea of giving trouble, and was not quite consoled by Arthur's remark, 'Having broken your ribs for you we can't, for our own credit, professionally, send you away without mending them !'

Mrs. Restryfe knew he would shrink from any mention of what they owed him for having saved poor little Grace at his own risk, and at last she said, 'Well, Fred, considering all Mrs. Reinagle is doing for my children at Hastings, I do think I must be a monster of ingratitude not to try to do a little in the same way myself, so if nothing else will content you, you must regard it in that light.'

So Fred had to resign himself to his fate, and could not help enjoying the petting to which he was so totally unused. Julia constituted herself his nurse, to the general amusement, and her awkward essays at waiting on him caused a great deal of laughter, but he never seemed to mind her clumsiness at all, and in return for her attentions she heard a great deal about his father's home in Russia. He was never tired of talking about his mother, whom he almost worshipped, his two sisters, and his baby brother whom he had never seen, and Julia was wonderfully good, and hardly got into any mischief for more than a week. Arthur felt more ashamed of his surliness in the midst of the home happiness and affection of which he had so rich a share when he saw how Fred prized the crumbs of it which fell to his lot. Perhaps his ill-temper and ingratitude were more brought home to him from his missing Florence, whom he wanted at every turn. He really had had no idea what home would be without her at hand, ready to enter into all his fancies with no regard to her own likings; and it was rather a good thing for him to feel her value and be thrown on his own resources ; but he thought he had been very selfish not to see how Lizzie was lost without Fanny, who was as completely her pair as Florence was his. Every one missed the unselfish little maiden, and Arthur was not alone in his rejoicing when it was decided that Charlie should be brought home two days before the holidays were over.

Florence enjoyed her stay at Hastings on the whole. Mrs. Reinagle was exceedingly kind, and took her for several nice expeditions, and she went out with her little granddaughter every day. Besides she was a careful little companion to Charlie, and amused him much better than nurse alone would have done, but she did want to go home ! She could not bear to miss Arthur's holidays, and the day she enjoyed most of all was that on which he came to Hastings, and they took a delicious long scrambling walk and talked over everything. To be sure she was so tired that nurse scolded him roundly for not taking better care of her, but she would not have missed it for anything.

Charlie bore the journey pretty well, but of course he had to be carried straight to bed, and the others were obliged to content themselves with welcoming Florence, who looked much rosier and fatter than she had done a fortnight ago. Fred had been trying his walking

powers in the garden, and was so tired that he was left lying on the drawing-room sofa when they went in to tea, and when they came back, Florence exclaimed with astonishment at seeing Julia take his tray.

'Ah,' said Arthur—'it's just a proof how topsyturvy everything is! I *know* she upset a cup of coffee over him on Sunday, and spoilt his best waistcoat!'

'I didn't!' said Julia indignantly. 'It was only his trousers! And I *never* spill things now, do I Fred?'

'Never, since yesterday morning, nearly-six-and-thirty hours ago,' said Fred.

'Well, I wonder you let her meddle with you, that's all!' said Arthur. 'Don't you know how she was bringing the kettle to resuscitate you with boiling water after the accident?'

'No, was she?'

'Well, I thought hot water was always the proper thing when people are ill,' said Julia. 'When Ormond was ill in the spring, mamma was very angry because the water Eliza brought wasn't hot enough.'

'When he had the croup!' exclaimed Lizzie. 'Oh, Julia! You thought that a precedent for fainting!'

'Well, so it was a predicament,' said Julia, not understanding the shouts of laughter; and Arthur returned to the charge.

'I know I wouldn't stand it in Fred's place.'

'Poor Arthur, he is jealous!' said Lizzie.

'Tisn't worth it!' said Arthur, scornfully. 'If he likes such nursing, let him! I sha'n't trouble *myself* about him when he comes back to school—that's all!'

'Ah, well, I shall soon be in the Sixth, and then I shall have a fag.'

'Yes, I know who you mean to have if you can get him. That little ape Lester minor! Comparing him to me! If it was George Lester now——'

'Some people are on the look out for grievances. I never thought of comparing him to you! I wouldn't have you for a fag at any price!'

'I'm sure I wouldn't have you for a master! Come, Julia, out with an appropriate quotation. I can't think of one.'

'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou,'

began Julia promptly, sending them into fits of laughter, and Fred exclaimed, 'Don't! It's really very unkind when you know how it hurts me! I'm sure I should have got well twice as quick, if I had not been obliged to laugh so much!'

'It's your own fault,' said Arthur. 'If you will have a merry Andrew to wait upon you, what else can you expect?'

'Look out, Julia! You'll wring all our brows——!'

Down came tray, cup, plate, spoon, and all! Julia had rested the tray on the table while she waited to hear the end of the discussion, and her indignant start at Arthur's uncomplimentary epithet upset its equilibrium, so that it fell with a fearful clatter.

'Tisn't broken,' she cried. 'Oh, I am so sorry! Don't scold, Lizzie. I won't do it again!'

'Not till next time,' said Arthur.

'I hope not!' exclaimed Lizzie. 'Just look what a mess you have made!'

'I'll go and call Eliza,' said Julia, meekly. 'I'm glad it wasn't all over Fred!'

'There's mother expecting another edition of the chalk-pit, and a few more broken bones strewn about,' said Arthur, as his mother came in asking what *had* happened? It was satisfactory to find it was 'only Julia,' and no harm done, and Julia went off to Tony, who was still a prisoner up stairs, saying, 'You see, Floss, I am quite in requirement as a nurse.'

Mrs. Restryfe sat down to enjoy a little chat with the elder ones, and Arthur sighed, 'A horrid bore to have to go back to school!'

'You are a lucky fellow to be able to go!' said Fred, whose uncle and aunt had desired he would join them at Brighton. He was so much better, that Dr. Restryfe did not think the short journey would hurt him, but he was still very far from strong, and did not enjoy the prospect of Brighton, which was a place he hated at the best of times. The only consolation was that Arthur was to go with him, and sleep there a night on his way to school.

'I hope you will soon be able to join him at school, Fred,' said Mrs. Restryfe, 'and we shall look for a visit from you another holidays.'

'Oh, thank you. I am sure I should like it immensely.'

'And we won't have any more catastrophes,' said Arthur.

'I hope I have learnt by experience not to get under overhanging precipices.'

'Oh, I thought you were going to say you had learnt by experience not to trust us.'

'We have all had plenty to learn by experience,' said Lizzie.

'So as everything was all of our faults, Fred's included, because he forgot the laws of gravitation, Floss had better find out some of it was her fault, and then we shall be all right,' said Arthur.

'I think it was,' said Florence.

'I thought so! Just like you! How, pray?'

Florence would not answer, but at bedtime she whispered to Arthur, 'I know it *was* partly my fault, for glooming, and I hope I shall learn not to do so.'

'Nonsense!' was Arthur's answer, but she persisted.

'Mamma said I did. Look here, Arthur, I want to show you something,' and she followed her brother into his room, and took up

his Prayer-book, opening it at the Collect her mother had spoken of. 'Mamma said that was what we ought to do,' she said.

'It's just what one doesn't do,' said Arthur, thoughtfully; and then he glanced on to the Epistle that follows, and exclaimed, 'How odd!'

'What?' said Florence.

'Why that's what Fred kept asking for all that night he was so ill.' 'Giving thanks always for all things.' 'It's the same thing as doing it cheerfully! And there was a sermon at school. How oddly things do fit in.'

'They always do!' said Florence. 'And don't you think it's very nice *indeed* when we see the same sort of things in things as one another do?'

'I shouldn't have thought of it again, if it hadn't been for Fred,' said Arthur, understanding her, though her sentiments were not very clearly expressed.

'He's very good!' said Florence. 'But I'll tell you what, Arthur, mamma said I might always say that Collect when I say my prayers.'

Arthur looked at it again. 'Yes,' he said. 'Perhaps it would make one remember, and help one not to be cross when Lizzie is donnish and things go contrary;' and Florence knew he meant to use it too, and went to bed quite happy.

The boys accomplished their journey safely, but Arthur wrote word to Florence that he did not know how Fred would survive his aunt's treatment of him, for he was sure she thought him of far less importance than her lapdogs, and she was equal to any aunt in a story-book, a race he had never believed in before. Perhaps, however, he had looked with prejudiced eyes, for Mrs. Maitland was only a stiff sort of person who thought boys always the better for wholesome neglect, as far too much was made of young people nowadays. She had been inclined to fancy Fred was making an excuse for lingering with his friends, but when she had been well frightened by finding him lying on his bed quite knocked up by some very slight fatigue, and had thereupon shown him to her favourite doctor, and heard from him that his constitution had received a severe shock which he would not get over for some time, she waked up to the fact that he really did require care, and almost ran into the opposite extreme, as he had feared at first. She was very kind indeed, and he was very grateful, but all the same he had never been more delighted in his life than when after about six weeks he persuaded them all that the best thing in the world for him would be to go back to school!

He did not come to Clackworthy at Christmas, that pleasure was postponed till Easter; but Grace came for a week, having left her school not to return. Mrs. Restryfe had been very unhappy at letting her go back there at all, but all she could do was to write an account of what had passed, and in course of time came a letter, thanking her warmly for what she had done, and

begging her to look out for some place where her poor little Grace would be tenderly cared for, and brought into better ways. It was a heavy responsibility; but just then she heard that another friend, the wife of a clergyman with small means, wanted to take a little girl to educate with her own children, and as this lady was willing to undertake Grace after hearing all about her, and Mrs. Page gave grateful consent, the arrangement was made; and after her visit to the Restryfes, in which she showed herself already improved, Grace entered her new home.

The Restryfes thought Fred must have given wonderful accounts of their kindness to his parents, for his father and mother wrote letters overflowing with gratitude, and expressing great hopes that when they came to England they might make acquaintance with those who, as Mrs. Mortimer said, had saved the life of her dear boy by their tender nursing; and on Christmas Eve a most mysterious package arrived, which caused great excitement in the family. All sorts of wild suggestions were made as to the contents, but no one guessed rightly, and inside was found a complete set of beautiful Russian furs for Mrs. Restryfe, and muffs and collarettes for the three girls! Julia began quoting—

‘Where the shivering huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear;’

only it wasn’t white! and then she paused, and after a little consideration remarked, ‘It’s all quite right for mamma, because she nursed him, and not so bad for Lizzie and Floss; but as to me, I don’t deserve it the very smallest little atom, and I think it would burn my hands if I used it.’

Her sisters wondered what occasioned these profound sentiments, but she explained herself, ‘You see, it’s all because he was nursed when he was ill, and he wouldn’t have been ill at all if it had not been for me, so I don’t think *really* I ought to have it, and I think it had better be kept for Polly when she reaches years of distraction.’

Mrs. Restryfe was reading Fred’s affectionate letter, which almost brought the tears to her eyes, and when she understood what all this harangue was about, she said Julia was so specially mentioned, that it would be ungracious not to accept the kind present for any such fancy, and if the muff burnt her fingers, she must take it as a reminder of all she had learnt during the summer holidays. So Julia carried it to Church on Christmas Day, and was quite alive to the pleasure of displaying it.

MONEY SPINNER.

ULRIC.

A TALE OF THE NOVATIAN HERESY.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRIEST.

'But what if chrisom robes be sin-defil'd,
 If nuptial white of broken vows bear trace,
 If he who daily in the holy place
 Wears the bright alb, in heart be gross and wild,
 So that the stones whereon the shrine is pil'd
 Seem to cry out, "Who hath requir'd this grace
 Of thee, the consecrated floor to pace,
 Thrice pledg'd and thrice forsworn?" O Saviour mild,
 Hast Thou, for these, a white robe yet in store?
 Yea; the Church path is by the fount of tears,
 And a grave Angel stands beside the door,
 Laden with rests for contrite pilgrims meet.
 Him trust with all; sad memories and dim fears;
 Then kneel in white before the mercy-seat.'

—*Lyra Innocentium.*

BEYOND the softly-swelling heights of Mustapha lies a broad richly-cultivated tableland, skirting the edge of which the passer-by commands a noble range over the bay and mountains, the fantastic eastern city in its high-piled dazzling whiteness, and the level plain of the Metidja, sweeping in one vast crescent-shaped curve around the coast. A narrow inland path winding in an exactly opposite direction soon leads to a point where a majestic Roman aqueduct, now mellowed by the colouring of centuries, spans a deep hollow of the hills. The spot is lonely now, and few, comparatively, know of its existence. Even in the early days of Christianity it was far enough from the haunts of men to ensure at the least partial retirement. Thither, accordingly, Ulric often resorted, for the sake of the elastic air upon the hill-tops, and the quiet restful landscape, which did not oppress him like the panoramic grandeur of the coast. Another, if not the crowning attraction it possessed for him, was the profusion of wild flowers, of which the number and variety were most remarkable, probably owing to the broken ground, which offered a congenial habitat to many species.

One balmy afternoon in spring, or rather at that season which would correspond with the freshest midsummer prime in Europe, Ulric sought his usual retreat, more from mere force of habit than from any preference for the spot, since he was then in the depressed mood which renders locality a matter of indifference. It was the Sunday next before Lent, now called Quinquagesima, and consecrated by the Church to lessons on that charity without which the austerities

of penitence were hardening to the souls that they are designed to bruise and soften.

Poor Ulric's spirits had sunk to so low an ebb that he lacked the vitality requisite for unhappiness. An intense apathy crushed all conscious sensation to the dust. Yet feeling was not wholly dead, as he supposed, for, strange to say, a snowy iris blossoming at his feet breathed comfort rather than despondency, and he stood still, smiling down on the flower with a vague sense of companionship. A moment's hesitation followed; then he stooped and gathered it, pressing his lips almost passionately on the frail pure petals. The hot breath of fever withered them; the burning fingers made them sicken and turn wan, as though beneath the blast of the sirocco. Disheartened by this trivial incident, Ulric seated himself on the edge of the aqueduct, and yielded without further effort to that all-pervading impalpable misery which so transcends even the most acute form of tangible grief. A fevered restlessness caused the thin fingers to stray idly among the folds of his tunic, and, almost unheeding what he did, the scroll containing the Epistle to the Ephesians was drawn forth and spread upon his knee. It was the only portion of the Sacred Writings which remained to him, for the Gospel according to St. Luke had sunk deep in the azure waters with Columba.

Ulric's dull leaden apathy now vanished, giving place to the most poignant pain which had ever assailed him since those early days of solitude and exile. The whole tenor of an epistle in which the Communion of Saints seems bound up in every line, burned in upon his soul the awful sentence of exclusion as though with a fiery brand. 'An alien from the commonwealth of Israel, a stranger from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world, a stranger and a foreigner;' no more 'a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God;' yet one who *had* been such, a member formerly of 'the one family in heaven and earth,'—now disowned; outcast! Is it any marvel that each sentence was to Ulric like the thrust of a sharp knife; that even God's sweet sky looked pitiless as he gazed into its unclouded depths? Ulric could have shed tears like rivers, but their source was dry; the strained and aching eyes were bloodshot, and refused to follow the lines traced upon the scroll, except in hurried snatches; they were too weak for prolonged exertion.

Ulric read on at intervals, however, pausing when the characters became blurred and illegible, then fixing his eyes yet again upon the page, and struggling on, until the power deserted him anew. While thus engaged, a shadow fell across the manuscript, and starting up, Ulric beheld a form arrayed indeed in ordinary garb, while yet unmistakably that of a Christian priest. The face in its fair delicacy bespoke Gothic origin, and in expressiveness, surpassed any which Ulric had as yet beheld, from its extraordinary blending of austerity and sweetness.

Latent strength and unflinching firmness were the first impressions it conveyed ; then tenderness and yearning compassion, a desire to take all forms of suffering into that merciful embrace ; and last of all a blending of the two, which constituted sympathy in its most Christlike form. The stranger had not quite reached middle age, he could not have been many years older than Ulric, yet the latter felt like a child in his presence, and the very feeling brought repose.

‘Deo gratias, my son,’ said Ulric’s visitor, using the ordinary Christian salutation of the period.

A hue more vivid than that of the carmine bells which nodded on the cliffs above them mantled Ulric’s wan cheek as he listened to the words of peace. That dear, dear greeting! Could he possibly disown it? could he find strength to declare it was no longer his? Perhaps some slight analogy might have been traced in the condition of the leper, forced to proclaim his uncleanness, and drive far away from him the friendly hand of human succour. Yet Ulric was too truthful to win kindness under false pretences, even had he not felt bound to shield another from unconsciously transgressing the stern law which forbade intercourse, whether ecclesiastical or social, with persons in his position. He tried to explain, but the unwilling lips refused their office ; his breath came and went in quick short gasps, and the priest could not comprehend the agitation which his simple greeting had occasioned.

He sat down however quietly at Ulric’s side, not waiting to ask leave, as courtesy would have exacted under different circumstances. His eye fell upon the sacred scroll, and the sight confirmed his idea that Ulric had been forced to hide during the persecution, and had been, perhaps for an indefinite period, cut off from personal communication with the faithful. Such instances of an enforced adoption of the hermit’s lot were not unusual during those dangerous times, and the reaction, caused by a return to outward converse with other Christians, was proportionately great.

‘I am—that is—I wish to tell you ; oh ! if you would only understand,’ began poor Ulric incoherently, and then stopped short, unable to divulge his secret.

‘I think I do quite understand,’ said the priest, reassuringly. ‘But my son,’ he resumed, with his bright gentle smile, ‘why should you shrink away as though you feared me? Surely my salutation must have taught you that I am one of ourselves?’

‘Ourselves?’ repeated Ulric mournfully, dwelling with loving, unspeakable pathos on the word, which seemed to him the title-deed of a lost birthright.

‘Christians, I mean,’ proceeded Father Edwy, growing more perplexed. ‘Surely I cannot be mistaken in addressing you as such?’

‘I was one,’ replied Ulric in an awestruck whisper.

The priest slightly started, for the horror of disloyalty in that pure

age was such as can scarcely be estimated in our own day. The betrayal of emotion was however checked immediately, and nothing could have surpassed the hopefulness of the rejoinder.

‘No sin, if repented and forsaken, separates us from the love and mercy of the Crucified.’

‘But I am excommunicated,’ said poor Ulric, with a sense that this terrible revelation would and must be the signal of his complete abandonment to the dark prison-house which had entombed his prince.

‘Even that does not cut off restoration to the penitent, only he must not be too proud to bear humiliation. My son, let me entreat you to submit to penance, and be reconciled.’

The tender tones melted into an almost passionate pleading, and Father Edwy, in his earnestness, seized Ulric’s hand in both his own.

Ulric had not recovered from surprise at finding the interview still prolonged, when the amazing proposition to be reconciled struck on his ear, and literally confused his senses.

‘I do hope to be reconciled when dying,’ he then began, but the priest interposed in the same winning accents—

‘Do not thus tempt God by delay, my son. Humble yourself now under His chastening Hand, and submit to humiliation in the sight of men. Not that the latter is the stern ordeal you may suppose. The hearts of the faithful are full of love. They will be sorry for your sufferings, support you by their intercessions, and rejoice with an exceeding great joy when your penance is accomplished.’

‘But I am not permitted to be reconciled except when at the point of death,’ said Ulric.

‘Must your penance be a life-long one?’ asked Father Edwy, while the tears started from his eyes. ‘Poor child! no wonder you should sink beneath this bitter cross. The only comfort I can speak, is to bid you remember that it is a cross, and who knows whether patient acquiescence may not win a mitigation of the sentence?’

‘But I have never been allowed to do penance at all. I have been simply outcast as an alien from the faith,’ cried Ulric eagerly.

‘I am quite sure that such is not the teaching of God’s Church,’ said Father Edwy, in a tone of strong conviction. ‘My son, you appear to me a victim of the heresy which is now tainting certain portions of the Fold. No efforts of mine shall be spared on your behalf; but would it give you too much pain to tell me how the trouble first began?’

Softened by Father Edwy’s use of the word ‘trouble,’ rather than mortal sin, Ulric poured forth the whole of his sad story to a listener whose very silence was steeped in the balm of sympathy. Ulric spoke of Columba, painting her so vividly that Father Edwy almost fancied he had seen the sweet child-wife in her innocent happiness and simple constancy unto death. Then followed the tale of that momentary

sad apostasy ; the maddening excommunication by the heathen ; ratified, as it appeared, by the authoritative sentence of the Church ; the subsequent mazes of sin and wandering ; the present dead, hopeless despair. Ulric's eyes remained dry and lustreless, his voice cold, harsh, and unmoved during this recital ; but Father Edwy's breast heaved with emotion, and large tears dropped slowly on the cross which he had taken from beneath his robe, as Ulric knelt to make his solemn revelation.

When all had been duly unfolded, Father Edwy strove to lessen the hardening sense of injustice which seemed to have goaded Ulric on to wilful sin, by tenderly but firmly telling him that he had deeply erred, and that he needed such a punishment as should completely crush the pride which had been at the root of all his feelings. Had he tried to submit himself in penitence to the unduly stern decree of the Novatian Bishop, God might soon have pitied him and lifted off the censure. His apostasy, however momentary, and firmly retracted, had still been accepted as such by the heathen, and involved the guilt of disloyalty to the Crucified. That sin had been severely visited, but there were many subsequent ones more deliberate and wilful. They must not be lightly passed over, nor would any discipline, however sharp, suffice, unless it were of long continuance, that the grace of penance might have time to sink deeply into his heart. A life of mortification, if in full communion with the Church, would not avail for him. He must be placed in a position which should leave no possible opening for pride, and in which suffering should be severe enough to purify his soul. Then should his restoration to the Holy Communion of Saints be no mere nominal membership, but a real living union, with all the redeemed in Heaven and earth. Sin unsubdued debars us from that blessed fellowship even amid full outward participation in the Sacramental life. The discipline of penance, on the other hand, tends to develop *reality* in those who submit to it, by temporary suspension from the privileges of religion, thereby rousing the soul to resist that in which is the only barrier to Christian unity. It may, by God's mercy, save us from the anguish of exclusion from the Church triumphant, if we are now willing to be condemned to passing separation from the Church on earth.

Such was the substance of Father Edwy's counsel, and the prospect of a penance, sad and dreary to those who should enter on it direct from the sanctuary, was hailed by poor Ulric as life from the dead. Then Father Edwy promised to lay the case before the new Bishop, who had just arrived with a small staff of clergy, to fill the place of the deposed Novatian prelate who had passed sentence on Ulric. The kind priest further explained that the especial office assigned to himself was that of director of the penitents. It was his duty to instruct, console, and guide them throughout the period of their probation, and at its close his opinion was of great weight in deciding if they were yet in a fitting

state for reconciliation with the Church. Ulric, who, owing to his social exclusion from Christians, had not even heard of the ecclesiastical changes around him, listened to every detail with the liveliest interest.

Father Edwy undertook to use his influence for Ulric's admission to penance on the ensuing Wednesday, that being the opening of Lent, and furthermore he named an hour on Tuesday afternoon for Ulric to meet him on the same spot and be informed of the Bishop's decision. Then, bidding the poor outcast one kneel yet again, the priest gave him a soothing benediction sealed by the sign of the cross. The sun was sinking, but its last rays lit up Ulric's face; and Father Edwy almost started at the childlike sweetness and docility of its expression. The change which that single interview had wrought seemed like a transformation even of the outward man.

'May I indeed have our own Holy Sign, and feel that it really belongs to me?' asked Ulric, fervently.

'You shall have it from me always,' the priest answered, feeling deeply touched by the inquiry. Then, in a lighter tone, he added, 'And now promise me to return home and try to sleep; those weary eyelids look in need of rest.'

Ulric obediently set out to seek his lonely dwelling-place, while his companion hastened in an opposite direction, towards Icosium, for the warm air was already loaded with the fragrance of night-blooming flowers.

An hour before sundown on Tuesday found Ulric retracing the road to the Roman Aqueduct.

Father Edwy was already awaiting him, for Ulric's strength was now so spent, that he had been forced several times to stop and rest on the way. The withering sirocco, so exhausting even to the natives, seemed to have drained the last remainder of energy from his once hardy northern frame. A dull white heat, paler and more dispiriting than a Scotch mist, had quenched the rich hues of that bright African clime.

The air lacked freshness, and indeed it almost seemed as though some vital principle were wanting, for poor Ulric as he climbed the hill could scarcely breathe, because of the dense atmospheric weight which pressed upon his lungs. Father Edwy hastened forward to support him to a seat under the shadow of the rocks, refused for some moments to let him speak, and bitterly reproached himself for thoughtlessness in not having sought Ulric at the dwelling of the latter, and thereby spared him needless fatigue. When Ulric had rallied sufficiently to attend, the priest informed him that his case had been considered by the Bishop and clergy, and that the penance assigned him was the mildest which the Church's discipline permitted. The term of suspension from Christian privileges was reduced from ten to five years, of which three had already elapsed, so that only two of

probation still remained to him. The penitential canons framed at the Council of Carthage, while assigning the measure of retribution due to various classes of the lapsed, still suffered the rules then established to be modified, in case of need, by individual Bishops. Father Edwy carefully explained these facts to Ulric, but he did not say how eloquent had been his own pleading for mercy. Earnest, however, had been his representation of the fiery sudden temptation which had led poor Ulric to apostatise, in order to save not his own life, but that of another. Vividly had he dwelt upon the noble instantaneous recantation, and appeal for martyrdom, instead of which had been awarded the terrible doom of body, soul, and spirit, sinking slowly under the decree of excommunication. With tears of sympathy had the gentle petitioner ended by describing Ulric's lowly penitence, and the touching humility which hesitated not to bear merited punishment, so soon as the rankling sense of injustice had been removed. All those considerations moved the Bishop to remit half of the penance due to Ulric's first sin of relapse into idolatry, and to his subsequent offences. Beyond this point the rigour could not be abated, nor, though his heart bled over the necessity, did Ulric's true friend deem best that it should.

When Ulric's gratitude had been outpoured to Father Edwy, the priest drew a small roll from his bosom, saying—

'My son, will you not entrust me for the present with your Epistle to the Ephesians? It shall be kept safely, and restored whenever you may desire it. I do not now command, but only counsel you not to make it your spiritual reading at this time. I have brought another sacred book in its stead, of which I ask your acceptance.'

Ulric received the scroll, and eagerly examined it. Then the first tears which he had shed for many months rained softly as a spring shower upon the holy page. It was the Gospel according to St. Luke, and Ulric clasped it to his heart, less as a gift from Father Edwy than as a token from Columba.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PENANCE.

'Within a reverend minster I have stood,
As one to whom, for many a godless deed,
The choir was clos'd ; fit penance and due meed
Sad conscience owned it.

* * * * *

Our portion in Christ's awful year,
Not thine, is Lent ; and yet He calls thee near.
Come, spotless one, He seems to say,
Come with thy pure white robe, and kneel to-day
Beside the fallen and defil'd, and learn
How keen the fires must burn

Of the dread spirit, purging contrite hearts
 With penitential pains, truth in the inward parts.

* * * * *
 Thou from the font art fresh and undefil'd ;
 O surely happy child,
 More than angelic power is where thou art,
 More than angelic love, to melt the cold dry heart.'

—*Lyra Innocentium.*

A GENTLE breeze had risen soon after midnight from the tideless sea, and before its pure breath fled the wasting fiery sirocco, back to the 'land of trouble and anguish' which had owned its birth. Rich radiant colours blended into loveliest harmony in the warm splendour of an African spring morning. Sea and sky of intense dark blue contrasted with the deep red of the background of steep cliffs, waving with the luxuriance of semi-tropical vegetation. Golden crowns, twined of interwoven sunbeams, rested upon the feathery tops of the tall palms. The pale exquisite fronds of the banana glowed as with some soft inner illumination. The huge patriarchal olives seemed arrayed in dusky silver. Even the sombre clumps of prickly pear displayed their masses of succulent thorny leaves, studded with blossoms like the yellow heart of a pond lily.

Ulric, susceptible by nature to external influences, drank in peace and hope from the young day which was to usher in so awful, yet so sweet a chapter of his history. While he knelt and made the sign of the cross, thanksgivings flowed more readily than prayers of penitence. No dread of the humiliation which awaited him had power to mar that new-born joy. The sights and sounds of Christian worship would again surround him; the prayers of the faithful would again encompass him as with a shield. Before him, as a bright far distant goal, lay fulness of restoration to the privileges from which he was now suspended for a while.

These thoughts of peace supported Ulric as he entered the little Christian Church, and took his place between two other penitents, who, as a punishment for lesser offences, were to be suspended from communion with the Faithful during Lent. All who were present, including the Bishop and his clergy, knelt upon the ground throughout the chanting of the seven penitential psalms. When they were ended, Ulric and his two companions humbly made open confession of their sins against God and His Church, imploring to be reconciled, and seeking spiritual advice, penance, and absolution. They were then vested in sackcloth, and bowed low beneath the Bishop's hand, while ashes were sprinkled upon their heads, and in tones of loving severity, the punishment suited to each transgressor was imposed. Still kneeling, they besought the intercessions of the Faithful, and then quietly withdrew to the church door, unworthy the united worship, a share in which was their birthright, but a birthright from which they were cut off by their sins.

The upright and manly simplicity of Ulric's demeanour during this humiliating ordeal, the calm voice which owned all in a few intelligible words, without extenuation, above all the sweet trustfulness of his appeal for the prayers of the congregation, awoke a gush of sympathy throughout the little band. Tears flowed forth unrestrained in answer to his supplication, and words of loving compassion were checked only by a delicate and generous fear, lest the heart now crushed to the dust in agonized contrition should be too sore to bear even the most tender touch. Wherever Ulric gazed, he traced the self-same tokens of love yearning to outpour itself in healing. The kind Bishop's voice had faltered in pronouncing the decree. The face of Father Edwy, eloquent with unspoken benedictions, had bent over Ulric's prostrate form, as though to soothe him in that hour of direst need. A shadow from the woe which they so dimly understood had fallen on the joyousness of innocent children. The young Greek's lighthearted carelessness was chastened and subdued; the law which bids all Christians share the suffering of each member had passed even upon his vivacity. The very penitents at Ulric's side, cast out, the one for drunkenness, the other for profanity, forgot their own doom in compassion for his greater grief. This atmosphere of love, contrasting with the utter spiritual isolation of the past three years, was most unspeakably healing and sweet to Ulric. His oppressed and wounded spirit seemed bound up with balm, and a gentle exhaustion born of intense restfulness of body and mind stole over him, foretelling a return of healthful slumbers to which he had long become a stranger. He had once more found home and family. The outer courts of the Catholic Church might be his dwelling-place; the love and protection of his brethren, although not yet their dear companionship, again enfolded him.

From that day forward Ulric regularly attended all the services, finding in them his greatest solace, and by slow degrees regaining some amount of vigour, as the pressure on the mind decreased. He found much consolation even in the present, and could now look forward to a goal, distant indeed, but still in sight.

Meanwhile, to cheer the gloom of his appointed lot, poor Ulric had devised one consolation, which, however it might soothe his own heart, fell like the shade of an abiding sorrow on the loving little congregation. Never, during the celebration of the Holy Mysteries, did he fail, as at the first, to kneel outside the church, with his head pressed against the wall to catch the sounds of worship when they swelled loudly enough to reach his ear. They usually sought the aloe-copse, because of its proximity and freedom from all likelihood of interruption. There Ulric delighted to sit at Father Edwy's side, frequently not caring to speak, but conscious of a yet closer approach to sacramental blessedness than when praying outside the church. Ulric rejoiced in this close fellowship with a heart continually purified in the Precious Blood from every taint of venial sin and made the shrine

of Christ's mysterious indwelling Presence. Indeed, apart from the intense personal affection which he lavished upon Father Edwy, Ulric found such a perennial spring of comfort in this link with, or perhaps more properly overflowing of, sacramental grace that the priest made it one of his chief duties to afford the solace whensoever it was practicable.

The two had now become constant companions, and this period was for Ulric one of rapid progress in the spiritual life. On every Friday he confessed the sins of the past week, and received through Father Edwy, not indeed the absolution, which might not be given in the period of probation, but advice and penance. The natural result of such a training was that the number and gravity of the offences steadily diminished. Evil habits were checked; holy ones implanted or confirmed. The sinking will was braced by the gentlest yet most unflinching discipline, while sound dogmatic teaching was imparted with a regularity and clearness such as Ulric never had known since reaching an age when he was able to profit by the advantage.

One day at the beginning of the Holy Week, Ulric, feeling his head giddy from weakness, was forced to abandon his kneeling posture outside the church and to sit on the ground, leaning against the wall. Several who passed by without speaking, when the offices were ended, noticed how extremely ill he looked, among the rest Leo, who could never witness trouble without trying to relieve it, although frequently after a characteristic fashion of his own. As soon as the place was deserted he retraced his steps, and seating himself beside Ulric, said abruptly—

‘Ulric, I have just thought how to stop all this trouble, and make you quite happy after your own notions.’

‘How may that be?’ asked Ulric, who was half-amused and half-touched by the words and manner of the gay young Greek.

‘I mean that the Bishop might let me take your place, perhaps,’ explained Leo. ‘I do not see why he should object, provided *somebody* does penance, and such things can be managed through the Communion of Saints, can they not?’

‘I suspect not very easily,’ replied Ulric, unable to suppress a smile, yet feeling irresistibly drawn towards his light-spirited but most loveable friend. ‘Thank you all the same, dear Leo, and believe I feel your kindness none the less that I cannot accept it.’

‘But stay!’ pursued Leo, who could not give up his project; ‘you take this’ (penance, he was about to say, but delicately changed the word into ‘formality’) ‘to heart and let it nearly kill you, whilst I see it in its true light, and should not be in the least unhappy. Listen, and you will be convinced how little it would cost me. All these things are kept quiet among ourselves, of course, so I should be the same as ever among heathen, while the Christians would understand that I was only acting as a substitute. Indeed, when one thinks of it well,

there really is nothing to bear. I would do more at any time to serve a friend.'

'But you forget the being deprived of the Sacraments,' objected Ulric, rather scandalized that this should not even have occurred to Leo in his summary of the position he was so willing to accept.

'No, that is just what I do *not* forget,' exclaimed Leo; 'I want *you* to have them, since you seem to care for nothing else. Now I might be sorry to leave the Church, but I should go off with the Catechumens and try to forget it—I mean,' he said, correcting himself, as he caught a glimpse of Ulric's face, 'try to remember how soon the two years would pass away. Indeed I am quite sure this is the best plan, since the Holy Mysteries must be intended for those who care most about them.'

'Try to care more for them yourself,' said Ulric earnestly, 'and, dear Leo, pray for me when you receive them. That is the way in which you can really help me.'

'Oh yes, certainly,' said Leo, pledging his word with sincerity and readiness, but in a tone which proved that such a mode of consolation had not previously occurred to him.

'And now,' continued Ulric, 'believe that I feel your kindness, and do not let me make you unhappy, for I grow more cheerful every day. I do not even desire the term of probation to be shortened, because it is teaching me true penitence, and Father Edwy wishes me to bear it.'

'Father Edwy!' cried Leo in amazement; 'I always supposed he was so very kind to you.'

'He loves me; yes, that is the very reason,' replied Ulric, rather vaguely, for he shrank from entering upon personal matters with his amiable but eccentric companion.

'Well, yours is an odd sort of friendship,' said Leo, giving up all further attempt at comprehension. 'I should prefer a friend who helped me to enjoy myself. However, you are both Goths, and I suppose that accounts for everything. You are so used to gloom that really I believe you cannot be content in sunshine. Perhaps being dismal has as much pleasure for you as mirth and laughter would have for a Greek.'

The conversation was here interrupted by Father Edwy, who came to rejoin his charge, but paused with a pleased look on seeing Leo's good-natured efforts to cheer a friend. Leo gracefully saluted the priest, and then, turning to take leave of Ulric, added earnestly—

'I must not loiter, for the sun is high; but think again of my proposal, and tell me when you are ready to accept it. And, Ulric, will you not come to my house, or let me go to yours, or at least take a walk with me occasionally? We should keep as quiet as you desired, and I should see that nobody disturbed you.'

'I should like you two to meet often, and be good friends,' interposed Father Edwy warmly, for he hoped that Ulric's jaded spirits

might be strung anew by such bright intercourse, and that Leo might gain seriousness through contact with a deeper nature than his own.

Leo was much gratified by Father Edwy's readiness in meeting his advances, and this conversation led to the frequent intercourse which proved of mutual benefit to Ulric and the Greek. Their intimacy lasted until the period at which Leo returned to his own land, leaving such a blank behind him as bore testimony to that sunny sweetness which, despite the absence of more sterling qualities, endeared him inexpressibly to all who knew him.

On the Thursday preceding Easter the two penitents who had been separated from the Faithful during Lent, were reconciled, and all feared that the accompanying ceremonial would prove sadly trying to poor Ulric. His large-heartedness, however, shielded him from envy, and his beaming smile of congratulation was so sweet that no one could bear to glance towards the entrance of the church, where he now knelt entirely alone. Leo had a fit of general indignation against all concerned in the transaction, beginning with the restored penitents, who, he declared, 'were not one-half so good as Ulric,' and ending with the clergy, whom he stigmatized as 'bigoted.'

'How hard it is not to relax needful severity!' exclaimed the Bishop to Father Edwy when the offices were ended.

'Yes,' the priest answered, 'and all the more so from his loving submission. I really believe he tries to comfort us by bearing his lot cheerfully.'

Easter Day ushered in such weather as is rarely seen even on the Numidian coast. Intense purity was the leading idea that it suggested to a Christian mind. The colouring was of transcendent beauty, and no speck or soil was visible on sea or heavens, or young, fresh, laughing foliage. It was as though Nature were chanting in the original the lofty hymn, long ages afterwards translated from her language into our own, which we now sing on bended knees and with hushed reverence upon the anniversary of our Redemption through the Precious Blood:—

'Earth and stars, and sky and ocean,
By that Flood from stain are freed.'

Poor Ulric felt very unhappy when he awoke at dawn, and fancied, as so many Christians have done since through long successive generations, that all nature was attuned to high thanksgiving on that Queen of Feasts. He only seemed a mute note in the Alleluia Chorus ringing through the vaults of Heaven, and echoed back in sweetest melody from ransomed earth. He knelt humbly, however, to adore the Risen One, and then, before the sun had burst forth, bent his footsteps towards the church. He was met at the entrance by Father Edwy, whose face beamed with loving sympathy as he told

Ulric that the Bishop had given him permission for that single day to remain kneeling in the church during the celebration of the Holy Mysteries, although of course retaining the garb and position of a penitent. Ulric was overjoyed at this unlooked-for privilege, so much more precious to his contrite and adoring heart than is the fulness of sacramental union to the careless or indifferent. No thankless repining for blessings denied him seemed to mar that rapt delight in adoration, and again the clergy felt that the need of inflicting penance was the hardest duty of their office. There was something which almost unnerved them in the sweetness with which Ulric accepted consolation at their hands, as unreservedly as he yielded to punishment.

It chanced that one morning during the Easter Octave Ulric had gone earlier than usual to the church, and there, kneeling in his accustomed place, had begun to recite the penitential offices prescribed for him by Father Edwy. While he was thus engaged the Bishop entered for an instant on some business, for it was rather before the hour of service. He was attended by one of the neophytes, a boy of eight, whose long, fair curls, transparent delicacy of complexion, and blue eyes dancing with joyousness, stamped him, even at first sight, as a Goth. Ulric had often noticed him before, and found real solace in the child's surpassing beauty and in the freshness of innocence which created an atmosphere of its own around him. He appeared in harmony with birds and flowers and exultant music and bright festivals, yet his glad presence amid scenes of woe seemed never to jar on the sufferers. One might as well have been wounded by a stray sunbeam gleaming forth from black clouds on a stormy day. No types of joyousness could have been more dissimilar than were those presented by Leone and this Gothic child. The former sprang from carelessness, and from an elasticity which could not be crushed by the deepest grief; the latter arose from the mere absence of trial. There were as yet no shadow-streaks of sin or sorrow on his young horizon, and the gladness of infancy had never been chilled or repressed. Yet latent capacities of intense feeling could be traced upon the fair cherub-like countenance when in repose. There was a wondering, intent look in the eyes when the problems of sin or suffering were brought before him. One could fancy the guileless imagination striving vainly to fathom the mystery, and arriving only at a vague conclusion that something, in some inexplicable way, was wrong with others. At such moments the sunshine beaming from that bright face was softened as by wreaths of silver mist. The smile became tremulous in its sweetness, and the eyes grew liquid with a pity which seemed doubly eloquent from the child's powerlessness to understand the woe on which the value of sympathy was yet outpoured by him, acting as God's unconscious agent.

On perceiving Ulric, the good Bishop paused to bless him, and was

passing on, when the child caught the prelate's hand, and audibly inquired—

‘Why does he still kneel here alone, when his friends are gone back into the sanctuary?’

‘He will come back some day too, Eric,’ answered the Bishop, seeking to evade a more direct reply, that Ulric might be spared the pain of needless humiliation before one who, owing to the difference of age between them, should have naturally looked on him as a superior.

‘But why not now?’ persisted Eric, who seemed bent on winning a clear explanation.

‘Because his place is being made ready for him, and he for it,’ replied the Bishop. ‘I think he would tell you that he would rather delay here yet a while.’

‘But he looks so lonely!’ exclaimed the child, the tender look coming into his eyes. ‘It must be different since his friends have left him. There were always two to kneel with him before.’

‘Should you like to kneel beside him, my son?’ inquired the Bishop.

‘Oh! very much,’ the child cried, eagerly. ‘May I not do so, Father?’

‘Yes; if he likes to have you,’ said the prelate. ‘Ask now whether you may stay with him if you are good.’

‘May I stay here with you if I am good?’ asked Eric, as he coaxingly took Ulric's hand, putting the question in the exact form prescribed by the Bishop, while his tones were penetrated by a melting sweetness, touchingly unlike his usual blithe and gladsome speech.

‘It would make me very happy to have you,’ rejoined Ulric, at which answer the child clung around his neck, the momentary shadow fleeting, and the dimpled joy of infancy regaining the ascendancy.

Ulric returned the soft caress; like most sensitive natures he was always tender and protecting, both towards animals and children, and inspired irresistible confidence in all the weak and helpless.

The Bishop smiled benignly on the pair so unlike in appearance, yet in reality so well assorted. He felt as though he had left an eaglet under the guardianship of a lamb.

From that time Ulric seldom knelt alone, but close beside him, so close that the snowy folds of the child's tunic nestled into the grave shadow of the sackcloth, little Eric might be seen from week to week, intent upon the deed of charity which had commended itself to his gentle heart. They formed a lovely group of innocence and penitence to Father Edwy's eyes, and he rejoiced to feel that the baptismal white of little Eric was not fairer than the robe of immaculate purity which God yet held in store for Ulric.

CHAPTER X.

THE RECONCILIATION.

'Death comes to set thee free,
O meet him cheerily
As thy true friend.
Then all thy woes shall cease ;
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.'

SINTRAM.

MONTH after month rolled slowly on, each sunset shedding more of calm and peace upon Ulric's soul, because proclaiming that another stage of his probation was accomplished. There were some who thought the period would be yet further abridged by death, for Ulric's strength seemed waning as do the bright hours when midsummer ripens into the glow of autumn. Only for him there smiled no promise of a second springtide upon earth.

Father Edwy ventured on again interceding with the Bishop, asking him if the penance might not now be lawfully remitted, and the short remainder of that harassed life be spent in the full sacramental blessedness which seemed as its own native air. The Bishop could not however feel justified in granting such a petition, as the term of canonical penance had been already so abridged, that for the sake of others he dared not further reduce it. Ulric was not told of the vain appeal, he only felt himself increasingly the object of Father Edwy's care and tenderness, and looked forward to the priest's daily visit as the chief alleviation of the sadness which seemed an abiding symptom of the wasting malady that now often confined him to his couch.

At length, only ten weeks were wanting to the day on which the penance should be lifted off. Ulric's heart gave one bounding throb at the remembrance of this fact, and he lay down to rest like an exhausted child.

Soon after midnight a peculiar subterranean thrill aroused him, and he raised himself upon one arm, physical weakness rendering him a prey to nervous terror. His ear caught a wild rattling sound as though of men trying to force their way into his sleeping-place, then all was still. The whole chain of events took place so suddenly that Ulric was not even sure that anything had occurred. He listened breathlessly for a few seconds, and then fancying the late vivid impression had been caused by an uneasy dream, he sank into a really tranquil and refreshing slumber.

The next morning Ulric learned from the young native lad who was his sole attendant, that a frightful earthquake had destroyed a town some four hours distant, and that the shock had been more or less felt for many miles around. The youth who, although faithfully attached to Ulric, had never consented to abandon heathenism, added that the

city seemed in a wild tumult, and that crowds were hurrying to and fro, shouting strange words about Christians and Edicts, while they raged with fierceness as though ready to destroy any who should dispute their will. Thus Ulric gathered that a persecution had begun in virtue of the Edict, which, never having yet been formally repealed, was always ready to serve as a pretext for revengeful cruelty towards the meek followers of Jesus. Such local outrages were indeed among the marked features of those troubled times, an inundation of a river; an uprising of the mountain tribes; famine or pestilence; earthquake or locusts; in short, every visitation of God's Providence was laid to the charge of the unoffending Christians, and the crime thus imputed to them could be only cancelled in their blood.

That day proved a terrible ordeal for poor Ulric. The oppressive 'earthquake weather,' as the natives called the sultry breathlessness attendant upon such phenomena, pressed on his lungs, nearly producing suffocation. He was worn, too, by its long continuance, since for more than a week past the brazen atmosphere and spectral-grey heat had so increasingly prevailed that not a fishing-boat had dared to leave the harbour. On the day in question, Ulric fancied in wild snatches of delirium, that the supply of vital air had been drained out by living creatures, and that none was left even for the quick choking gasps, by which alone he still hung panting on the borders of the grave. Next followed lucid intervals, when bodily relief brought back clearness of memory, and then poor Ulric lay in agony, wondering what had transpired in the popular tumult. He yearned to know if any Christians had been sacrificed—why Father Edwy thus delayed to visit him—whether the indescribable sinking he now experienced meant the approach of death, and if the dear and loving Lord would let him die unreconciled. Could such a pang possibly be inflicted by that tender sacred heart?

The morning hours waned slowly; then came the yet fiercer and more wearying noontide heat, and during the long sultry afternoon Ulric lay in a sort of stupor, dead to all around, yet, if concentrated consciousness be life, living and moving in the past. Only all lines of grief had been erased from his sad history, as every trace of sin and conflict is effaced from the calm features of the dead. Columba in her dove-like peace hung over him; there seemed no barrier between them now. Father Edwy, too, seemed strangely near: the gentle hand which had first rested on Ulric's bowed head on Ash-Wednesday, and had since so often soothed him like a child, seemed now laid on his forehead to assuage the fever, and lull him to slumber. Between sleeping and waking, Ulric several times murmured the priest's name, but there was no answer; he glanced around the room inquiringly, but his eye met only empty space. Yet that sweet sense of some comforting presence did not pass away, and Ulric was too weak not to resign himself passively to his blessedness.

Just before sunset a breeze sprang up from the sea, and the whole landscape seemed transfused by a sudden intense illumination. Ulric was overtaken by real slumber, sweet yet light, for even the distant sound of an airy footfall was sufficient to arouse him, and he turned his head toward the veiled doorway which opened upon the little colonnaded court.

‘Father Edwy!’ he exclaimed, in a faint voice, straining his dimmed eyes for a glimpse of the approaching figure.

‘Not Father Edwy, but the Holy Sacrament!’ rang forth in tones clear as the chiming of silver bells, and as the curtain was pushed half aside, Ulric caught the gleam of a snowy tunic.

‘Is it Columba?’ he asked doubtingly, and marvelling if he did not yet sleep and behold a vision.

‘Only Eric,’ was the answer; and the child stepped forward, his face bathed in tearful lustre, for large pearly drops hung on the silken eyelashes, and gave an April-like tenderness to the smile which never before had seemed half so radiant.

‘Where then is Father Edwy?’ inquired Ulric, with a bitter pang of disappointment.

‘Among the Blessed,’ the child answered; and there was a pause.

‘Our holy Bishop?’ pursued Ulric; and the boy replied, ‘In hiding with the Faithful. He could not come to you himself, but he bade me bring you THIS, with his blessing.’

Eric knelt, and drew from his bosom a small golden pyx, enshrining the most Blessed Sacrament.

‘All safe!’ he cried, with the exultant triumph that swelled in his voice when he joined in the anthems. ‘The Bishop said it was the TREASURE of treasures, and that I must die rather than let it be taken away from me.’

‘Did he send it for *me*? Is that possible?’ Ulric asked in rapturous amazement.

He was indeed well aware that during troubled times the sacred mysteries were frequently confided to young children, as the only messengers who could gain access to the dying, but he dared not realise that his long penance was now at an end.

Then Eric answered—

‘Father Edwy’s last words before the soldiers killed him were something about “Ulric, and for my sake remit the ten weeks.” He asked if I would take his message to the Bishop, and I told him yes. Then Father Edwy blessed me, and charged me to go away, lest the soldiers should hurt me, though they seemed too busy to think of a child. I wished to stay with him, but he repeated “Go, my son,” and then added, “Tell Ulric I have often had to give him pain, but God has let me send him comfort at last.”’

‘Nothing but comfort ever came to me through him,’ cried Ulric, fervently, ‘and our kind Bishop, did he then grant the request?’

‘Yes ; for he said that martyrs had a right to ask such favours, so I was to bring the Holy One to you directly, and tell you that all is peace.’

The conversation had been carried on in soft hushed tones of reverence, such as befitted the sweet awful Sacramental Presence which enfolded them. Poor Ulric’s waning strength, sustained a while by intense interest, now ebbed out completely, and the livid pallor which harbingers speedy death appalled even the inexperienced child.

‘Take THIS, and you will not be ill again,’ he said, kneeling in his rapt guileless adoration, and then rising to present Ulric with the Sacred Host.

Ulric received the Holy Sacrament. ‘Colomba’s Holy One,’ was his only thought. ‘Reconciled,’ was his only word ; he did not speak again. Mysterious gleams, changeful as are the lights and shadows on a landscape, played successively over his countenance, and Eric, with his golden head thrown backward, and his rosy lips slightly apart, seemed to reflect each variation as the limpid stream images the serene or clouded heavens in its bosom. At length came a look of ineffable peace which did not change, but rather seemed stamped for eternity upon the face, making it beautiful with a strange solemn sweetness not of earth.

Then Eric advanced to the couch with noiseless step, and bending downward, scarcely venturing to draw breath, seemed like some cherub-guardian keeping watch over the silent form.

‘The good Bishop said THAT would make him well,’ murmured the child, ‘and so it did, for he has gone to sleep.’

(Concluded.)

A SUMMER IN THE APENNINES.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

CHAPTER VI.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

PASSING over many intermediate festivities, we must find place for a few words about the last and greatest of our picnics. This woodland gathering was a very different affair from the humble little gipsy tea described in the preceding chapter. We were a large party ; the commissariat arrangements were of the most luxurious—no longer the cheap delights of herring-paste ; and our place of meeting, a mossy glade among the chestnuts, on the other side of the valley above the lovely forest path overhanging the torrent.

But leaving aside all minor incidents, such as the wonderful short cut down to the river discovered by the children, and which *only* involved dropping down an eight-foot wall to reach some extremely shaky stepping-stones; the ignominious tumbles of two of our number; the determined revolt of an elderly lady, who had therefore to be escorted to the nearest bridge half-a-mile out of the way; the steep scramble up the cliff; the difficulty in finding the place of *rendezvous*, owing to being led far astray by the guide we blindly trusted; the long-deferred appearance of the provisions and kettle-laden donkey; the false hopes raised now and again by the passage of charcoal-burners' mules; the final happy reunion of all stragglers; the spreading of the feast, the strange docility of the kettle in the matter of boiling;—these thrilling incidents, we repeat, must be hurried over, for, after all, the only romantic part of this too elegant picnic was the quiet hour that we lingered on in the wood after nightfall, when the soft light of the young moon touched all things with its fairy wand. We peeped out into the summer night through luxuriant frames and wreaths of foliage carved against the sky. The irrepressible children had made a bonfire of our superfluous brushwood, and danced around it, singing Scotch songs in chorus. The red light of the well-fed flame, in contrast with the silvery splendour above, brought out those leaping figures with oddest fantasies of light and shade.

But even this scene, enchanting as it was, must not detain us, for the strains of the too industrious brass-band of San Marcello seem still to be ringing, or rather bellowing, in our ears as we write, and admonish us that August is drawing to a close, and that the glories of the September Paper *fêtes* have still to be chronicled.

Long before this great event came off, we foreigners had learnt to shudder at the very mention of a *fête*; we had had so many of them. Every two or three days there was a popular festival of some kind. What with pilgrimages, funerals, and saints' days, the two priests of San Marcello had plenty of walking exercise. A few days after our arrival, half the population, the priests and all the paraphernalia of banners, canopies, and wax-candles, turned out at three o'clock A.M. on a pilgrimage to a wooden cross on the summit of the mountain across the valley. On this occasion the boon to be prayed for was a plenteous harvest, in spite of the damaging hailstorms that had recently laid the young corn and destroyed the chestnut blossoms. From our windows that morning we saw what looked like a swarm of ants on the distant hill-top, and then, later, we watched the long train of the procession appearing and disappearing among the trees, as it wound down the rocky path on the farther side of the ravine. Now and then the breeze brought to our ears a few notes of their chant, which, strange to say, was a corrupted version of the beautiful hymn in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. One expected every moment to see a girl with a goat come skipping over those rocks by the waterfall. Among

the pilgrims were several mites of children, and very worn out did they all look as they straggled back to San Marcello that glowing June forenoon. A sad incident had retarded their return. One of the priests had had to turn out of the road to carry the Sacrament to a lonely cottage, in which the eldest son of a widowed mother lay dying of fever caught in the poisonous Maremme. His young brother and a little sister had taken the complaint, which was complicated by diphtheria, and the poor mother was wild with grief. Yet, with the usual peasant prejudice against medicine, the priest was sent for, not the doctor. The latter went, however, of his own accord, and succeeded in saving the boy; the others were beyond his aid.

The horrible old custom (once universal in Italy) of carrying the dead to the grave on open biers, still prevails at San Marcello, and a day or two later, being attracted to the window by the sound of many feet, we were shocked by the spectacle of a child corpse, decked with gaudy artificial flowers and with its still, pale face uncovered, being carried to the cemetery, accompanied by a crowd of torch-bearing children dressed in their best. Yet this poor little thing had died of an infectious disease!

As the summer went on, more and more assiduously practised the members of the town band. Though unpleasant, their perseverance was certainly praiseworthy, for the hotter it grew, the louder and more frequent were the blasts of melody and discord that resounded from every corner of San Marcello. Their emulation was aroused and they were on their mettle, for, on the occasion of a charity fair in the grounds of the great house, had not their grey-uniformed rivals from the paper-works driven up the hill with a most imposing array of musical instruments, and made quite a sensation by their spirited performance? And although our San Marcello band played their best their adversaries carried off the palm.

But San Marcello rose to the height of the emergency. A subscription-list was sent round, and its proceeds were sufficient to enable these musical enthusiasts to obtain the skilled tuition of an experienced band-master—*vice* the tailor resigned—who came up from Florence to drill them for a whole month. And he drilled them in earnest; morning, noon, and night they drummed and blew and tootled, and the Maestro's raps on his wooden desk and the Maestro's fervent Tuscan adjurations were clearly to be heard in every room in our house. Our worthy landlord looked increasingly apoplectic owing to his efforts in mastering the difficulties of a certain growling bass, and in the fervour of his musical enthusiasm he kindly offered to bring the band to perform in our garden. We declined the proposal as gently as we could; we might shudder in secret, but it would have been cruel to hint the real state of our feelings towards the San Marcello music.

Each successive Sunday the band performed longer and more difficult pieces on the Piazza, and then would parade the town, playing as they

went, to repeat their choicest *morceaux* under the balcony of the great house or in the grounds of the brand-new villa on the Pracchia road. Each Sunday, too, fire-balloons would be sent up from one or the other of these two mansions, and the evening after the fancy bazaar it was a grand sight to see a whole flight of these aerial messengers pursuing each other up to the clouds.

As September approached there was a suppressed whirl of excitement about the town ; our old Ursula stumped about the house in a perpetual state of broad-grin, and greatly inflamed little Z.'s imagination by her tales of glories to come. At last the great day—or rather the first of the great days—arrived ; the festival of the patron saint of San Marcello. What a ferment the place was in ! The mysterious heaps of planks in the Piazza resolved themselves into platforms for the accommodation of the opposing musical forces, and many rumours were afloat regarding the fixed resolve of either band-master to carry all before him. Various new *cafés* developed themselves where no *cafés* had been before. The genuine establishments overflowed with customers from morning till night—new customers, who had wandered up from Pisto or the Lucca baths to share in the coming festivities. That these new arrivals should lounge away the day seated on wicker chairs outside the *cafés* did not seem astonishing, and we had become accustomed to the spectacle of certain residents who for a stated number of hours each day were fixtures on the Piazza. One could understand how they had gradually drifted into the habit of going to pick up stray news and gossip in the only centre of animation, and found it more amusing to read the papers opposite to, instead of inside, their own dwellings. But there was a group of visitors whom we watched day by day with ever-renewed amazement. They were Italians, lived in Florence, and were people of considerable culture. Well, they were in San Marcello for the first time, and yet positively they also spent all their days sitting at the *café* placidly watching the passers-by on the Piazza, and never abandoning their post except to go home to bed in their little lodging round the corner. To us Northerners this seemed the strangest way of enjoying the country, especially in those glowing August days, when the very sight of houses and human beings made us unpleasantly warm. No doubt those Florentines returned to the city declaring San Marcello to be hopelessly dull and ugly. With their habits, it was odd that they should ever visit the country at all. Probably they do it as they would put on a blister—unwillingly, but for the benefit of their health !

It was no wonder that supplementary *cafés* should be needed during this stirring period. All day long holiday-makers from all the villages and hamlets for miles round came pouring into the town, and the continual passage of all kinds of ramshackle traps and carts sent perpetual clouds of dust in at our windows. Rustic swains, linked

arm-in-arm, swaggered about at the heels of rustic beauties with stupendous chignons and the gayest of clothes. Peasants of maturer years sat toying before the wine-shops; women and children clustered round the vendors of sweet-stuff and *brigidine*—wafer-like cakes flavoured with *anisette*—or dawdled about devouring slices of pink-fleshed, dripping water-melon. Huge piles of this tempting fruit lay stacked like cannon-balls under the Loggia.

There was a strange absence of active fun and merriment in this assemblage of country-folk. They just stood about and talked and smoked; only a few of the younger men walked up and down the road, singing scraps of choruses; while the girls did little but smile and cast coquettish glances on all probable or possible admirers. As the afternoon drew on, plumed hats and grey uniforms began to make their way through the crowd. The Syndic, rhubarb-clad as usual and smoking the inevitable pipe, lounged into his own house to reappear twenty minutes later, looking extremely trim and uncomfortable in his tight-fitting red and blue suit. Every window was filled with heads, and there was quite a hush on the Piazza as the musicians took their places and the band from the Paper-mill fired the first volley. This—an operatic *pot-pourri*, with solos for the principal instruments—drew enthusiastic applause from all connected with the mill and from the strangers; the San Marcellini were more cautious in their approbation—they were waiting to see what their own men would do. It must be confessed that the dark-blue band sounded rather poor compared to that of the valiant paper-makers, but the Maestro from Florence had really done wonders, for, without attempting to emulate the powerful effects of the larger band, he had worked up his willing pupils to a quite unexpected degree of precision and delicacy. So public opinion wavered throughout the contest, and we heard the next day that it was considered a drawn battle, since although the Lima men had the best of it in force and mechanical execution, the natives made up for their lack of these qualities by their superior expression and finish. So both parties were tolerably contented and many heart-burnings were allayed.

It was a gay enough scene that we looked down upon from our post at a first-floor window in the Piazza—gay, that is, as far as mere numbers can create gaiety. You might have walked across the Piazza on the people's heads; every window was packed with lookers-on; the big terrace over the Loggia was filled with well-dressed people, while the aristocracy of the place were collected in the flower-decked balcony of the town-wing of the rambling Cini mansion. A continuous tinkling of spoons and glasses came up from the fringe of *café*-tables round the Square; there was plenty of noise and general hubbub; but we were still struck by the quiet stolidity with which this throng of mountaineers enjoyed their long-talked-of festival. Downright merry uproar there was none, not even at that climax of excitement the

launching of the gigantic fire-balloon—the yearly contribution of the Cini family. It was a very monster, this triumph of coloured paper. Before inflation its upper end was secured to a cord stretched from one house-top to another across the space fronting the big house. Its precise dimensions have passed from our memory, but it reached to the second-floor of the house we were in. And now a flaming mass of tow was cautiously inserted in the wire framework of its base, and it was curious to watch the *thing* as it gradually swelled. It was a complicated monster too, having an outer circle of droll excrescences like Brobdignagian melons. Of course great care is required in the inflation of these balloons; it is necessary to keep them perfectly erect, for if they sway about they catch fire. The superintendent of this delicate process and his legitimate assistants had much ado in keeping off the excited swarm of small boys who were anxious to poke their heads inside the balloon to look at the flames. However, all went well; and now the rope was cut, the plumped-out monster was carefully guided into the centre of the Piazza, twirled round a few times by its supporters, and at last let loose, amid the delighted cries of the crowd. It went up straight as a rocket into the still air, and higher and higher, till it was the merest speck in the evening sky. Then came a triumphal burst of music and a flight of small balloons.

Now it was growing dusk, and Chinese lanterns began to twinkle on the various balconies. The rival bands sounded their last strains amid a glare of Bengal lights that made our good landlord look more than ever like an ogre, and gave quite a fiendish expression to the fat little man who played the flute. The *fête*, however, was not yet over; there were the fireworks still to come, and these did not consist of the usual squibs and rockets, but of Catherine-wheels and emblematic devices such as a fiery ship, and, best of all, of a grand design with the letter M in the centre. This was set fire to by means of a *colombina*, or fuse, in the shape of a dove, which on being fired the other side of the Piazza, darted along the wire stretched across the Square, to perform its Promethean task.

There was a real clamour then, as the fiery circles whizzed round and changed colour and hissed and flared and sent out spikes and wreaths of flame in all directions. Naughty boys began to throw squibs about among the crowd; then was much shrieking and threatening and laughing. Soon we were half-stified by the fumes of gunpowder and garlic that floated up to our windows. With the last feeble twirl of the expiring fireworks the merry-making came to an end, and the throng began to disperse quietly and soberly.

Some enterprising spirits made a bonfire near the deserted music-stands, and a little group collected to stare passively at the flames. It was quite a comfort to see a couple of boys jumping backwards and forwards over this fire. It was the only bit of natural fun we had seen. Perhaps these mountaineers have so much delight in antici-

pating this yearly festival that when it comes it seems like a dream to them, and it is only afterwards that it becomes a reality.

To ourselves the best part of it was certainly the prolonged chat in our moonlit garden with our usual knot of friends in council. Our appetite for popular *fêtes* was so easily satisfied that we were contented with a very casual peep at the races and rustic games held on the following day. There were five horses entered for this grand event; the riders wore gorgeous tabards of coloured paper, and the successful jockey paraded the town in triumph, escorted by the inevitable boys. As for the games, they were of the kind known in all lands—the greasy pole and sack races, &c.

The next morning there was a welcome lull; for the first time for many weeks the practising-room was deserted; the battle was over; our musicians might rest on their laurels now.

The last of the *fêtes* took place that evening down at the Paper-mill. The great bridge over the Lima was thronged with spectators, the mill itself brilliant with Chinese lanterns; a privileged crowd assembled within the gates and on the open gallery over the entrance to see the balloons go up. Paper, paper everywhere; during these latter days it had been growing continually more difficult to realise that the world itself was not made of paper. One began to suffer from paper on the brain.

The San Marcello monster balloon was a baby compared with that prepared for this occasion, but this giant was, alas! a failure, for as its unwieldy bulk heeled to and fro in the process of inflation, it caught against an angle of the building and instantly collapsed into a heap of flaming paper. But there was another nearly as big to take its place, and this went up successfully, and soared rapidly away over the mountains. As for the fireworks, they were really splendid; but the prettiest sight of all was the magical effect of the Bengal lights in that romantic ravine—rocks, trees, and water suddenly flashing out in fantastic brilliancy, and as suddenly relapsing into shadowy gloom.

And this was the end of our summer gaieties at San Marcello. One after another all our friends deserted us, and our own resolve to stay on through September was overthrown by the sudden break-up of the weather. After a succession of thunderstorms came long days of soaking rain; black clouds obscured the sky, and fleecy mists hung about the mountains and filled up the valley. The evenings were long, the nights cold, our roof leaked, everything dripped, the garden was a forlorn, weather-beaten wilderness; our spirits went down faster than the barometer, and clearly the best thing to do was to pack our boxes and shake off the dust, or rather the mud, of San Marcello as quickly as possible.

No hate so bitter as a worn-out love, and so we found ourselves abusing our mountain retreat in a way that was basely ungrateful, considering how many pleasant days we had spent there.

So early one showery morning ourselves and our trunks were packed in a little open carriage and started on our long day's drive to the shores of the Mediterranean. And many travel-memories notwithstanding, we shall never forget that fascinating journey. The forty miles between San Marcello and Viareggio lead you through the most beautiful and varied scenery. The first stage, to the Baths of Lucca, is grandly romantic. The road winds in and out by the rushing Lima down the narrow pass amid wild crags and glorious mountain views. Leaving autumn sadness behind, every step brings you nearer to summer again. Beyond the Baths, the valley widens, the torrent is a wide majestic river, the chestnut forests are soft masses in the distance; you are once more among olives and vineyards. Picturesque Lucca is still baking in summer heat, its magnificent old churches the only oases of coolness.

You are pleasantly impressed by the thriving, contented air of the inhabitants of this garden of Italy, so different from the careworn, stolid looks of the mountain peasantry. It is easy to be seen that here the battle of life goes on in gentler fashion—a courteous tournament rather than a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. The landscape round Lucca is the traditional Italy that so many of us have dreamt of in early youth, the Italy of Byron and Rogers, the Italy of Turner and Claude Lorraine and Leopold Robert. Sunny valleys, blue hill-tops, gleaming white villas and temples, groups of stone-pines scattered about amid vinery and olives, tall feathery millet, and luxuriant maize. Bright-eyed peasant girls step lightly along, poising huge bundles of flower-sprinkled grass upon their heads, and flash a smile on you as they catch your admiring gaze. One more picture and we have done. Our horses have toiled up among the pines to the summit of the hill that shuts in this fertile province from the sea; all at once they stop, and we feast our eyes on a long unseen delight. The plain is beneath us, and beyond it the blue Mediterranean, into which a great red ball is slowly sinking. Four months had passed since we had seen a sunset, and now, as good fortune would have it, we had reached the summit at precisely the right moment. We felt disposed to turn Parsees on the spot; a cry of thankful delight burst from our lips. We could not take our eyes from that glorious spectacle, but watched the great glowing disc sink lower and lower till the water hid it from our sight; then, and not till then, did we turn a pleased gaze of recognition towards our old loves the Carrara Peaks. We had imagined that we knew by heart their every crease and fold, that their infinite gradations of colour were fixed in our memory; but now they flashed upon us more beautiful than ever, grander of outline, more exquisite of tint. That sudden view from the mountain-top thrilled us like reunion with long-lost friends, and with reverent thankfulness we wondered if this were a foretaste of the joys of that unknown land only to be reached through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

August 1.—Lucy Vivian is at work, and the eldest Miss Wilson has lessons with her : so 'far all has gone well. The two girls are of an age to value the importance of the help they are receiving, and to enjoy companionship and a little emulation in study. They do not get on very fast, but still there is progress. Lucy has marvellously improved in handwriting since she has been obliged to take pains, and for the last three weeks I have not had to correct a single mistake in spelling. She thinks me very strict, but I am determined not to let her run before she can walk ; and the impatience she feels (though she tries to hide it) when I insist that she shall not spend her time in reading and discussing George Eliot's novels till she can give me an outline of the chief events of English history, is, I am convinced, an incentive to exertion. She so cordially hates the drudgery, that she is compelled to take pains to escape it.

Oh, how I mentally sigh and groan over the mistake which has been made with her, as with hundreds, of ignoring elementary English !

Mrs. Malcolm and I often compare notes, and naturally we wander from Lucy to her contemporaries, and from Lucy's grade to the grades above her. This morning we discussed the probable effect of the educational impetus of the age upon the upper ten thousand. Mrs. Malcolm remarked—what had never struck me before—that the movement had begun from the lowest grade, and was only gradually rising to the highest ; in fact, she doubted whether it had yet reached or was likely to reach them.

I exclaimed at this, and drew her attention to the great care bestowed upon the education of royalty ; the amount of information, the facility in languages, the political and literary interests which princes and princesses are compelled to make their own.

'My dear Mrs. Blair,' was her reply, 'you don't suppose that royalty is educated for fashionable society, do you ?'

'Well, no ; not when one comes to think about it,' I replied.

'Royalty in constitutional England,' she continued, 'is educated for the nation ; therefore it must learn what will suit the nation. Its lessons must be comprehensive—its interests wide. Otherwise the nation—which indirectly stands towards the royal children in the position of guardian—will murmur and complain, and insist upon a different system being pursued. But this is not at all the case with the class which just touches upon royalty, though severed from it by

an almost impassable gulf. That class is responsible to none but itself ; and—a very great misfortune—it must be instructed by persons who are socially its inferiors.’

‘But surely,’ I replied, ‘the same may be said of royalty?’

‘No doubt ; but, then, as I before observed, royalty has to answer at the tribunal of public opinion ; and it has moreover special duties—a profession, in fact—for which it must be prepared by study, self-discipline, and self-denial.’

A smile passed over my face. It was such a very different view from any I had ever taken of the position of royalty.

‘You doubt if my assertion can be borne out by fact,’ said Mrs. Malcolm, observing my incredulous expression ; ‘but just think—putting aside anything which may be peculiar or faulty in individuals, whether royal or non-royal—just look at the object for which the royal class, whether in England or elsewhere, must strive,—Popularity,—not in its worst but its best sense. Think what sacrifices must be made to attain it ; what wearisome work it must be to be for ever patronising institutions, listening to addresses, unveiling statues, receiving civilized and uncivilized bores from foreign countries, to say nothing of the enormous burden of state balls and dinner-parties. For myself—I say it in all sincerity—I would rather pick stones in the road than undergo the labour.’

‘Because your one idea of pleasure is to sit by your fireside and read,’ I said ; ‘but the world generally thinks differently. Still I see what you mean. Royalty has duties, and is educated for them ; but nobility—well ! no doubt it has duties too—*noblesse oblige*.’

‘Exactly so, if *noblesse* would only recognise the fact.’

‘But surely it does. Our statesmen for instance. How many of them are peers, or sons of peers ! And how ready noblemen always are to take the lead in works which are to be generally useful ! Usefulness indeed seems to me to be the one boast of English aristocracy.’

‘You are speaking of the man-kind, I am speaking of the woman-kind,’ observed Mrs. Malcolm, rather sharply.

‘But the woman-kind have not the same opportunities of usefulness,’ I replied.

‘No ; it is their one great misfortune. They have nothing to be educated for, except to set the fashion.’

‘Then they have nothing to reproach themselves with,’ I replied, laughing. ‘They carry out the purpose for which they were created. That sounds rather profane, I own, but I must translate your words into their plain meaning.’

‘I beg your pardon,—I never said they were created for such a purpose.’

‘But you declared there was nothing else for which they could be educated, which comes to the same thing.’

‘Nothing else as things are. I don’t at all say nothing else as things might be, and ought to be.’

‘That is, if the world could be remodelled and regenerated,’ I said.

‘The world is being remodelled fast, my good friend ; its regeneration is quite another matter. What I question is, whether the female portion of the upper ten thousand in England are aware of the fact.’

‘You mean, as you said before, that the intellectual movement came from below ?’

‘Yes ; and that it will be a grave matter for English society, if those who are at its head do not keep pace with, and in a certain sense form, the advance-guard.’

‘There is a movement in that direction,’ I said. ‘You will find very good names (by which I mean royal and titled names) amongst the patronisers of the higher education of women.’

‘Yes, but the higher education of what women ? All women, or women of a special grade ?’

‘Women of the middle classes, I believe,’ was my reply.

‘But again. Whom do you include in the middle classes ? Does the grandson of a nobleman belong to the middle class when he is obliged to work for his bread ? And does the grandchild of a tailor or a shoemaker cease to belong to the middle class, when he marries an Earl’s daughter, lives at Something—Hall—and has twenty thousand a year to spend ?’

‘You do ask such frightfully difficult questions,’ I said. ‘No one in England seriously thinks of drawing distinctions and defining as you would do. But we all understand what we mean.’

‘I am sorry to differ from you, for the very thing I complain of is that we do not understand what we mean ; that, in fact, we use words which have no distinct meaning. The talk about the movement for the higher education of women is all nonsense as long as the efforts made only refer to what you are pleased to call the middle classes, and do not include the upper ten thousand or five thousand, whatever the number may be. They all want it.’

‘And they will get it in time,’ I said. ‘A movement of this kind must spread.’

‘I don’t see any symptoms of its spreading as yet,’ was the reply. ‘We are all so deeply interested in the improvement of those below us. It does not occur to us to think of our own.’

‘Would you have these upper people go in for the Oxford and Cambridge examinations ?’ I asked.

‘I would if I thought it would do them any good, but I don’t. I have not the faith that you have in the new nostrums.’

‘Then what would you have them do ?’ I inquired ; and I am afraid there was some irritation in my tone.

‘What they have never done, and never are likely to do—examine, and teach, and improve themselves.’

‘You are severe upon them,’ I said. ‘For myself I feel sure they would undertake the work if they could see the necessity. But who is to point it out?’

‘Who indeed?’ exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. ‘The great difficulty and stumbling-block in their way is that they are trained to exclusiveness and its follies. And here lies one essential difference between the training of boys and girls, to the great advantage of the boys. The young nobleman goes to a public school, and is taught by men who are doubtless his social inferiors, but the head-master may some day be Archbishop of Canterbury, and take precedence of him; and as for his companions, John Brown may be Lord-Chancellor, and Richard Stokes, Prime Minister. A recognition of equality is in some degree forced upon him.’

‘You surprise me,’ I exclaimed. ‘I never for a moment imagined you were such a democrat.’

‘Excuse me; I am like most Englishwomen, thoroughly aristocratic in my tastes and sympathies. It is because I appreciate nobility that I desire to see it worthy of its position.’

‘Do you mean then that noble men are, for the most part, more worthy of it than noble women?’

‘I don’t want to draw distinctions. Perhaps I don’t know enough about the matter. All I do know is that a young nobleman’s education at a public school and at college, where he is brought into association with the highest order of intellect in the land, tends to bring out the best that is in him; and that the young noblewoman’s education, shut up in the corner of a great house with a French or German governess, who is looked upon as only one degree above the lady’s maid, tends to bring out nothing, and that is saying the best one can for it.’

‘But is not this schoolroom life the necessary defect of all home education?’ I said.

‘Not necessary at all, so far as I see. I don’t find that my friends in my own grade of life shut their girls out from companionship because they have a governess.’

‘Neither, I suppose, will persons of a higher grade do so, when they can avoid it,’ I replied.

‘That is just the point,’ exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. ‘They can’t avoid it. Think of the kind of life which we know is led by the class of persons who stand at the very summit of society, who may any day be invaded by royalty, or called upon to entertain illustrious foreigners; persons who have no one home, but only two or three great castles—really hotels—in the country, and a splendid house in London shut up for half the year; how entirely distinct such a crowded, wandering, unsettled life must be from that which the most ordinary common sense points out as good for children.’

‘But why quarrel with these victims of rank and wealth,’ I said, ‘if by your own showing they can’t help themselves?’

‘Perhaps they can’t, but also perhaps they can, and I confess I should like to see them try. As it is, there is, I suspect, a kind of traditionary training which is accepted as a matter of course—early dinners, seclusion, and sweet simplicity typified by high white muslin dresses until seventeen, or possibly eighteen; then a court presentation, followed by a rush of garden-parties, balls, concerts, operas, theatres, rides in Rotten Row, seasoned by gossip to suit the *World* newspaper, and a *decolletée* style of dress, acceptable to English eyes, but scandalous to the Shah of Persia and the Japanese Ambassadors. I don’t want to exaggerate, and I am quite open to correction if my description is incorrect.’

‘I can’t judge,’ was my reply. ‘I know nothing about that kind of life except from rumour.’

‘Neither do I; but there is no doubt that this is the generally accepted idea of the education and social life of the very upper class of young English womanhood, and I do not find that any one comes forward to contradict it.’

‘And it is not wicked,’ I said.

‘Oh, no—not at all—not wicked; though possibly it may lead to wickedness. It is only just—not quite compatible with the New Testament.’

‘Society and the Gospel don’t agree,’ I said. ‘It is the old story.’

‘And yet,’ continued my friend, ‘I was always taught that the same God who constituted society also inspired the Gospel. I don’t understand therefore how it is possible for them to be antagonistic.’

‘But the society I am talking of is fashionable society,’ I said.

‘But again. Fashion can’t be wrong, else trade would stand still, and the world come to an end.’

‘No doubt it is the principle which is at fault, in this as in most things,’ I said.

‘Unquestionably. Persons born to rank and wealth have as a rule no right to shut themselves up and refuse to take their share in the duties of hospitality, entertainment, and amusement which belong to their station, and which are necessary for the support of trade and commerce, and give thousands the means of earning a livelihood.’

‘And so far our girl nobility are educated satisfactorily,’ I said, ‘for there is no doubt that they throw themselves heartily into all these duties, as you call them.’

‘Only they are not taught to look upon them as duties, which makes all the difference.’

‘Half the charm would be lost if they did,’ I said.

‘Very likely; and if we were sent into this world simply to be charmed, it would be a great mistake to look upon anything as a duty.’

‘Query, whether the check which such a grave consideration would bring would be quite good for trade,’ I said, half laughing. ‘Dress would not be so extravagant, nor entertainments so luxurious, if young

people went to balls and dinner-parties simply because they looked upon such things as duties.'

'I am not wishing to put grey heads on young shoulders,' replied Mrs. Malcolm. 'Of course girls of eighteen like the excitement and the pleasure of a dance. It belongs to their age. What I want to see is the recognition of a principle beyond amusement which shall keep this sort of thing within due bounds. If report speaks truth, it is grievously wanting in the upper ten thousand of the present generation.'

'And will be still more wanting in the next,' I said.

'I am afraid so,' was the reply. 'This kind of spirit increases in geometrical proportion; and if the girls of the highest class become more and more frivolous, while the girls of the middle classes grow more and more thoughtful, there will some day come a serious collision.'

'Unless the middle-class girls take their tone from the upper, and so all become frivolous together.'

'Worse than frivolous—corrupted; frivolity beyond a certain point inevitably leads to corruption. It is a grave prospect.'

'And how is it to be improved?' I asked. 'You are bound to see the remedy, as you are so keen-sighted as to the disease.'

'I can't at all grant that,' replied my friend. 'You know it is my special idiosyncrasy to delight in finding fault.'

'And you have never taken the trouble to think out the question, and imagine how this educational difficulty of the upper ten thousand is to be solved?'

'Oh yes, I have, again and again; always arriving at the same impossible conclusion. If they don't educate themselves, who is to do it for them?'

'You don't mean,' I said, 'that they should have governesses and teachers of their own class? It would be an absurdity!'

'So you say, so every one else will say; and yet—just fancy what that admission implies—that intellect and refinement are things of so little worth that to make the noblest use of them which can be made in influencing others—is degradation.'

I shook my head as I replied—'It sounds all very well, my dear Mrs. Malcolm, but it won't work. The whole constitution of society is against any such Utopian dreams. The girl nobility will continue to be exclusive, and educated exclusively, whatever you and I may say. The utmost one can ever hope for them is, that they may under certain circumstances be allowed to mix more freely with other girls of a grade not quite equal to their own, and so may have their ideas enlarged and gain a wider field for competition intellectually.'

'And what about those unfortunate necessities—religion and morals?'

'*Ça va sans dire*,' I said. 'Of course such things are included in my idea of education.'

'Be it so,' was the reply. 'Let us suppose these upper ten thousand girls to be sent to angelic schools, or homes, or whatever you may

choose to call them,—do you think the teaching and training they may receive in them will be the best possible preparation for the life they are afterwards to lead ?’

‘Not the best possible, theoretically,’ I answered ; ‘but the best possible under the circumstances.’

‘Ah ! Now we understand each other,’ exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. ‘You—intensely practical woman that you are—will look at nothing which could not be carried out to-morrow. I—given to dreams and laziness—amuse myself with theories which may not be convertible into practice for the next fifty years. But let me have my amusement for the time being of knocking down the present, even if I can’t build up the future.’

‘Why should you wish to knock down my suggestion ?’ I said. ‘You utterly condemn the schoolroom life under a foreign governess in a corner of a great house, and surely you will allow that what you term the angelic home would be preferable ?’

‘Very preferable, only of very little use compared with what it might be if it had any necessary connection with the life these young people are hereafter to lead. What is the good of a convent life for girls who are to step at once from it into the gay world ?’

‘It need not necessarily be a convent life,’ I said.

‘I don’t see how it is to be anything else. The kind of home which I feel sure you have in your mind must be unexciting, simple and retiring, receiving a certain mixture of grades so as to avoid cliquishness and pretension, and (if for that reason alone) ignoring the follies of the fashionable life which some of the pupils will never be called to take part in.’

‘But principles must be the same for every grade,’ I said. ‘Fashionable or unfashionable, titled or untitled, can only all be taught alike to live for God.’

‘But it is not the teaching, nor the principles,’ exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, with a slight gesture of impatience. ‘These may be as excellent as you can possibly imagine, but it is the sympathy, the comprehension of difficulties, the thorough perception of the subtleties of temptation, which will be wanting. It is the old problem of hatching duck’s eggs under hens. The good old fowls may cackle and lament, but the ducklings will go into the water notwithstanding.’

‘And swim as is their nature,’ I said.

‘Or sink,’ replied Mrs. Malcolm, gravely ; ‘that is the danger. The governesses in these super-excellent schools or homes, supposing them to exist, have had no experience of the life their pupils are to lead when they are introduced. They can’t follow them into it.’

‘Who thinks of doing so ?’ I said. ‘Governesses consider that their responsibility ceases when their pupils leave them. It would be hard upon them if it were not so. Fancy what an accumulation of anxiety they would otherwise bring upon themselves !’

'Well—I daresay you may be right, and I hate responsibility, and never take it upon myself when I can avoid it. But if I had a pupil—which I am thankful to say I never had—I should like to feel that I was her best friend all through her life.'

'But not if you had fifty pupils,' I said.

'Perhaps not. My laziness would get the better of me I don't doubt. But at any rate, whilst the girls were with me—supposing myself to be the head of one of these imaginary homes—I should like to be able to say to them, "Now, my dears, the world you are going to be introduced into is in many ways a bad world, and likely to lead you into bad ways, let me show you how to avoid them."'

'And who is to prevent you from saying this?' I asked.

'No one,' was the reply; 'but who is to make the girls listen? Won't they say, and can they help saying, "It may be very true that the ways are not as good as they should be, but in my circle there is no avoiding them. It is different in yours"? In other words—"You don't understand." And so my words would fall on stony ground, and bear no fruit.'

'Possibly, and much to be lamented,' I said.

'But not to be remedied? I see that by the expression of your face.'

'Not to be remedied by any means that I can see at present,' I answered. 'Your ideas are so very vague.'

'I only want to have the highest grade of English girls educated by their social equals instead of their social inferiors,' said Mrs. Malcolm.

I laughed, I could not help it; the idea seemed so preposterous.

'You may laugh,' continued Mrs. Malcolm, rather sharply. 'Nothing is easier; but I may be right for all that. Just fancy what influence a person might have who could say: I know the ways of your circle just as well as you know them. I have moved in it; I have felt its temptations, and seen its follies, and can tell you how to avoid them; and, what is more, how to do your part in reforming them.'

'Ah! if that could be!' I said, with a sigh.

'And why couldn't it be?'

'Because Lady Amelia, or Arabella, or whatever her name might be, would lose her own position by——'

'Attempting to do anything useful,' interrupted Mrs. Malcolm.

'No indeed!' I exclaimed. 'A lady of rank only does herself honour by charitable works. But the position of your Lady Amelia or Arabella in the house of her noble friends would be simply intolerable, supposing she were to undertake the office of governess.'

'You don't suppose,' exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, 'that I am such an idiot as to be talking of governesses in private families; that would indeed be an absurdity! But why should not my female Quixote (for I confess she would seem to the world nothing else) receive five or six of these young noble girls into her own house? What is to prevent

her having a governess (Cambridge Honour Certificate if you like it, to quote from the new advertisements,) to take the actual instruction ; with masters to supplement what is wanting, reserving to herself what we both recognise as education *per se*. It might be very odd, very novel, she would be laughed at, but she would have twenty times the influence for good over the girls that you, or I, or any one else belonging to the grade below them would have, from the mere fact that she would understand their special needs and temptations.'

'But the money question,' I said. 'Is Lady Arabella to send in an account? Payment for the term, so much; *etceteras*, so much. I never should have given you credit for such a flight of imagination.'

'You forget the encouragement given to dreams by the knowledge that you will be never called upon to test them by action,' replied my friend. 'If I were myself Lady Arabella, and such an idea suggested itself to me, I should ask to be put into a lunatic asylum at once, to save me from the trouble my fancies were likely to give me.'

'Then you do acknowledge the money question to be a difficulty?' I said.

'Yes—but merely because Lady Arabella, on my supposition, would not really care for or want the money, and therefore it would be awkward to ask for it. If a lady—of whatever rank—has no money, she must work for it. That is easily understood; but of course this is a different case.'

'Widely different,' I said.

'And yet (I own that I have not fully thought the matter out) she might work for charity.'

'Certainly; but these girls whom she is to educate will be an expense to her. One can't provide for six girls, and keep a governess for them with a large salary, for nothing.'

'Yes, I see. You are so provoking in putting my misgivings into shape. Yet what is to hinder the governess from taking the affair into her own hands, keeping the accounts, and calculating the girls' expenses, and making a definite charge for them, and then handing over what remains to Lady Arabella for charity?'

'Nothing, but that it would be a kind of sham, and that, if I were Lady Arabella, I should not like a stranger to have the control of my domestic arrangements and to be the judge of my expenditure.'

'Well, then! There would be nothing to be done but to have moral courage enough to ask two or three hundred a year, as it might happen, and bear the odium of working for money when you already have enough.'

'Certainly,' I said; 'nothing but moral courage of the most distinguished kind would carry any lady of high position through such an ordeal.'

'And you think no one would be found brave enough to make the

venture,' continued Mrs. Malcolm. 'Yet before long the world would become accustomed to the new state of things, and there would be no odium attached to it; always supposing that the whole undertaking is *bonâ fide*, and that when the expenses have been fairly calculated the remainder is to every one's knowledge given to some charitable society or institution. I don't really see why this should be more difficult than doing fancy-work and selling it at a bazaar.'

I was silent, for I could not be hopeful.

'You are coming round—I am sure you are,' persisted Mrs. Malcolm.'

'In a measure,' I said, 'theoretically, not for a moment allowing that the idea is feasible.'

Mrs. Malcolm caught my hand and held it eagerly as she replied—'Some forty years ago two very clever, thoughtful relations of mine—one of them a university man—seeing the need of widening and spreading university influence, discussed together the possibility of taking Oxford to the manufacturing towns, as it was not possible for the manufacturing towns to go to Oxford. The idea occupied their thoughts, but it did nothing more—the world was not ripe for it. One of those far-seeing men rests in his grave, but before he died his supposed Utopian plans were the central point of all men's schemes for the improvement of English education. Might it not be the same with my seemingly wild ideas?'

'If there is truth in them they will undoubtedly live,' I said, 'supposing them to be known.'

'And if they live, they will grow and work.'

'For the regeneration of the world?' I inquired, with a smile, for I was greatly amazed at the outburst of enthusiasm in my usually quiet and rather cynical friend.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'for the regeneration of the world, so far as that world can be influenced by the example of the upper classes. Tell me, what are the things you object to in fashionable ways at the present moment?'

'A very difficult question,' I said. 'There are so many things one would like to see altered; chiefly, perhaps, constant excitement; plays and operas unfit for eyes and ears calling themselves Christian; dress, which is simply disgracefully immodest; the toleration of a freedom of language and manners which is as offensive to good taste as it is to good morals. But then these things are certainly not confined merely to the very highest grades. They are to be found more or less in all persons who give themselves up to dissipation, and it strikes me that you are doing the upper ten thousand a great injustice by speaking as if they belonged exclusively to them.'

'But you must own they are the leaders,' was the reply. 'They set the fashions which others are fools enough to follow.'

'Yes, possibly; but your condemnation is so very sweeping. I

would undertake to find as many saints amongst the highest class of Englishwomen as amongst any other class, in proportion to their numbers.'

'Undoubtedly. But these saints keep themselves aloof from the vortex; they quietly withdraw, so they lose their influence.'

'How can they take part in that of which they disapprove?'

'Just the problem to be solved, and which I believe no one but my educational Lady Arabella ever will be able to solve.'

'You mean by setting an example?'

'I mean by training girls who will have the moral courage to set an example, and so by degrees make bad fashion unfashionable.'

'The London clergy try to do that,' I said. 'There are some who, I believe, have immense influence, at least if one may judge from the crowds who rush to hear them.'

'No doubt,' answered my friend, 'there is nothing more delightful than an eloquent sermon. That old-fashioned book the Bible tells us as much:—"Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument."'

'But you cannot deny that there is real good done by the clergy,' I said.

'Who would wish to deny it? Certainly not I, a clergyman's wife,' replied Mrs. Malcolm. 'But my good husband might preach like an angel and he would not counteract the mischief done by an unprincipled schoolmaster and a bad public-house. And so it is with these London clergy. They may preach themselves hoarse, but they will never reform London society until the education of that society is what it ought to be.'

I sighed. The case seemed so hopeless.

'You despair,' continued Mrs. Malcolm; 'so do I. But nevertheless I indulge in dreams of what a few women, high principled high born, and high bred, might do if they would only set themselves to do it.'

'Undertake a mission?' I said, rather ironically. 'I don't think that would succeed.'

'No, not undertake a mission, or undertake anything beyond the carrying out of the duties belonging to their position. One alone would be helpless. Five or six might—as I say to myself in my dreams—do wonders.'

'I see nothing that can be done,' I said, 'except by keeping aloof from the folly and worldliness.'

'Worldliness is a matter of heart and principle,' answered Mrs. Malcolm. 'Dancing, acting, music, eating and drinking, laughing and gay talk, cannot be contrary to God's law, because they are part of our nature. Crush them, and the evil which is developed by them would show itself in some other form. I remember a very sensible friend of mine, who was one of the early colonists connected with the New

Zealand Canterbury Association, telling me that after the first set of emigrants had settled down on the Canterbury Plain, the leaders of the party—gentlemen and ladies undoubtedly religious, moral, and intellectual—were obliged to get up balls, and even permit races, under their own patronage, to keep the exiles (for they all began to feel themselves more or less exiles) from drinking.'

'Very possibly,' I said. 'I suppose we should not be really better or wiser without amusement; but the great difficulty as regards fashionable life seems to me to be that the persons who mix in it make it a business, and I don't understand how any protest can be made against such a life except by withdrawing from it, and this is what, if I understand you rightly, you object to.'

'Certainly I do. I don't want to give up more ground to Satan than actually belongs to him. And after all, is not fashionable life in a certain sense a business? Is it not a natural accompaniment of a court, a great capital, the visits of foreigners, the claims of a large acquaintance with persons of rank and fortune? Can you possibly extinguish it?'

'No,' I said; 'but you may make the duty the first consideration and the fashion the second.'

Mrs. Malcolm smiled triumphantly. 'You have said just what I intend my Lady Arabella shall say, when she has found her pupils (and of course, if I choose, she can find them): "My dears, God has given you rank and wealth, and therefore influence. You are accountable to Him for these gifts. Now tell me what you mean to do with them?"'

'Poor girls!' I said, 'what an alarming question! But of course they would answer, We shall do what our fathers and mothers have done before us.'

'No doubt, and there would begin Lady Arabella's difficulty. Yet not a greater difficulty than every person has to deal with who undertakes to teach and train other persons' children.'

'I know that I am very provoking in my incredulity,' I said; 'but it is the old story of Alnaschar's dream. Still I quite acknowledge that if fashions could be set by persons of real Christian principles, the world would be very different from what it is.'

'The work would be slow, no doubt,' continued Mrs. Malcolm. 'You and I might not live to see the new education in its effects; but that it would take effect I don't for a moment question. If Queens and Princes can be unworldly whilst living in the world,—and that they can be no one can doubt who has read the history of the English Court which has lately been given us—why should not duchesses and countesses be the same?'

'Please descend to particulars,' I said. 'Living in the world is a very vague expression. Do you mean going through the London season?'

‘Well! yes, partly. The London season will do for an illustration. I will allow my Lady Arabella’s pupils to go through the season like other people of their degree, but when they have homes of their own they won’t go to two or three parties on one night, and so keep such abominably late hours, to the ruin of their servants’, to say nothing of their own health. If they have to go out in the evening they will stay at home in the morning. If they go to the Opera or the Theatre, they won’t choose Saturday night as a preparation for Sunday, and they will discountenance the ballet and take care that the plays are decent; if they are not they will exert all their influence to render them unfashionable. They won’t rush about on a Sunday morning to hear some special preacher, and spend the afternoon in idle talk and visits and finish with a dinner-party. They will dress themselves modestly, and pay their dressmakers’ bills. They will withdraw from persons—men or women—whose characters are doubtful, whatever may be their position; and—I daresay they will do a great deal more, but I am too tired to go on talking.’

‘All most excellent,’ I said. ‘Only, my dear friend, what you suggest is nothing but what hundreds of the upper ten thousand would agree with.’

‘Agree with—yes,—in theory, but not in practice. There are as many grades of aristocracy as there are of the professional and middle classes. I am not speaking of persons who live on the outskirts, who form the border-land of nobility, but of the special clique who give the tone to society, and who, at the present day, there is good reason to believe, make that tone anything but what it ought to be. Reform them, and you reform all. That is why I deem it a matter of such untold importance that they should be properly educated. But I dare say you think I am talking at random.’

‘Not entirely,’ I said. ‘There are many things which come to one’s ears, and which one tries not to believe, but which I am afraid are but too true, and which certainly make one long to begin a moral crusade against fashionable vices.’

‘You may well call them vices,’ exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm; ‘the usual word is follies. Easy-going people condone follies with a safe conscience; they can’t condone vices.’

‘Only the young girls are not vicious,’ I said.

‘But they teach others to be so,’ was the reply. ‘What every one seems to forget is that there is a class of persons intimately acquainted with the habits of the upper ten thousand, who are constantly acting as channels by which those habits are communicated to the lower ten million. I mean servants, butlers, footmen, grooms, and ladies’-maids. The fashionable mother gives her name as patroness to a society for the reformation of women who have lost their good name, but not the less does she expect the lady’s-maid to array her daughter in a dress so indecent that the men-servants are heard making their remarks upon

it. The same mother perhaps holds a foremost place in the list of supporters of a Female Temperance Society, but she does not therefore hesitate to let her daughter dance from midnight into the early hours of the morning, and then call upon the servants in attendance to keep up her exhausted strength and spirits by draughts of champagne. The mother does not imagine she is doing anything singularly wrong or inconsistent. She follows the customs of her set, the daughters do not think about it, they have never been educated to think. You and I condemn, and that very strongly, but we have no voice to be heard, and—we don't understand. It is an answer always ready. Only my "Lady Arabella" will ever have the power to make herself heard, and she—'

'Is not born yet,' I said.

'No, but I believe she will be ; and when she has gathered round her a small circle of girls like herself, nobly born and nobly bred—the *élite* of the *élite* of England—there will be a hope of the reformation of fashionable society.'

There the conversation ended. Much—very much, that Mrs. Malcolm said I agreed with, but—she is—as she herself owns—a dreamer.

CHRISTIAN ART SUBJECTS.

BY ELIZABETH GLAISTER.

II.—THE INFANCY.

PART I.

THE NATIVITY. THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

AFTER the Annunciation, which stands alone, forming a class of itself, we come to the group of subjects representing the Infancy of our Lord.

A first thought may be that here too is a simple subject, without sub-divisions, and so familiar as to be almost commonplace. Yet so soon as we bestow on the pictures or other art-works the attention necessary to classify them we find that in this, as in all other worthy studies, interest and delight grow with and even outstrip knowledge ; pleasure and appreciation stimulating each other.

The representations of the Holy Infancy fall, like those of the Annunciation, into two divisions as to their intention—the historical and the devotional, or the treatment of the subject as an event or as a mystery ; this applies whether the theme chosen be the *Nativity*, *The Virgin and Child*, *The Holy Family*, *The Adoration of the Magi*, *The Flight into Egypt*, *The Presentation in the Temple*, or *Christ among the Doctors*.

In all these the devotional treatment is to be preferred, as showing the deeper meaning and aiming at the higher spiritual significance, as well as inspiring the noblest art; yet we must remember that as there are many men, so, many minds, and there will always be some who prefer a plain record of fact, with its infinite possibilities of meaning, to any lesson, however forcible or tender, which is distinctly given by the artist. These, however, are the few—it is ever but the few who can be trusted to teach themselves; to the many, it is more delightful, more easy and more profitable to draw upon the already acquired treasure of others, and to enjoy what is put before them by the skill and feeling of the artist, the wealth of his traditions, the teaching and devotion of his age, and the taste and desire of his patrons.

Of the historical treatment of *The Nativity* there is little to be said. All are familiar with the scene, so simple in its surroundings, so inexhaustible in its meaning, when the humblest roof in the world became the most glorious, and holy with the special Presence of God. The details of 'that Birth for ever blessed' are only given by St. Luke, and even this fullest record gives very little for pictorial effect. The Virgin Mother, Joseph, the stable or feeding-place of the cattle, the swaddling clothes, are all that a strict realism will allow. Even the angels, and the ox and the ass are only inferred. It is curious to note how this realism led to irreverence and absurdity, by the introduction of common and unmeaning accessories, while it rejected those that, though deeply symbolic, were probably only visible to the eye of faith.

When the mystic treatment is adopted, and the intention of the work is purely religious, in itself an act of worship and designed to bring before us the Incarnation, the Word made Flesh, Christ born of a pure Virgin, the subjects range from the greatest simplicity, as when Mary and Joseph adore the Holy Child who lies before them on the ground, and the sanctity of the scene is only shown by their devotion, to the most elaborate pictures, filled with the most fanciful imagery. So long as the fancies are reverent and pure, and the symbols figure truth, they may lawfully be used, just as in a poem or allegory, to which this class of representation may be likened. No one would prefer either to the simplicity of the Gospels, yet no one would wish to lose these thoughts of devout men on subjects inexhaustible in their fulness and the variety of their aspects. When the incident and symbolism of a picture or sculpture suggest error, we may admire it as a work of art, antiquity, or curiosity, but must beware of reproducing it, or causing it to be placed in a Church or used for any purpose of teaching.

To return to the Nativity. In earlier and more devout representations, Mary often kneels before her child with clasped hands and ecstatic expression, combining adoration with tenderest mother-love. This is her supreme moment; she hath 'gotten a Man from the Lord,' the sword has not yet pierced her soul, and her spirit freely rejoices

in God her Saviour. St. Joseph shares her devout contemplation, kneeling, or, as less nearly concerned than the Virgin, he stands, leaning on his staff, which figures his protector's care of the Child.

The angels are in almost every rendering of this subject; their various treatment and expression would be a study of itself. Mary does not see them, nor Joseph, nor the shepherds, being all absorbed in contemplation of the Babe. He however sees them, and looks up with intelligence to these messengers of the Father. They are sometimes looking down on the manger in awe and wonder at the mystery revealed there, sometimes upwards to heaven in joyful thanksgiving, sometimes they sing, and with lute and harp they praise the Lord.

In Botticelli's *Nativity*, just acquired for the National Gallery (1878), the choir of angels form a mystic circle of twelve, floating above the stable roof, and as, with a peculiar air of holy joy, they sing their song of peace and goodwill, they wave olive-branches to herald the coming of the Prince of Peace. The whole of this beautiful picture should be studied, and with it another in the same gallery by Piero della Francesca. This is less attractive to the unlearned, but as beautiful, though with other qualities. The Child lies on a fold of the Virgin's robe—her mantle of grace—not an uncommon arrangement. The treatment of the angels is the most original part of this picture and the motive of the whole, for it is not very devotional in feeling; they are fair with a vigorous and earthly beauty, as they stand in a group, rose-crowned, singing aloud to their instruments of music.

Angels, as above described, represent the joy and thanksgiving in Heaven at this manifestation of the power and glory of the Godhead. In another character they minister to our Lord as Man; they seem to share the Virgin's cares, or they offer Him a flower, a fruit, a bird, or, with more special meaning, a cross or a thorny crown, which He gravely and readily accepts.

The *Adoration of the Shepherds* is so often represented that their introduction hardly brings the work into another class. They usually bring the significant offering of a lamb, or of doves, or the fruits of the earth. Sometimes they point to the herald angel, or to the sky from whence they received their message, or they worship by playing on tabor and pipe, after Italian pastoral custom.

The stable, whether a thatched roof, an elaborate temple, or a cave in the rock, symbolises the Church. It is partly inclosed, as guarding the holy mystery, yet partly open to receive light from heaven, and to earth, that all may share the benefits and all may worship at the shrine.

The ox and the ass are usually kneeling: they too are His creatures and are benefited by the new law of love. The ox is held to represent the Hebrew, as the ass the Gentile world.

Other accessories are the trees, spoken of in Chapter I., flowers and

birds. The old painters often beautifully show their love for flowers and their understanding of their characters. No coarse or unfragrant blossom, however fair to the eye, is permitted. Lilies, of purity, both the lily of the Annunciation and the one we call the lily of the valley, the mystic rose, of love, modest violets, bright unfailing daisies, blue forget-me-nots, that must have had some tender name before the days of the German knight, and, most frequently of all, the carnation, already named flower of the gods, *Dianthus*, with its pure scent of Paradise, all bring their gentle homage to Him by Whom all things were created.

In this, as in other Christian art subjects, the landscape background has its significance. The lengthening valley is our life below—the course of this world—it is rocky and rough to the feet, but the narrow way is watered by the River of Life. At the end, seen from afar, is the heavenly city, New Jerusalem, the city set on an hill, which many a painter has pleased himself by fashioning in the glorified likeness of his own earthly home, some Italian hill town, some rich Flemish or German city, girt with towers and bulwarks of sure defence, set with spires of worship, and full of all treasures of lovely and precious things. Later artists, looking more to the beauty and skilful depicting of the thing represented than to its inner meaning, gradually lost this significance of the landscape; it was merely arranged for picturesque effect and then disappeared altogether, being replaced by curtains, pillars, or other architectural devices. Only in some modern pictures, belonging to the revival of our own day, do we find again the symbolic use of landscape.

Returning to the motive of the whole, the Infant Saviour, we see Him in the manger, or merely laid on a heap of cattle food. Then the sheaf of corn symbolises the Bread that came down from heaven; if His finger be on His lip, He would say, ‘I am the Word;’ if He stretches forth His hands, His expression is, ‘Come unto Me.’ In early and realistic examples the swaddling clothes are rendered so literally as to be grotesque, but they are soon conventionalised into a fair linen cloth, like that which wrapped Him for His burial; so that, as Jeremy Taylor says, ‘We may unite the day of His Nativity to the day of His Passion. Sometimes the Virgin has covered Him with her veil—‘Veiled in flesh the Godhead see’—if she draws it aside for the shepherds to adore—Christ is revealed to true worshippers.

For an example of the Nativity treated as an event, in a reverent spirit, yet with little Catholic feeling, we may take Sir Joshua Reynolds’ *Adoration of the Shepherds*, engraved for D’Oyley and Mant’s Bible. It chiefly fails in the rather frivolous action given to the Babe, Who fondles and plays with the angels; they, too, have the delighted look of sisters at a cradle rather than any expression of the reverence strikingly shown in the figures of Joseph and Mary.

The Nativity should not be confounded with the far more frequent

subject of the *Virgin and Child*, which was painted, carved, inlaid, and illuminated in such immense numbers throughout civilised Christendom from the fifth to the sixteenth century. The subject was first introduced to impress on the faithful that the second Person of the Trinity was, as God, born of the Virgin Mary, in protest against the Nestorian heresy, condemned by the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431. Its great popularity was due partly to the tender beauty of the subject, appealing to all ages and classes, and partly to the growing power of art, which craved a desire to ornament any place and object capable of ornamentation, not with symbols only, but with actual representations of holy persons, and to endeavour to explain to the eye as fully as possible the mysteries of the Faith.

The reaction from heresy was to superstition, and in many lovely works of art we find traces of the half-pagan adoration of the Blessed Virgin in the unwarrantable characters of Queen of Heaven, Protectress, Mediatrix, Dispenser of Grace, and many others. The divine nimbus, the aureole, the crown, sceptre, orb, and throne all belong to these unauthorised attributes. A little reflection will show us that our Lord's Incarnation could not be complete, that He could not take upon Him our nature except by being born of a woman, not of a goddess or divine being, but of a true daughter of Eve, one of our own race. This is insisted on because many well-meaning people imagine that the study of Christian art is a study of superstition, and are ready to look especially coldly on any representation of the Virgin. It is true that undue honour was paid to her during the ages that furnish us with the best works of art, but to understand first the teaching of our own Church and then the meaning of the attributes and symbols used in art will best keep us from this error.

In the subjects we are considering it is very far from being always error that is depicted. Often the Virgin is made herself to express worship; in a whole subdivision of the subject, known as the '*Mater Amabilis*,' or *Madre Pia* (see *Legends of the Madonna*, Mrs. Jameson), the Mother fitly adores her Child, and these are always to be distinguished from those enthroned Madonnas where the Virgin is an object of worship. Sometimes the Mother, though necessarily the larger and more striking feature, is subtly made subordinate to her Son. This is well shown in that most perfect picture the *Madonna di San Sisto*, at Dresden, the culminating point of Raphael's art. There Mary, type and crown of all womanhood, holds up her Son, the very Gift of Heaven of which she was permitted to be the bearer, the Remedy for all the sin and sorrow which came of Eve's transgression, Whom saints and angels alike adore.

In this class of picture the Holy Child is usually shown as of a year or more in age; He often raises His hand in blessing, or appears to bend a willing ear to the worshippers, or He holds a book, the emblem of Wisdom, or signifying that He is the Word; flowers, emblems of

beauty and purity ; fruit, of the tree of life ; a bird, of the soul ; the orb, of sovereignty, wheat-ears, or grapes of the Eucharist, &c. Usually He sits enthroned on His Mother's lap or in her arms ; in the best styles he is robed in a little tunic and has a sweet air of childish dignity ; in later and less reverent art He is asleep, thus leaving to the Virgin the honours of the picture ; or He is playing at her side, losing the meaning that He is receiving worship ; or, without any attempt to express His real character, He is represented as a rolling, tumbling infant. It is a pretty incident when the Virgin's hand is under the Child's foot, the natural action being a sign of her subjection to Him.

Those pictures sin against truth and reverence which show the Saviour as a sickly child, disproportionately small, leaning on the Virgin's shoulder, and apparently almost in her way as she stands majestically receiving worship or dispensing grace. Holbein's famous *Madonna* in the Darmstadt and Dresden Galleries is an example of this ; some say that the meaning is that the illness of the child of the votive family is vicariously borne by the Infant Saviour, but there is no foundation for this fanciful interpretation.

Crowns for the Virgin and Child are not seen in the earliest art, which does not give these emblems of earthly sovereignty, but the nimbus, the sign of holiness and glory. The nimbus proper to our Lord is marked with a cross within the circle, or is formed of cross-shaped rays. These rays, the symbol of grace proceeding from the Person of the Wearer, and therefore of Divinity, are incorrect for the nimbus of the Virgin.*

When painted for altar-pieces the Virgin and Child are often accompanied by apostles, saints, founders, or the donors of the picture. The two former have each their proper emblems and characters, too many to be entered upon here. The 'donors' are often interesting studies of contemporary character and costume. It is curious to see how from being, when first introduced, on a smaller scale than the other figures, and placed modestly in a corner, they gradually enlarge, mingle on equal terms with the saints, or, adding wife and children, occupy the wings or the whole foreground, at last even usurping the foremost place, turning the picture into a group of family portraits, as in Paul Veronese's *Cocina-Family*. Frequently, when the painter's skill was greater than his imagination, the donors are the best and most vigorously painted part of the composition.

The numerous pictures that come under the title of *Holy Families* form a class apart from the strictly devotional works we have been considering. They are pictures of incident, of a domestic and homely character and natural treatment, less stately than the great works in-

* The Nimbus of Angels is a plain circle, that of Saints also a circle, plain or decorated. For a full account of the Nimbus, the Cross, and other signs used in Christian Art, see M. Didron's *Christian Iconography*. Vol. I. Rohn's Series.

tended for a church and for public worship, being usually designed for the cabinet or oratory of a private house. They belong to the later art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when private magnificence had increased, as well as the skill and freedom of the artist; they are also the product of a time when our Lord's humanity was specially honoured and considered. In them He is shown not so much as the Messiah, and in the greater and more significant events of His life, but in His holy Childhood and in the domestic relations to which He has given a new and peculiar sancity. At His Mother's knee, in the cradle, by the well, in the garden, by the way, among His kindred, especially with the young Baptist, are the graceful and tender circumstances in which He is offered to our contemplation. He caresses His Mother or the little St. John, He plays with bird or flower, or perhaps He sleeps.

Mrs. Jameson, whose books are the main authority for these papers, and whose help must be once for all acknowledged, says: 'It is a *devotional* group where the sacred personages are placed in direct relation to the worshippers, and where their supernatural character is paramount to every other. It is a *domestic* or a *historical* group, a Holy Family properly so called, where the personages are placed in direct relation to each other by some link of action or sentiment which expresses the family connection between them, or by some action which has a dramatic rather than a religious significance.'

HINTS ON READING.

Of the 'Blue Bell Series' (Marcus Ward), *Clare* bears off the palm for brightness and clever character-drawing. There is much that is charming in *Clare*, and spirited in Mrs. Garland, and we regret nothing but some surface flippancy in dealing with Scripture language, and one act of the hero which has a somewhat treacherous appearance.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran have, as usual, a whole library of pretty Christmas books, of which we like best *The New Girl* and *Talks about Plants*. *My Mother's Diamonds* is rather exaggerated in tone, and *Queen Dora* is rather a lesson to parents than children.

Among S.P.C.K. books, *Left in Charge; or, My Great Responsibility*, by Austin Clare, and *The Wilford Family* and *Hereward Darrell*, by Eadgyth, are very amusing. But *As Good as Gold* is, strangely, even the only one among these new reward books which seems really to fulfil the S.P.C.K. mission of providing books for poor children's reading.

Spider Subjects.

THE best mother in history is decided to be S. Monica, by Bog-Oak, Bath-Brick, Colleen, Cape Jasmine, Brown Spider, Alert, and Annie Laurie. Considering what she had to contend with, they are right. Philippa of Lancaster is chosen by Cape Gooseberry, the Mother of the Seven Sons by The Muffin-Man, Flotilla, and Lambda, who adds S. Felicitas. Where did she hear the sons styled Maccabees? Don Quixote has Blanche of Castile; Bubbles, Cornelia. President and Rafela seem to have put together all the mothers, bad or good, in history. The mothers of Alfred, Luther, Bayard, and Napoleon, also Louise of Savoy, Catherine de Medici, Jeanne d'Albert, Volumina, S. Helena, Isabel of Castile, Marie Antoinette. We never asked for numbers, only for the choice.

THE BEST MOTHER IN HISTORY.—S. MONICA.

AMONG all the mothers of history, ancient or modern, S. Monica, I think, deserves to bear the palm, both for the beauty of her own character and for the sake of her greater son, to the formation of whose character she so largely contributed. All great men, it is said, owe more to their mothers than to their fathers; and this is certainly true in a very great degree of S. Augustine, for S. Monica has certainly more part in her son's gifts and attainments than the pagan father, of whom we hear so little.

S. Monica was born in Numidia, of Christian parents, in the year 332. She was brought up as a Christian, but was given in marriage to a native of Tagaste, Patricius by name, who was still a heathen. He is said to have been of a harsh and angry disposition, but Monica, by gentleness and meekness, earned for herself the title of Peacemaker, so that their life was tranquil and happy. So greatly impressed was Patricius with the virtues of his wife, that towards the end of his life he professed himself a Christian, became a catechumen, was baptized, and soon after died. This occurred when S. Augustine was in his seventeenth year. His youth had been tempestuous and stormy, and now wilder excesses followed. He had never been baptized, though in early youth he had been made a catechumen by the loving care of his mother; and he now fell into a sect, that of the Manicheans, which was a grievous heresy, full of gloomy speculations and unholy and blasphemous rites. The grief of Monica at this step may be imagined.

Though still quite young at her husband's death, she retired from the world, determining to devote herself to prayer for the salvation of her beloved child. S. Augustine thus describes the mode of her life:—She was occupied all day in almsgiving and ministrations to the saints, 'no day intermitting the oblation at Thy altar twice a day, morning and evening without intermission, coming to Thy church,

begging with tears for the salvation of her son.' So great was the horror in which heretics were then held, that Monica at first refused to eat at the same table with her son after he had joined the Manicheans; but she was comforted by a vision that promised her his eventual conversion, and was further encouraged by a Bishop, whom she consulted on the subject, who warned her, seeing the hardness of Augustine's heart, to 'let him alone a while, only pray God for him.' Adding, as he left her, 'Go thy ways, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish.'

When Augustine, dissatisfied with the Manichean heresy, set sail for Italy, S. Monica followed him, determined not to lose sight of her son, and trusting that God would hear her prayers on his behalf. Arrived at Milan, they became acquainted with S. Ambrose, the saintly Bishop of that Church, and his example and exhortations, together with the prayers of S. Monica, were crowned with blessing, and after long waiting she had the joy of beholding her son a Christian, he having been baptized by S. Ambrose in the cathedral church of Milan, in his thirty-second year. We can hardly imagine the holy mother's joy, it seems too sacred for us to dwell on, for Augustine's was no common conversion; he had counted the cost, and giving up all thought of earthly advancement or pleasure, he determined to devote himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of his new Master. With the granting of her prayer, S. Monica's course on earth seemed done. Accompanied by her son and his fellow-believers, she set out to return to Africa, but they had proceeded no farther than Ostia when Monica fell sick. There there occurred that touching conversation on heavenly things between the mother and the son which Ary Scheffer has commemorated in his well-known picture of S. Augustine and S. Monica. It seems to bring the whole scene so vividly before us, the saintly mother about to enter into her rest, talking of the joys of Paradise with her son, whose Christian course was only just beginning, though his face is worn with thought and care. He is like an athlete with the battle still before him, and she, her one earthly desire granted, is ready and willing to depart. We can imagine the scene at the open window, far removed from the din of men, with the bright Italian sky for a background, and the two intent, absorbed faces. That, I think, is our favourite scene in the life of S. Augustine and his mother.

Five or six days later she was dying, and in answer to her son's lament that she should die and be buried in a strange land, far from the graves of her husband and kindred, she replied, 'Lay this body anywhere; let not the care for that any way disquiet you. Only this I request, that you will remember me at the Lord's Altar wherever you be.' She shortly after died in great peace. S. Augustine relates how they buried her there, offering up the Holy Eucharist on her behalf, and how that at first his grief was too great for tears at thus losing the mother who had been so devoted to him from the day of his birth until her death, never ceasing day or night to pray for him.

Matthew Arnold has so beautifully paraphrased S. Monica's last words, that I think I may be pardoned for copying them here:—

"Ah! could thy grave at home, at Carthage be."
 "Care not for that, and lay me where I fall!
 Everywhere heard will be the Judgment-call.
 But at God's Altar, oh! remember me!"

'Thus Monica, and died in Italy ;
 Yet fervent had her longing been through all
 Her course, for home at last, and burial
 With her own husband by the Libyan sea.

'Had been ! but at the end, to her pure soul,
 All tie with all beside seem'd vain and cheap,
 And union before God the only care.'

CAPE JASMINE.

Bog-Oak's Treacle stands alone, and is best ; Stickleback very good on that and the other two words ; Cape Jasmine, Bubbles, Ira, Praying Mantis, Grey Coat.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORDS TREACLE, COTTON, AND LUMBER.

Cotton, according to Skinner, is named from its likeness to the soft fluff or down adhering to the quince, called by the Italians *cotogni*. *Cotogni*, again, seems, in common with the Spanish *algodon* (cotton), to come from the Arabic form *goton* or *algoton*, which has its equivalent in the Ethiopic and Syriac languages, and which means to be thin or fine.

The history of the word Lumber is more obscure than that of cotton or treacle. Archbishop Trench refers it to the time when Lombards were the chief pawnbrokers in England, and thinks that a lumber-room is the same as a Lombard-room, or place for the storing of pawnbrokers' pledges. Others think that lumber is allied to the Saxon *leoma*, utensils or household stuff ; or that it has some connection with the Danish *lumpe*, a rag ; Swedish *lumpor*, rags, old clothes ; German *lumpen* ; French *lambeau*. Perhaps the most probable derivation is, that it comes from the verb to lump, which in its turn has its origin in the Saxon *geliman*, to bind into a mass.

STICKLEBACK.

TREACLE.

In *Good Words* for 1868 is a very interesting article on Treacle, containing a history of the word, of which the following is an abstract :—

I. It is derived from the Greek word *θηρίον*, a wild beast (S. Mark i. 13). Afterwards *therion* meant distinctively a venomous beast (Acts xxviii. 4) or serpent.

II. It was a popular myth that the serpent's bite could be cured only by drink made of serpent's flesh, hence called *theriake*. This is connected with the proverbs 'Like cures like,' and 'Take a hair of the dog that bit you.'

III. Any antidote or medicine came to be called by this name, which was changed into its diminutive form *theriaculum*, *theriacle*, or *triacle*, and hence treacle in modern spelling. In this sense of an antidote, treacle has been symbolically used by many writers, as Chaucer, Milton, More, Waller. Our Lord Himself, as the 'Antidote all guilt relieving,' is called by Chaucer 'of every harm Triacle ;' and one English Bible actually translated Jeremiah thus : 'Is there no *treacle* in Gilead.'

IV. From signifying medicine, the word descended to mean any sweet syrup in which drugs were disguised, as honey or sugar.

V. The cheapness and convenience of molasses made it so generally used for the purposes named above, that almost from the time of its introduction from the West Indies it has been called treacle so universally that it is now the sole substance known by that word of 'venerable ancients.'

BOG-OAK.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

The origin and features of Trial by Jury (Lady Betty).

A Guessing Story in not more than 1,500 words. The key had better be sent to Arachne.

Bubbles' Battle of the Nile was omitted by mistake.

There are some editions of Schiller which have Schäfer instead of Schläfer.

Stamps received : President.

Notices to Correspondents.

Thomas Banting's Memorial.—*Seaside Endowed Convalescent Home, Parade Lodge, Marine Parade, Worthing, Sussex.*—The object of this Trust is to help convalescent ladies needing the beneficial climate and other advantages of Worthing to obtain the same, and to provide for them during the period of their convalescence there. Every convalescent admitted to the charity must be over the age of eighteen years, and belong to (or be a wife, widow, or daughter of a person belonging to) one of the classes or description, following :—Clergymen, ministers of any religious denomination, solicitors, writers to the signet, surgeons, apothecaries, persons engaged in literature, science, or art, schoolmasters and mistresses, tutors, governesses, farmers, master tradesmen, private persons, and such other persons as the trustees shall select, being socially fit to associate in a common home to their mutual comfort and satisfaction. They must be recovering from recent real illness, not merely general debility, and not be suffering from chronic or incurable disease. They must be able to assist themselves, and not require nursing. Applications and all correspondence connected with the charity are to be addressed thus—*The Secretary, Thomas Banting's Memorial, Worthing, Sussex.*

More members wanted to join a Drawing Club. For rules, &c., send stamped envelope to *Miss Goldingham, 19, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, London.*

Mrs. Horsfall being unable herself to undertake any longer the secretaryship of her English Church Book Society, has kindly allowed *Miss Mildred Gwyn, South Repps Rectory, Norwich,* to take her place.

The object of this society is to enable the members of it to borrow books at a very slight expense. Miss M. G. trusts that present members will continue to support this society, and new members be induced to join it, as by so doing they will be able to give pleasure to others, as well as to obtain it for themselves. For further particulars send a stamped and addressed envelope to the new secretary.

Will any one join a Plain Needlework Society for the Maritzburg Mission? The Secretary, *Miss Edith Argles, Burnach Rectory, Stamford*, will send rules.

ANSWERS.

Lancashire Weaver.—Eūrý'dícŭ. The accent is on the second syllable, vide *L'Allegro*:—

'Such strains as might have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.'

M. A. C. H.—The beautiful white hothouse flower you ask about is the *Eucharis amazonia*. The Greek botanical name, meaning 'fair grace,' has been pronounced 'eucharist,' and the shape of the bell is so chalice-like as to make it appropriate, but it is much too modern a discovery to have a legend.

In answer to *A. B. C.*'s question as to where photographs of Velasquez's picture can be procured, *A. M. H.* begs to inform her that they can be bought at Paris, *J. Laurent, 90, Rue Richelieu, Paris*. *A. B. C.* must mention the picture as *Le Christ en Croix, Velasquez*.

E. A. S.—Mrs. Barbauld's poem is in the appendix to *Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld* (Bell, 1874).

A Constant Reader would recommend to *L. S. T.*, *The Deferred Baptism*, a conversational tract recently issued by the Church Sunday-school Union, 27, Kilburn Park Road.

S. Pas.—Hemy's *Royal Modern Tutor for the Pianoforte*, Carl Engel's *School for Beginners*. The former, exhaustive, and more advanced than the latter, which is extremely simple and easy, and is progressive. Both very good for beginners, however young.—*A Mother teaching Music*.

E. B. M.—

'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace;
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.'

—COWPER'S *Retirement*.

Also answered by *L. M. R.*

E. B. M.—

'I have called Thee, "Abba, Father,
I have stayed my heart on Thee."'

They are by H. F. Lyte, in a hymn beginning 'Jesus, I my cross have taken,' and can be obtained in *A Mission Hymn-book* (Bemrose).—*A. E.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

' . . . The chaperon's fear

* * * * *
His father allows him two hundred a year,
And he'll lay you a thousand to ten.'

—F. C. F.

‘King Creda’s hosts are storming Carduel.’

Or tell her where she could find any information about King Creda or Carduel.—*S. E.*

K. E. H. will be much obliged if any one could kindly tell her where the following quotation is to be found:—

‘Now since it seems that something I can give
To Him Who gave me all, body and soul,
Therefore I dedicate myself and mine,
Life, talents, toil, as long as I shall live,
Utterly and entirely to His will.
Henceforth His service shall be my reward,
So help me God and all holy saints!’

—*K. E. H.*

Some children would be glad to know the author, and rest of the words of a poem beginning—

‘A lonely bird
On the linden-tree
Was singing a strange
Wild melody.’

QUESTIONS.

Wanted, the complete history of the Iron Crown of Lombardy.—*E. B., Shrewsbury.*

Can you or any of your readers tell me anything of Lewes Baily, the author of a book entitled *The Practice of Piety*, published in 1678 (which is not the first edition, I believe), and dedicated to Prince Charles? After the epistle dedicatory comes the following:—‘AD CAROLUM PRINCIPEM—Tolle malos, Extolle pios, Cognosce teipsum; Sacra tene, Paci consule, Disce pati.’ I have the book, but would like to know something more of the author, and if the book is of any value.—*Spero Meliora.*

F. A. S.—Answered in a previous number.

Can any one tell me if there is anywhere published an English translation of Camoens’ poem to Catarina ‘on the sweetness of her eyes,’ to which Mrs. Barret Browning refers in *her* poem?—*F. C. F.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The *Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square*, thankfully acknowledges the receipt of ‘Toys from the young Snarks, and clothing which they have outgrown.’

Please acknowledge the receipt of these books and pictures from O. Hargraves Kay, in *The Monthly Packet*.

The Heartsease Cot, S. Lucy’s Free Hospital, Gloucester.—Acknowledged with thanks, by the Sister-in-charge at the Hospital:—Subscriptions: Miss Sheringham, 4s. 4d.; Mrs. Hope, 10s.; E. D., 10s.; Mrs. A. J. Keay (collected by), 3l. Donations: Miss Era Lloyd, 8s. 6d.; Miss Stopford Sachville, 10s.; Miss F. Wilford, 15s.; Miss Oswald, 1l.; Miss A. B. Tucker, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Bickersteth, 5s.

A. G. W. begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the answers she has received to her request in the November number, in the shape of several very good epitaphs. She will be always grateful for any more, authentic ones especially.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore (5, Arlington Street, London, S.W.) acknowledges, with best thanks, for the above:—E. J. W., 10s.; per E. M. L., 4s.; Capt. Chard, R.N., 1l.; In memory of Feb. 12, 1865, 2s. 6d.; K. J. M. S., 1s.; E. A. G., 2s.; D. G. H., 1s.; E. K. S., 2s. 6d.; C. H., 2s. 6d.; Letty (second donation), 5s.; G. K., 5s.; *In Memoriam*, 2s.; per the Rev. W. Perrin, 10s. (acknowledged by error as 70s.). The window will be required in February. Further offerings and help in collecting earnestly requested. Post-office orders payable to L. Phillimore, at St. James's Street, S.W.

APPEAL.

In a letter from the Matron of S. Cyprian's Theological College, Bloemfontein, South Africa, she asks me to lay before the readers of *The Monthly Packet* a list of articles urgently needed, feeling sure many would give if they knew what was required. I gladly do so, trusting to the generosity of the public. Anything, however small, will be acceptable. I am sending out a box at Christmas to the matron, and shall be happy to receive any parcel, or answer any questions, at the following address:—*Mrs. Walker, 30, Wenchcomb Street, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.* Flannel shirts for the students, clerical collars Nos. 14 and 16, plain strong night shirts, socks, knitted waistcoats, waterproof sheetings, macintoshes, table-cloths, packets of flower-seeds, especially mignonette and stocks, small photos and cards, a chiming clock, a bell for children's school, a corona for S. Patrick's chapel, night-gowns for matron, stockings for winter wear, pocket-handkerchiefs.

Two of our industrial girls have expressed a great desire to go out to the Mission at Bloemfontein, and help in the work there. Mrs. Webb has kindly offered to raise the money for their journey expenses, and we are most anxious to give them a really good outfit, so that the Mission should not have the expense of their clothing. Will any one help us? Any clothes or money will be most gratefully received by *The Sister-in-charge, Home of the Sisters of Bethany, Springbourne, Bournemouth.* Post-office orders may be made payable to *E. Bennett, Boscombe.*

TO THE LOVERS OF SOCIETIES.

DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—You are much in the habit of asking for Societies, or seeking for members of those to which you belong. Let your old friend ARACHNE say a few words about them. I heartily approve of those which compare results and involve criticism, such as those for essays, drawing, needlework, illumination, and those for foreign languages which correct exercises and translations. These give advantages which cannot always be had at home, and afford a point for which to work. It is true that there is too much disposition in Essay Societies to dash at abstract or controversial subjects rather than to study or get up information which would be much more useful; but a sensible critic can often correct this, and there is use in thinking out and expressing one's thoughts. There are other societies which depend entirely on time, for reading, practising, early-rising and open-